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WITH THE GERMAN ARMIES

A War Diary

BY WILLIAM L. SHIRER

BERLIN, *May 18, 1940.* — Going to the front tomorrow. At last will get a chance — maybe — to see how this German army colossus has been doing it, walking through Belgium, Holland, and now northern France, so fast. We leave at 10 A.M. tomorrow, and will first drive to Aachen. Nine in party: four Americans, three Italians, a Spaniard, and a Jap.

Antwerp fell today. And while the German northern army is rolling back the Allied forces in Belgium towards the sea, the southern army, which broke through the Maginot Line between Maubeuge and Sedan, is driving rapidly towards Paris. A piece in the well-informed (on military matters) *Börsen Zeitung* tonight hints that the German armies now converging on Paris from the northeast may not try to take Paris immediately, as they did in 1914, but strike northwest for the channel ports in an effort to cut off England from France. A second force, it hints, may strike in the opposite direction and try to take the Maginot Line in the east from behind.

German reports admit the Allies are

putting up fierce resistance in Belgium and France, but say that they are being 'outclassed' by the sheer mass of German metal, especially tanks and airplanes. Perhaps in the next few days I'll be able to see for myself.

AACHEN, *May 19.* — Most amazing thing about this Ruhr district, the industrial heart of Germany, which Allied planes were to have (and could have, we thought) knocked out in a few days, is that, so far as I can see, the night bombings of the British have done very little damage.

I thought the night bombings of Western Germany, about the deadly effects of which the BBC has been boasting since the big offensive began, would have affected the morale of the people. But all afternoon, driving through the Ruhr, we saw them — especially the womenfolk — standing on the bridges over the main roads cheering the troops setting off for Belgium and France.

We drove — a column of four cars — through many of the Ruhr centres. We naturally couldn't see all the factories

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and bridges and railroad junctions in the Ruhr, but we saw several, and nothing had happened to them. The great networks of railroad tracks and bridges around Essen and Duisburg, where British night bombings had been reported from London, were intact. The Rhine bridges at Cologne were up. The factories throughout the Ruhr were smoking away as usual.

Just east of Hanover, there had been a night raid by the British a few hours before we arrived. Local inhabitants told us twenty civilians, all in one house, had been killed. Fifteen miles east of Hanover we spotted a big Handley-Page bomber lying smashed in a field two hundred yards off the *Autobahn*. Gendarmes told us it had been brought down by anti-aircraft fire. The crew of five escaped in parachutes. Four had given themselves up to the village burgo-master in the town near by; one was still at large, and the peasants and the gendarmes were scouring the countryside for him. We inspected the machine. Gunner's rear cockpit very small, and he had no protection. Front engines and pilot's cabin badly smashed and burned. Funny: the glass in the rear cockpit had not been broken.

Almost a full moon toward the end, and it was very beautiful driving into Aachen along a road arched with trees. Along the road, endless columns of troops, in trucks and on foot, were moving up to the front, singing and in good spirits.

May 20. — We were off shortly after dawn from Aachen, across the Dutch province of Limburg to Maastricht. Little evidence that the Dutch did much fighting here. The houses whole, the windows unshattered. An occasional Dutch pillbox showed signs of having been hit by machine-gun fire, but nothing heavier. Apparently the Dutch made no attempt to slow up the Germans by blowing up the road to Maastricht. One bridge over a creek had been damaged — that was all.

We crossed over the Maas (Meuse) at

Maastricht. The river is broad here and was a natural line of defense, though the Dutch did not take much advantage of it. They had done a halfhearted job of blowing up the bridges — one out of seven or eight spans on the two bridges I saw. Germans evidently had substitute spans, made of steel frames, waiting in the rear, and within a few hours of bringing them up had the bridges good as new. German supply columns were thundering over both bridges when we arrived.

7.30 A.M. — Arrived at the Albert Canal. With its steep banks thirty feet high, which the Belgians had cemented to make it impossible to climb them, it was a good defense line, especially against tanks. Only, the Belgians had not blown up the bridge. I asked a German officer why.

'We were too quick for them,' he said.

Apparently what happened here, and at most of the other important bridges leading to Liège, was that German parachutists rushed the bridges from behind, wiped out the defending machine-gun crews, even overpowered the pillboxes also defending the bridges, and cut the wires leading to the explosive charges in the bridges before the Belgians could set them off. This particular bridge over the canal was protected by a bunker at the Belgian end of the bridge itself, and by two other bunkers lying a hundred yards to the right and left of the bridge. The bunker at the bridgehead must have been taken in the same mysterious way that Fort Eben-Emael was taken at Liège — by parachutists.

The German officer warned us not to go inside the bunker, as mines were still lying about, but a couple of us ventured in. I saw at once that there had been a fire inside the bunker. From that I concluded — though with several reservations — that the parachutists who took the pillbox from behind must have had a fire pistol of some kind, and shot their flames inside the pillbox. Near by I noticed freshly dug graves over which

Belgian steel helmets were posed on sticks. Probably the crew of the pillbox.

Speed played a rôle too, with its resultant surprise. The motorized Germans had crossed the Dutch border twenty miles away at 5 A.M. and were over this canal into Belgium (past Maastricht, which should have been strongly defended but wasn't) at 10 A.M. — five hours later.

You were immediately struck by the difference between Holland and Belgium. As soon as we crossed into Belgium, we started running into blocks of pulverized houses along the road. Obviously the Belgians were of a different metal from the Dutch. At the outset they fought like lions, from house to house.

TONGRES, 7.45. — Here for the first time we suddenly came across real devastation. A good part of the town through which we drove smashed to pieces — Stuka dive bombers and artillery, an officer explained. The railroad station was in shambles, obviously hit by Stukas — the tracks all round torn and twisted, cars and locomotives derailed. One could — or could one? — imagine the consternation of the inhabitants. When they had gone to bed that Thursday night (May 9), Belgium had been at peace with the world, including Germany. At dawn on Friday the German bombers were leveling the station and town. The town itself was absolutely deserted. Two or three hungry dogs nosed sadly about the ruins, apparently searching for water, food, and their masters.

TIRLEMONT, 8.30. — A German officer remarks here: 'It took us five days to get to Tirlemont. We have come about 100 kilometres from Aachen. Twenty kilometres a day — not bad.' I notice that in all that distance I have not seen one bomb crater in the road. I deduce that while German Stukas put the Belgian railroad out of action they were careful not to blow up the roads, or *their*

bridges. Apparently the German command decided in advance not to try to use the Belgian railways; only the roads. Their army was built to go on gasoline-motored vehicles.

We came to a terrific hole in the road, just as it crossed a creek at the entrance to the town. A pit thirty yards in diameter and twenty-five feet deep. Officer explained that the French blew it up — that the French had sent in dynamite experts who at places . . . 'At places,' he said, 'they have done a beautiful job.

'But it did not stop our tanks,' he claimed, pointing to the enormous cavity. 'They went around through the factory you see at the left, piercing the factory walls as if they were made of tissue paper, crossed the creek a couple of hundred yards upstream, and pursued the enemy. We lost little time,' he added, 'even though you have to admit the French did a good job of blowing up the road here.' His admiration for the French dynamiters was terrific.

Much evidence of street fighting here in Tirlemont. Houses pockmarked with machine-gun bullets; many leveled to the ground by Stukas and artillery.

LOUVAIN, 9.15. — This ancient university city, burnt by the Germans in 1914, is now again — to a considerable extent — destroyed. That's the first impression, and somehow it hits me between the eyes. Block upon block upon block of houses an utter shambles. Still smouldering, for the town was only taken two or three days ago.

We drive through the ruins to the University, to the University Library. It too was burned by the Germans in 1914, and rebuilt (rebooked too?) by donations from hundreds of American institutions of learning.

'What happened to the Library?' I ask the local commandant, an elderly, pouch-faced colonel who is certainly not an *unsympathisch* fellow.

'We shall be there in a minute. You will see,' he says. He is silent for a mo-

ment. Maybe he notices my impatience. He adds: 'There was a sharp battle here in the town itself. Heavy street fighting. Town changed hands several times. We would come in and they would drive us out. There was bound to be damage, *mein Herr*.'

It has been destroyed, then, I conclude. In a minute we are there, driving up the square in front of the Library, which is broken by rows of trenches. We climb out of our cars and look. . . .

The great library building is completely gutted. The ruins still smoulder. Some of the girders that held the roof remain. The tower still stands. The Tudor-like façade, blackened by smoke, holds out proudly, though a German soldier runs up to me as I approach and warns not to get too close, as the walls may cave in at any moment. I go in close anyway.

I'm fascinated by the inscriptions on the stones. I note a few down on a scrap of paper: THE FINCH SCHOOL; UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER; PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER; UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS; AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY WOMEN; PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA IN PENNSYLVANIA. And so on. They and many others of the kind donated the money to rebuild this library. I look for the famous inscription about which there was so much controversy at the time I first arrived in Europe, in 1925, when the building was being completed. I can't find it.

'And the books?' I ask my commandant, who strikes me more and more like a decent fellow. 'Burnt,' he says, 'all of them, probably.'

I must have looked shocked, for he added, 'Too bad. A pity. But, my friend, that's war. Look at it.'

I did. But it hurt.

Before we left Berlin a certain officer had come down to the Wilhelmplatz to tell us: 'Gentlemen, we have just had word from Louvain. The British have plundered that fine old town. Plundered it in the most shameful manner.' But we

do not see or hear one shred of evidence that they did. Nor — it is only fair to say — do any of the regular army officers suggest it.

When we enter the town at 9.15 A.M., the battered streets are deserted. Not a civilian about; only a few troops or *Arbeitsdienst* men in Czech uniforms (are there not enough German uniforms to go around?) or *Organisation Todt* men (who go in after the German army and clear up the *débris*) in nondescript working clothes and yellow arm bands.

Forty-one thousand people lived in Louvain until the morning Hitler moved west. A week later, when the Nazi army poured into the town, not a one of them was there. When we leave about noon, we see the first ones straggling back. Look at their faces — dazed; so horror-stricken; so bitter and resentful; and yet — so dignified! I see it — dignity masking suffering is, in a way, on the human face at such moments, a noble and even a beautiful thing. Our super-sophisticates like Aldous Huxley need to see more of this — in the flesh, amongst the ruins.

Our commandant takes us to the cathedral and the City Hall. Except for a broken window or two, they are untouched. They must have escaped the burning of the town in 1914, for they are not new edifices. A German officer remarks to me: 'The Stukas have one advantage over ordinary bombers.'

'What's that?' I ask.

'They're more accurate. See how the *Rathaus* and cathedral here have been spared. Ordinary bombers attacking the town probably would have hit *them*, too. Not our Stukas. They hit their targets.'

We file into the City Hall. In a long mediæval hall — probably the reception room, for it's in the front — we see immediately that this has been a British headquarters. On a large table made of unpainted wood are maps, note pads, whiskey bottles, beer bottles, cans of biscuits with their quaint English labels. They bear evidence that the British were but lately here.

A corridor leads off to smaller, inner rooms where various British officers seem to have installed themselves. On their desks more maps, French-English dictionaries. On one I notice an artillery manual. The floor of one room is bloodstained. The commandant ventures the information that two wounded Belgians bled to death there. In each room, under the sweeping Renaissance paintings on the walls, are disheveled mattresses on which the British slept — most of them bloodstained, as if in the last days they were used not to sleep on, but for the wounded.

When we leave the City Hall, filing out through the large reception room, I notice that a great bronze plaque standing against the back wall has been tampered with, and one half ripped away and removed. 'How about *it*?' I ask an officer.

He says the plaque was an insult to the honor of the German armed forces — that it commemorated the martyrs of Louvain, the two hundred civilians who were shot as hostages by the German army in 1914; that, as the whole world knew, those two hundred leading citizens had only been shot as a result of the Belgians' sniping at German soldiers; that the plaque said something about the barbarity of the German soldiers . . . and that as a consequence the half which told of the 'heroic martyrs and the barbaric Germans' had been removed, but the other half, commemorating the heroic deeds of the Belgian army in 1914 in defense of the land, had been left, because the Germans had nothing against that — just the opposite.

In the shambles of the square by the railway station a massive stone monument, around which Germans and British fought this time for three days, still stands. It also commemorates the good burghers who were shot in 1914. It even lists their names. So far the Germans have not dynamited it.

About noon we are speeding along a dusty road towards Brussels when some-

one sights Steenockerzeel and the mediæval-like castle there where Otto von Hapsburg and his mother, Zita, former Empress of Austria-Hungary, have been living. We stop to take a look.

STEENOCKERZEEL, 12.30. — Otto's castle is an ancient edifice, ugly with its numerous towers and conglomerate outline. Around it is a muddy moat. As we approach we see that a part of the roof has been blown off, and one wall looks shaky; windows broken. Evidently there has been concussion from a high explosive. Coming closer, we see two huge bomb craters, actually forming a part of the moat and enlarging it. The house obviously still stands only because both bombs — and they must have been 500-pounders at least — fell in the moat, and the water and mud deadened the explosive force. The moat being but sixty feet from the castle, the bombs were certainly well aimed. Evidently the work of Stukas.

'But why bomb Otto von Hapsburg's castle?' I ask an officer. He can't figure it out. Finally he suggests: 'It was undoubtedly used by the British as headquarters. It would therefore be a fair military target.' Later, when we have gone through the castle from bottom to top, we find no evidence that the British have been there.

The castle, we soon notice, once we are inside, has been plundered, though not very well. There is evidence that the occupants left in great haste. In the upstairs bedrooms, women's clothes are lying on the floor, on chairs, on beds, as if those who were there could not make up their minds what dress to take, and did not have the time or the luggage space to take very much. All the clothes closets are filled with dresses and robes, hanging neatly from hangers. In one room, occupied by a man, books, sweaters, suits, golf sticks, gramophone records, and notebooks are scattered about. In the salon downstairs, a large room furnished in horrible bourgeois taste, books

and notebooks and china lie in disorder on a large table. An enormous *Book on Bugs* has evidently been well thumbed through by someone, perhaps Otto. In what I take to be his study upstairs, I notice a book in French entitled *The Coming War*, and there are some very good books in French, German, English. Obviously Otto had excellent taste in books. Many, of course, are his university textbooks — on politics, economics, and so forth.

We rummage for a half hour through the rooms. They are poorly furnished for the most part, the bathrooms very primitive. I remember the splendor I've seen in the Hofburg in Vienna, where the Hapsburgs ruled so long. A far cry to this. Some of our party are loading up with souvenirs. I pick up a page of English composition which Otto evidently did when he was boning up on his English prior to his recent visit to America. Feel like a robber. Someone discovers some of Zita's personal calling cards and hands me one. It says: *L'Impératrice d'Autriche et Reine de Hongrie*. I pocket it, plunderer that I am. A sad, hungry, bewildered dog wanders around the litter in the rooms and follows us out to our car. We leave the castle to him. No human being is about.

From Steenockerzeel to Brussels the roads are jammed with German army trucks and motorized guns speeding westward, on the right side; on the left side, an unbroken column of tired refugees returning in the heat and the dust to their destroyed towns. An appetite for a good hearty lunch in Brussels has been growing in me. This sight takes it away.

BRUSSELS, 2 P.M. — Brussels has been spared — the one lone city in Belgium that has not been in whole or in part laid waste. The Germans threatened to bomb and destroy it on the ground that the Belgians were moving troops through it and that it was no longer an open city. Perhaps its rapid fall saved it. Here and

there, as you drive through the town, you see a demolished house where a stray German bomb fell. And all the bridges over the canal in the middle of the city — and there must be a dozen of them — were blown up by the English.

It's a warm, late-spring day, and the streets are thronged with the local inhabitants. The same bitter but proud faces we have seen in the other towns. The German officer in charge of our four cars stops to ask a passer-by the way to a restaurant where we are booked to eat. The gentleman, a professorial-looking fellow with a beard and a wide-brimmed black hat, gives directions. He is coolly polite. The officer thanks him with a salute. The professor tips his hat stiffly.

Soon we are in the centre of the town, in front of the East Station, and speeding, the Klaxon shrieking ruthlessly and needlessly, down the street to the square in front of the Hôtel Métropole.

We eat at the Taverne Royale, which I often frequented when in Brussels. The place seems to have been taken over by the army. We eat well. Food like this has not been available in Berlin for years.

Some of our party buy out the restaurant's stock of American tobacco in a few minutes. I take three packages of Luckies myself. I cannot resist, after a year of smoking 'rope' in Germany. I will save them for breakfast; one a day, after. Most buy by the carton, which relieves my conscience. We pay in marks at the absurd rate of ten francs to one mark. After lunch most of the party go out to plunder with their paper marks, now worth a great deal. They buy shoes, shirts, raincoats, women's stockings, everything.

F. and I go off to find a shop I used to patronize here — not to buy, but to talk. The wife of the patron is tending it. She half remembers me. She is dazed, frightened — but brave. She does not yet realize what has happened. She says: 'It came so suddenly. I can't get it straight yet. First the German attack. Then the government fled. We didn't

know what was happening. Then Friday [today is the following Monday], about eight in the evening, the Germans marched in.' She admits the German soldiers are behaving 'correctly.'

'Where's your husband?' I ask.

'I don't know. He was mobilized. He went to the front. I've heard nothing. I only keep hoping he's alive.'

A couple of German soldiers sauntered in and bought a half-dozen packages of American cigarettes each. In Germany the most they would have been allowed to buy would have been ten bad German cigarettes. When they had gone, she said:—

'I keep the store open. But for how long? Our stocks came from England and America. And my child — where shall I get milk? I've got canned milk for about two months. But after that . . .'

She paused. Finally she got it out:—

'In the end, how will it be? I mean, do you think Belgium will ever be like before — independent, and with our king?'

'Well, of course if the Allies win, it will be like the last time.' We gave the obvious reply.

'If? But why do they retreat so fast? With the British and the French, we had more than a million men in Belgium. And they didn't hold out as long as the few Belgians in 1914. I don't understand it.'

We didn't either, and we left. Back at the restaurant, where our cars were waiting, some of our party were returning, their arms laden with booty. Many were not back yet, so F. and I wandered over to the Rathausplatz. Above the City Hall, the Swastika floated in the afternoon sun.

Left Brussels late in the afternoon, our cars filled with the loot almost everyone had bought. Returned to Aachen about 9.30 P.M. Had some luck: arranged with RRG in Berlin for a broadcast from Cologne at 4.30 A.M. tonight.

Had to get censors from the Foreign Office, Propaganda Ministry, and High Command out of bed to read it.

Returning from Brussels to Aachen, we ran across a batch of British prisoners. It was somewhere in the Dutch province of Limburg — a suburb, I think, of Maastricht. They were herded together in the brick-paved yard of a dis-used factory. We stopped and went over and talked to them. They were a sad sight. Prisoners always are, especially right after a battle. Some obviously shell-shocked, some wounded, all dead tired. But what impressed me most about them was their physique. They were hollow-chested and skinny and round-shouldered. About a third of them had bad eyes and wore glasses. Typical, I concluded, of the youth that England neglected so criminally in the twenty-two post-war years when Germany, despite its defeat and the inflation and six million unemployed, was raising *its* youth in the open air and the sun.

I asked the boys where they were from and what they did at home. About half were from offices in Liverpool; the rest from London offices. Their military training had begun nine months before, they said, when the war started. But it had not, you could see, made up for the bad diet, the lack of fresh air and sun and physical training, of the post-war years. Thirty yards away German infantry were marching up the road towards the front. I could not help comparing them with these British lads. The Germans bronzed, clean-cut physically, healthy-looking as lions, chests developed and all. It was part of the unequal fight.

The English youngsters, I knew, had fought as bravely as men can. But bravery is not all — is not enough in this machine-age war. You have to have a body that will stand terrific wear and tear. And then, especially in this war, you have to have all the machines of warfare. I asked the English about that. There were six of them, standing a little apart — all that were left, they told me, from a company that had gone into battle near Louvain.

'We didn't have a chance,' one said.

'We were simply overwhelmed. Especially by those dive bombers and tanks.'

'What about your own bombers and tanks?' I asked.

'Didn't see any.' This answer was chorused.

Three of the men had dirty, bloody bandages over one eye. One of the three looked particularly depressed and stood there gritting his teeth in pain.

'A shame,' his comrade whispered to me. 'He's lost the eye. Feels pretty rotten about it.'

'Tell him it isn't so bad,' I said, trying in my awkward way to be comforting. 'I lost the sight of one eye myself,' I said, 'and you never notice it.' But I don't think he believed me.

On the whole, though, despite the shell shock, despite the black future as prisoners, they were a cheery lot. One little fellow from Liverpool grinned through his thick glasses.

'You know, you're the first Americans I've ever seen in the flesh. Funny place to meet one for the first time, ain't it?' This started the others to make the same observation, and we had a good laugh. But inside I was feeling not so good. F. and I gave them what cigarettes we had, and went away.

Hired a car and chauffeur to drive me to Cologne — about forty miles. He insists on starting now — 1 A.M. Says the troops on the road will slow us up, maybe too the British bombers. So far, they've not been over tonight, though it's almost a full moon.

May 21, 6.15 A.M. — Broadcast went off all right. No English bombers. Snatched a half hour's sleep at the studio, and dozed for the hour and a half that it took us to drive back to Aachen. Dozed almost all the way, that is. It was a beautiful dawn and I finally woke up to feel it. Down to breakfast now, and then we're off to the front at 6.30. No time to take my clothes off, but did snatch a shave.

Finally got to the actual front and saw

my first battle — along the Scheldt River in Western Belgium. It was the first fighting I had seen since the battle for Gdynia in Poland last September.

Heading southwest from Brussels, we drove along the road to Tournai, still in Allied hands. At Tubize, a few miles southwest of Waterloo, the familiar signs of recent fighting — the houses along the streets demolished, half-burnt debris everywhere. So far, I thought, this war has been fought along the roads — by two armies operating on wheels. Almost every town wholly or partially destroyed, but the near-by fields untouched. Returning peasants already tilling them.

About noon we reached Enghien and drove to the headquarters of General von Reichenau, commander of the German 6th Army. Headquarters were in a château not far from the town. In the park leading to the *Schloss*, anti-aircraft guns were mounted everywhere. It was one of those pleasant Renaissance châteaux that dot the countryside in Belgium and France, and the park and lawn leading up to it were cool and green.

Reichenau, whom I had seen occasionally in Berlin before the war, greeted us on the porch. He was tanned and springy as ever, his invariable monocle squeezed over one eye. With typical German thoroughness and with an apparent frankness that surprised me, he went over the operations thus far, stopping to answer questions now and then. In a brief cable to CBS scribbled out later from my notes taken during the interview, I wrote: —

Despite the German successes up to date, R. emphasized to us that the fighting so far had been only an enveloping movement, and that the decisive battle had yet to take place.

'When and where?' I asked him.

'Where,' he laughed, 'depends partly on what the enemy does. When, and how long it will last, I leave to the future. It can be short or long. Remember, the preliminary fighting at Waterloo lasted several days. The decisive battle of Waterloo was decided in eight hours.'

R. admitted that 'possibly our progress will now be slowed up if Weygand decides to make a great stand. We started this battle absolutely confident. But we have no illusions. We know we still have a big battle ahead of us.'

R. said the German losses were comparatively small so far, averaging about one tenth of the number of prisoners taken. Last official counting of prisoners was 110,000, not counting the half-million Dutch who surrendered.

Someone asked how the German infantry got across the rivers and canals so fast, seeing that the Allies destroyed the bridges pretty well.

'Mostly in rubber boats,' he said.

Some further quotations from Reichenau I noted down roughly:—

Hitler is actually directing the German army from his headquarters. Most of the blowing up of bridges and roads in Belgium carried out by French specialists. . . . I ride 150 miles a day along the front and I haven't seen an air fight yet. We've certainly been surprised that the Allies didn't try at least to bomb our bridges over the Maas River and Albert Canal. The British tried it only once in the daytime. We shot down eighteen of them. But there seems to be no doubt that the English are holding back with their air force. At least that's the impression I get. [And I got the impression that this rather bothered him!]

English have two army corps in Belgium, largely motorized. Belgians hold the north sector, British the centre and southern flanks. We encountered one Moroccan division. It fought well, but lacked staying power, and didn't hold out long. . . . The hardest fighting the first days was along the Albert Canal. Then later along the Dyle line, especially around Gembloux, northwest of Namur.

A few more questions and answers. The general is in an almost jovial mood. He is not tense. He is not worried. He is not rushed. You wonder: 'Have these German generals no nerves?' Because, after all, he is directing a large army in an important battle. A few miles down the road two million men are trying to slaughter one another. He has a certain

responsibility. The general smiles and, jauntily, says good-bye.

'I've just given permission for you to go to the front,' he says. His eyes light up. 'You may be under fire. But you'll have to take your chances. We all do.'

He turns us over to his adjutant, who wines us with an excellent red Bordeaux, no doubt from the cellar below. Then off to the front.

Near Ath, we make a little detour and hit down a pleasant country lane. We come, all of a sudden, on to a very pungent smell—all that is left of a small miscellaneous French column after a German air attack. Along the narrow road are a dozen dead horses stinking to heaven in the hot sun, two French tanks, their armor pierced like tissue paper, a six-inch gun and a 75, and a few trucks, abandoned in great haste, for scattered about them are utensils, coats, shirts, overcoats, helmets, tins of food and—letters to the wives and girls and mothers back home.

We push on. We pass a tiny village. Five or six farmhouses at the crossing of a path with the road. Cattle graze in the pastures. Pigs squeal about the barnyards. All are thirsty, for the farmhouses are deserted. The cows have not been milked for some days, their udders swollen with milk.

We can hear the guns pounding very clearly now. We speed down the dusty road past endless German columns of trucks carrying troops, ammunition, all-important oil; hauling guns, big and small. The bridge over a stream or a canal at Leuze has been blown up, but German engineers have already constructed an emergency one over which we go.

Leuze is jammed with vehicles and troops. Blocks of houses have been smashed to smithereens. Some still smoulder. We stop for half an hour in a pleasant little square, surrounded by a church, a school, and the city hall, or some government building. The school is a Red Cross station. I meander over

to it. The ambulances are lined up, waiting to unload the wounded, seven or eight of them waiting. Even with the wounded there is the same machine-like, impersonal organization. No excitement. No tension. I seem to be the only one whose stomach goes a little sick at sight of the wounded. Even the wounded seem to play their part in this gigantic businesslike machine. They do not moan. They do not murmur or complain.

We get a bit to eat while we wait — a piece of brown bread with some sort of canned fish ragout spread over it. Then off to the front. Before we start, the army officer in charge warns of the danger; warns that we must follow his orders promptly; explains how to dive for a near-by field and lie flat on your belly if the Allied planes come over or if the French artillery opens fire. Our party is a little tense now as we go forward. We proceed north, parallel with the front and behind it about five miles, to Renaix, hurry through the town, and then north towards the Scheldt River, where they're fighting. Infantry on foot, almost the first we've seen, are deploying down various paths towards the river. Heavy artillery, — and this is amazing to see, — six-inch guns, pulled by caterpillar trucks and on rubber tires, are being hauled up a hillside at forty miles an hour. (Is this one of the German military secrets, such big guns being hauled so fast?)

Finally we stop. A battery of six-inch guns, concealed under trees in an orchard at the right of the road, is pounding away. Now we have a view over the valley of the Scheldt, and can see the slopes on the other side. The artillery thunders, and a second later you see the smoke from the shells on the far slopes. An officer explains they're bombarding the roads behind the enemy lines. You can follow the winding roads on the other side by the smoke of each exploding shell. We pile out of our cars, but immediately someone orders us back. Some-

one else explains we're too exposed. Enemy planes or artillery could get us here. So we cut back, and then turn due west and climb a hill beyond the artillery positions, so that they are now behind us, firing over our heads. This is an artillery observation post in the woods at the summit of the hill. We sit on a slope and look through the trees towards the front line.

An officer explains they're fighting along the river there below. The Allies still hold both banks, but are retreating across the Scheldt. The only evidence you have of the infantry fighting is that the German artillery barrage advances, then stops, then starts again much nearer to us. You conclude that the other side has counter-attacked, and the German attack, behind its own artillery barrage, must start all over again. The infantry is invisible.

From the smoke of the exploding shells on the slopes across the Scheldt you can see that the Germans are giving the enemy's rear lines of communication a terrible pounding. Through field glasses you see how the Germans shoot up a road, following all the windings. After a while there is a great cloud of smoke spreading over the far side. So far we haven't heard much of the German artillery as a factor in their amazing progress. The work of the Stuka bombers took most of our attention. But it's obvious that this German motorized artillery, brought up to position right behind the advancing tanks at forty miles an hour, is a tremendous factor. The Allies probably had not reckoned that artillery could move so fast. Around us now the Germans are firing with six-inch guns and 105's. The noise is not so deafening as I expected. Perhaps one's ears get used to it.

I note that over the front all afternoon hover two or three reconnaissance planes — German, obviously directing artillery fire. They cruise above the battlefield unmolested. But there are no planes directing Allied artillery fire, which seems to

be aimed exclusively against the German forward positions, at no time against German artillery, which is strange. The lack of observation planes alone puts the Allies in a hole. In fact, we do not see an Allied plane all day long. Once or twice we get an alarm, but no planes show up. How England and France are paying now for their criminal neglect of their aviation!

As the afternoon wears away to the pounding of the guns, artillery units near us get orders to take up new positions forward. The advance, you suppose, is going ahead according to schedule. Immediately, from all around us in the woods, men and motors — which we have not even seen — limber up, the men tossing off some of the tree limbs which have so completely camouflaged them, and get off. We take a last look at the Scheldt valley, at the smoke from the bursting shells on the other side of the river. The whole chaos (to me) of the battlefield is in reality a picture of a well-oiled machine of destruction doing its stuff — to Germans, that is.

We drive back to Brussels. German dive bombers fly past us going up to do a little late afternoon work. At Brussels, German fighters and bombers demonstrate over the city. . . .

BERLIN, May 24. — Two weeks ago today Hitler unloosed his *Blitzkrieg* in the West. Since then, this has happened: Holland overrun; four fifths of Belgium occupied; the French army hurled back towards Paris; and an Allied army, believed to number a million men and including the elite of the Franco-British forces, trapped and encircled on the Channel.

You have to see the German army in action to believe it. It has absolute air superiority. It seems incredible, but at the front I did not see a single Allied plane during the daytime. Stuka dive bombers are softening the Allied defense positions, making them ripe for easy attack. Also they're wrecking Allied

communications in the rear, bombing roads filled with trucks, tanks, and guns, wiping out strategic railroad stations and junctions. Furthermore, reconnaissance planes are giving the German Command a perfect picture of what is going on. Against this, the Allies have no eyes; few of their reconnaissance planes get over. Also, Allied bombers have completely failed to disturb German lines of communication by *daytime* attacks. One of the sights that overwhelm you at the front is the vast scale on which the Germans bring up men, guns, and supplies — unhindered. All day long at the front, driving along at forty or fifty miles an hour, you pass unending mechanized columns. They stretch clear across Belgium, unbroken. And they move fast — thirty or forty miles an hour. You wonder how they are kept fed with gasoline and oil. But they are. Gas supplies come forward with everything else. Every driver knows where he can tank up when he runs short.

What magnificent targets these endless columns would make if the Allies had any planes!

And what a magnificent machine keeps them running so smoothly! In fact, that is the chief impression you get from watching the German army at work. It is a gigantic, impersonal war machine, run as coolly and efficiently, say, as our automobile industry in Detroit. Directly behind the front, with the guns pounding daylight out of one's ears and the airplanes roaring overhead, and thousands of motorized vehicles thundering by on the dusty roads, officers and men alike remain cool and businesslike. Absolutely no excitement, no tension. Morale of the German troops is fantastically good. I remember a company of engineers that was about to go down to the Scheldt River to lay a pontoon bridge under enemy fire. The men were reclining on the edge of a wood reading the day's edition of the army daily paper, the *Western Front*. I've never seen men going into a battle from which some were

sure never to come out alive so — well, so nonchalant.

The contention of the BBC that these flying German columns — such as the one that broke through to the sea at Abbeville — are weak forces which cannot possibly hold what they get is a myth. The Germans thrust not only with tanks and a few motorized infantry troops, but with *everything*. Light and heavy motorized artillery goes right up behind the tanks and infantry.

May 25. — German military circles in Berlin tonight put it flatly. They said the fate of the great Allied army bottled up in Flanders is sealed.

May 28. — King Leopold has quit on the Allies. Great jubilation here about it. It leaves the British and French, cut off in Flanders, in a pretty hole. . . .

B., who was in Rotterdam last week, tells me the town was largely destroyed *after* it had surrendered. German explanation is that surrender came after the Stukas had left the ground and they could not be recalled in time.

May 29. — Boss of one of the big American broadcasting chains (not Columbia) cables the German Broadcasting Company today: 'Please arrange broadcast by King Leopold.'

Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, killed in action on the Western Front, was buried with military honors in Potsdam today. Had things gone smoothly for Germany after 1914, he probably would have been, as eldest son of the Crown Prince, the German Emperor.

May 30. — A German dropped in today. He said: 'How many *years* will the war last?' The question surprised me, in the light of the news. Last week three Germans in the Wilhelmstrasse bet me the Germans would be in London in three weeks — that is, two weeks from now.

The great battle in Flanders and the Artois nears its end. One gathers, though, that the British are taking off a lot of men at Dunkirk. The German goal was to capture those men, and in

this they are failing. But the BBC in London boasts too much about the 'most successful rear-guard action in history' at Dunkirk. The British have been fighting too many of these.

June 4. — The German army today entered Dunkirk, and the remaining Allied troops — about 40,000 — surrendered. The German High Command in an official communiqué says the battle will go down in history 'as the greatest battle of destruction of all time.' German losses for Western offensive, as given out tonight, are said to be: Dead, 10,252; missing, 8467; wounded, 42,523. The communiqué, obviously written by Hitler, concludes: 'As the enemy still declines Peace, he will get a fight until he's destroyed.'

June 6. — The church bells rang and all the flags were out today, by order of Hitler, to celebrate the victory in Flanders. No real elation over the victory discernible in the people; no emotion of any kind. In grandiose proclamations to the army and the people, Hitler announced that today a new offensive was being launched in the West. So far no details available here, but the BBC says the offensive is on a 200-kilometre front from Abbeville to Soissons, with the biggest German pressure along the Somme-Aisne canal.

June 9. — The High Command broke its reserve about the great offensive with a bang this afternoon. Says the French south of the Somme and in the Oise district have been beaten all along the line. Talks about the German troops driving towards the lower Seine, which is a hell of a way forward from the Somme, where they started four days ago. BBC at six tonight confirmed this. The Germans also announce: 'This morning on a further part of the front in France, a new offensive has started.' Weygand reveals it's on a front from Reims to the Argonne. No drive in World War I on this scale!

June 11. — Roosevelt came through very clearly on the radio last night.

Promised immediate material help for the Allies. Scorched Musso for his treachery. Not a word about the speech in press or on radio here.

The Wilhelmstrasse keeps making the point that American aid will come too late. A man just back from seeing Hitler tells me the *Führer* is sure that France will be finished by June 15, — that is, in four days, — and Great Britain by August 15, at the latest! Word here is that the French Government has left Paris. The Germans tonight are roughly about as near Paris as they were on September 1, 1914.

June 14. — Paris has fallen. We got the news on the radio at 1 P.M., after loud fanfares had blazed away for a quarter of an hour calling the faithful to hear the announcement. Berlin has taken the news of the capture of Paris as phlegmatically as it has taken everything else in this war. Later I went to Halensee for a swim, it being warm and I feeling the need of a little relaxation. It was crowded, but I overheard no one discussing the news. Out of 500 people, three bought extras when the newsboys rushed in shouting the headlines.

It would be wrong, though, to conclude that the taking of Paris has not stirred something very deep in the hearts of most Germans. It was always a wish-dream of millions here. And it helps wipe out the bitter memories of 1918 which have lain so long — twenty-two years — in the German soul.

Poor Paris! I weep for it. For so many years it was my home — and I loved it as you love a woman. Said the *Völkische Beobachter* this morning: 'Paris was a city of frivolity and corruption, of democracy and capitalism, where Jews had entry to the court, and Negroes to the salons. That Paris will never rise again.' But the High Command promises that its soldiers will behave — will be 'as different as night is from day compared to the conduct of the French soldiers in the Rhine and Ruhr.'

Tomorrow, probably, I shall leave for

Paris. I do not want to go. It will be the saddest assignment of my life.

MAUBEUGE, June 16. — Got up at 3 A.M. In the Ruhr little evidence of the British night bombings. Arrived at Aachen at 11 A.M. Thence through Limburg to Liège and Namur. Surprised to see so little destroyed along this route. Very unlike the road from Aachen to Brussels, where most of the towns lie in shambles. Drove all afternoon up the valley of the Meuse. Amazing little evidence of the war. Ate dinner at Charleroi. Bitter faces in the streets. No bread in the town, and water only for drinking. But we got some meat and salad in a little *bistro*.

Bought the local journal, the *Journal de Charleroi*. It publishes both German and French war communiqués. An order in the paper said the German troops and the Belgian gendarmerie would fire without warning into any lighted windows.

Maubeuge itself has been terribly destroyed. The main part of the town is reduced to broken stone, twisted girders, and ashes. One of the German officers tells us what happened. German tanks tried to get through the town. French anti-tank guns concealed in houses got the first five or six. The Germans had to retreat. Word was sent back to the Stukas. They came over and did their job with their usual murderous efficiency. Underneath the church, the commandant tells us, was the town's biggest air-raid shelter. One of the bombs hit it square on. Result: 500 civilians lie buried under the débris. Buried airtight, though, because on this warm, star-lit summer evening there is no smell.

The local commandant, a German business man called up from the reserve, receives us in one of the few houses in town still standing. A few facts from him: 10,000 out of 24,000 residents of Maubeuge either have returned or rode out the bombing and the bombardment.

The German army and, since a few days, German relief workers help to keep them from starving. They bring bread from Germany. But yesterday the old boy says he uncovered some wheat and is getting it ground into flour. 'One business,' he says, 'apparently didn't close up shop at any time, during the battle or since. The local bordel. I finally closed it, but the Madame came to see me and was very much put out. "Business as usual — why not?" she said.'

We consume several bottles of pretty fair vin rouge and nibble biscuits, and the commandant talks on enthusiastically about his problems. Obviously he enjoys his job, and he is certainly not the old sadistic Prussian master of the story-books. On the whole, a very human old fellow. Homesick, I gather. Hoping the war won't last much longer. Somehow it's worse, he thinks, than what he went through in the four years of the First World War in this very district. But perhaps that is because it's so recent, and the old memories blurred. Anyway, he talks of his dog and his wife and his family.

PARIS, June 17. — We came in about noon. It was one of those lovely days which Paris always has in this month and which, if there had been peace, would have been spent by the people going to the races at Longchamp or idling along the boulevards under the trees or on the cool terrace of a café.

First shock: the streets were utterly deserted, the stores closed, the shutters down tight on all the windows. It was the emptiness that got you. Coming in from Bourget (remembering — sentimentally — the night I raced afoot all the way into town from there to write the story of Lindbergh's landing), we drove down the rue Lafayette. German army cars and motorcycles, speeding, screaming down the street. But on the sidewalks not a human being. At the various corner cafés along the street which I knew so well they had taken in

the tables and drawn the shutters, and had fled — the *patrons*, the *garçons*, the customers. Our two cars roared down the rue Lafayette, honking at every street we crossed, until I asked our driver to desist.

There, on the corner, the *Petit Journal* building in which I had worked for the *Chicago Tribune* when I first came to Paris in 1925. Across from it the *Trois-Portes* café — how many pleasant hours I idled there when Paris, to me, was beautiful and gorgeous, and my home.

We turned left down the rue Le Peletier to the Grand Boulevard. I noticed the *Petit Riche* was closed. The Boulevard too was deserted, except for a few German soldiers, staring into the windows of the shops. The Place de l'Opéra now. For the first time in my life, no traffic tie-up there, no French cops shouting meaninglessly at cars hopelessly blocked. The façade of the Opera House was hidden behind stacked sandbags. The Café de la Paix seemed to be just reopening. A lone *garçon* was bringing out some tables and chairs. German soldiers stood on the terrace grabbing them. Then we turned at the Madeleine, its façade also covered with sandbags, and raced down the rue Royale. Larue's and Weber's, I noted, were closed. Now, before us, the familiar view: the Place de la Concorde, the Seine, the Chambre des Députés, over which a giant Swastika flag flies, and in the distance the golden dome of the Invalides. Past the Ministry of Marine, guarded by a big German tank, into the Concorde. We drew up in front of the Hotel Crillon, now German headquarters.

Demaree Bess and Walter Kerr, who had stayed on in Paris after almost all of their colleagues had fled, were in the lobby. They came up to my room and we had a talk. D. says the panic in Paris was indescribable. Everyone lost his head. The government gave no lead. People were told to skit, and at least three million out of the five million in

the city ran, many without any baggage, literally ran on their feet towards the south. It seems the Parisians actually believed the Germans would rape the women and do worse to the men. They had heard the most fantastic tales of what happened when the Germans occupied a city. I have a feeling that what we're seeing here in Paris is the complete breakdown of French society. A collapse of the army, of government, of the morale of the people. It is almost too tremendous to believe.

June 18. — Marshal Pétain has asked for an armistice! The Parisians, already dazed by all that has happened, can scarcely believe it. Nor can the rest of us. That the French army must give up is clear. But most of us expected it to surrender, as did the Dutch and Belgian armies, with the government going, as Reynaud had boasted, to Africa, where France, with its navy and African armies, can hold out for a long time.

The inhabitants got the news of Pétain's action by loud-speakers, conveniently provided by the Germans in nearly every square in town. I stood in a throng of French men and women in the Place de la Concorde when the news first came. They were almost struck dead. Before the Hotel Crillon cars raced up and unloaded gold-braided officers. There was much peering through monocles, heel-clicking, saluting. But the people, listening to the loud-speaker, did not see or hear it. They stared at the ground, then at each other. They said: 'Pétain surrendering! What does it mean? *Comment? Pourquoi?*' And no one appeared to have the heart for an answer.

I noticed today some open fraternizing between German troops and the inhabitants. Most of the soldiers seem to be Austrian, are well mannered, and quite a few speak French. Most of the German troops act like naïve tourists, and this has proved a pleasant surprise to the Parisians. It seems funny, but every German soldier carries a camera. I saw them by the thousands

today, photographing Notre Dame, the Arc de Triomphe, the Invalides.

At 4.30 p.m. the military rushed me out to Compiègne. (Yesterday Hitler and Mussolini met at Munich to draw up the armistice terms for France.) When we arrived on the scene at 6 p.m., German army engineers were feverishly engaged in tearing out the wall of the museum where Foch's private car in which the 1918 Armistice was signed had been preserved. The building itself was donated by Arthur Henry Fleming of Pasadena, California. Before we left, the engineers, working with pneumatic drills, had demolished the wall and hauled the car out from its shelter.

Plan is, the Nazis tell me, to place the car in exactly the same spot it occupied in the little clearing in Compiègne forest at 5 a.m. on the morning of November 11, 1918, and make the French sign *this* armistice there. . . . We talked over technical details for broadcasting the story with various German officers and officials. It will make a spectacular broadcast, but a tragic one. A colonel showed me through the car. Place cards on the table showed where each had sat at that historic meeting in 1918.

PARIS, June 21. — On the exact spot in the little clearing in the forest of Compiègne where at 5 a.m. on November 11, 1918 the armistice which ended the World War was signed, Adolf Hitler today handed *his* armistice terms to France. To make German revenge complete, the meeting of the German and French plenipotentiaries took place in Marshal Foch's private car. Even the same table in the rickety old *wagon-lit* was used. And through the windows we saw Hitler occupying the very seat on which Foch had sat at that table when he dictated the other armistice.

The humiliation of France, of the French, was complete. And yet, in the preamble to the armistice terms, Hitler told the French that he had not chosen this spot at Compiègne out of revenge;

merely to right an old wrong. From the demeanor of the French delegates I gathered that they did not appreciate the difference.

The German terms we do not yet know. The preamble says the general basis for them is: (1) to prevent a resumption of the fighting; (2) to offer Germany complete guaranties for her continuation of the war against Britain; (3) to create the foundations for a Peace, the basis of which is to be the reparation of an injustice inflicted upon Germany by force. The third point seems to mean revenge for the defeat of 1918.

Kerker for NBC and I for CBS, in a joint half-hour broadcast early this evening, described today's amazing scene as best we could. It made, I think, a good broadcast.

The armistice negotiations began at 3.15 P.M. A warm June sun beat down on the great elm and pine trees, and cast pleasant shadows on the wooded avenues as Hitler, with the German plenipotentiaries at his side, appeared. He alighted from his car in front of the French monument to Alsace-Lorraine which stands at the end of an avenue about two hundred yards from the clearing where the Armistice car waited.

That Alsace-Lorraine statue, I noted, was covered with German war flags, so that you could not see its sculptured work or read its inscription.

Through my glasses I saw the *Führer* stop, glance at the monument, and observe the Reich war flags with their big Swastikas in the centre. Then he strode slowly toward us, toward the little clearing in the woods. I observed his face. It was grave, solemn, but there was also in it, as in his springy step, a note of the triumphant conqueror, the defier of the world. There was something else, difficult to describe, in his expression — a sort of inner joy that he seemed to feel at being present at this great reversal of Fate, a reversal he himself had wrought.

Now Hitler reaches the little opening

in the woods. He pauses and looks slowly around. The clearing is in the form of a circle some two hundred yards in diameter and laid out like a park. Cyprus trees line it all round — and behind them the great elms and oaks of the forest. This has been one of France's national shrines for twenty-two years. From a discreet position on the perimeter of the circle we watch.

Hitler pauses, and gazes slowly around. In a group just behind him are the other German plenipotentiaries. Göring, grasping his field marshal's baton in one hand, wears the sky-blue uniform of the Air Force. All the Germans are in uniform, Hitler in a double-breasted gray uniform with the iron cross hanging from his left breast pocket. Next to Göring are the two army chiefs — General Keitel, Chief of Staff of the Supreme Command, and General von Brauchitsch, Commander in Chief of the German Army. Both are just approaching sixty, but look younger, especially Keitel, who has a dapper appearance with his cap slightly cocked on one side.

Then there is Dr. Raeder, Grand Admiral of the German Fleet, in his blue naval uniform and the invariable upturned collar worn by German naval officers. There are two non-military men in Hitler's suite — his foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, in the field-gray uniform of the Foreign Office, and Rudolf Hess, Hitler's deputy, in a gray Party uniform.

The time is now 3.18 P.M. Hitler's personal flag is run up on a small standard in the centre of the opening.

Also in the centre is a great granite block which stands some three feet above the ground. Hitler, followed by the others, walks slowly over to it, steps up, and reads the inscription engraved in great high letters on that block: 'Here on the eleventh of November, 1918, succumbed the criminal pride of the German Empire . . . vanquished by the free peoples which it tried to enslave.'

Hitler reads it and Göring reads it.

They all read it, standing there in the June sun and the silence. We look for the expression on Hitler's face. . . . Finally he leads his party over to another granite stone, a smaller one some fifty yards to one side. Here it was that the railroad car in which the German plenipotentiaries stayed during the 1918 Armistice negotiations stood — from November 8 to 11. Hitler merely glances at the inscription: 'The German Plenipotentiaries.'

It is now 3.23 P.M. and the Germans stride over to the Armistice car. For a moment or two they stand in the sunlight outside the car, chatting. Then Hitler steps up into the car, followed by the others. We can see nicely through the car windows. Hitler takes the place occupied by Marshal Foch when the 1918 Armistice terms were signed. The others spread themselves around him. Four chairs on the opposite side of the table from Hitler remain empty. The French have not yet appeared. But we do not wait long. Exactly at 3.30 P.M. they alight from a car. They have flown up from Bordeaux to a near-by landing field.

They too glance at the Alsace-Lorraine memorial, but it's a swift glance. Then they walk down the avenue, flanked by three German officers. We see them now as they come into the sunlight of the clearing: General Huntziger, wearing a bleached khaki uniform, Air General Bergeret and Vice-Admiral Leluc, both in dark blue uniforms, and then, almost buried in the uniforms, M. Noel, formerly ambassador to Poland. The German Guard of Honor, drawn up at the entrance to the clearing, snaps to attention for the French as they pass, but it does not present arms. The Frenchmen keep their eyes straight ahead. Their faces are solemn, drawn. They are the picture of tragic dignity.

They walk stiffly to the car, where they are met by two German officers, Lieutenant-General Tippleskirch, quartermaster-general, and Colonel Thomas,

chief of the *Führer's* headquarters. The Germans salute. The French salute. The atmosphere is what Europeans call 'correct.' There are salutes, but no handshakes.

Now we get our picture through the dusty windows of that old *wagon-lit* car. Hitler and the other German leaders rise as the French enter the drawing-room. Hitler gives the Nazi salute, the arm raised; Ribbentrop and Hess the same. The German officers give the military salute. The French do the same. I cannot see M. Noel to know whether he salutes or not.

Hitler, so far as we can see through the windows, does not say a word to the French or to anybody else. He nods to General Keitel at his side. We see General Keitel adjusting his papers. Then he starts to read. He is reading the preamble of the German armistice terms. The French sit there with marble-like faces and listen intently. Hitler and Göring glance at the green table top.

The reading of the preamble lasts but a few minutes. Hitler, we soon observe, has no intention of remaining very long, of listening to the reading of the armistice terms themselves. At 3.42 P.M., twelve minutes after the French arrive, we see Hitler stand up, salute stiffly, and then stride out of the drawing-room, followed by Göring, Brauchitsch, Raeder, Hess, and Ribbentrop. The French, like figures of stone, remain at the green-topped table. General Keitel remains with them. He starts to read them the detailed conditions of armistice.

Hitler and his aides stride down the avenue toward the Alsace-Lorraine monument, where their cars are waiting. As they pass the guard of honor, the German band strikes up the two national anthems, *Deutschland über Alles* and the *Horst Wessel* song.

The whole ceremony, in which Hitler has reached a new pinnacle in his meteoric career and Germany avenged the 1918 defeat, is over in a quarter of an hour.

BERLIN, June 27. — To sum up. From what I've seen in Belgium and France, and from the talks I've had with Germans and French in both countries, with French, Belgian, and British prisoners along the road, it seems fairly clear to me that — France did not fight.

If she did, there is little evidence of it. Not only I but several of my friends have driven from the German border to France and back, along all the main roads. None of us saw any evidence whatsoever of serious fighting.

Admitted that the French fought in the towns. But even in the towns not many of the millions of men available could have fought. There was not room. But they did not fight in the fields, as in all other wars. The grain twenty yards from the main roads has not been touched by the tramping feet of soldiers or their tens of thousands of motorized vehicles. I do not mean to say that at many places French units did not fight valiantly. Undoubtedly they did. But there was no *organized*, well-thought-out defense, as in the last war. From all I've seen, the French let the Germans dictate a new kind of warfare. This was fought largely along the main roads; rarely on a line running across the country. And on the roads the Germans had everything in their favor: utter superiority in tanks and planes.

An Austrian soldier told me last night it was unbelievably simple. They went down the roads with tanks, with artillery support in the rear. Seldom did they meet any serious resistance. Dugouts or posts here and there would fire. Usually the heavily armored German tanks paid no attention, just continued down the road. Infantry units on trucks behind, with light artillery, would liquidate the pillboxes and the machine-gun nests. Once in a while, if resistance was a little strong, they'd phone or radio or signal back for the artillery. If the big guns didn't silence it, an order went back for the Stukas, which invariably did. So it went, he said, day after day.

I keep asking myself: If the French were making a serious defense, why are the main roads never blown up? Why so many strategic bridges left untouched? Here and there along the roads a tank barrier, — that is, a few logs, or stones or débris, — but nothing really serious for the tanks. No real tank *traps* — such as the Swiss built by the thousands.

But since the Germans chose to fight the war on the roads, why didn't the French stop them? Roads make ideal targets for artillery. And yet I have not seen one yard of road in all northern France which shows the effect of artillery fire. Not a yard. Driving to Paris over the area where the second German offensive began, an officer from the High Command who had missed the campaign kept mumbling that he could not understand it, that up there on that height, dominating the road and providing wonderful artillery cover with its dense woods, the French must have had the sense to plant a few guns. Just a few would have made the road impassable, he kept repeating, and he would order us to stop while he studied the situation. But there had been no guns on those wooded heights, and there were no shell holes on or near the road. The Germans had passed along here with their mighty army, hardly firing a shot.

The French blew up many bridges. But they also left many strategic ones standing, especially over the Meuse, a great natural defense because of the deepness, the steepness of the valley and its wooded cover. More than one French soldier I talked to thought it was downright treachery.

At no point in France, and at only two or three in Belgium, did I see a road properly mined, or, for that matter, mined at all. In the villages and towns the French had erected tank barriers, usually of blocks of stone and rubbish. But the Germans brushed them aside in minutes. A huge crater left by an exploded mine could not have been brushed aside in a few minutes.

D.B., in Paris, having seen the war from the other side, concludes that there was treachery in the French army from top to bottom — the Fascists at the top, the Communists at the bottom. And from German and French sources alike I heard many stories of how the Communists had received orders from their party not to fight, and didn't. . . .

Many French prisoners say they never saw a battle. When one seemed imminent, orders came to retreat. It was this constant order to retreat before a battle had been joined, or at least until it had been fought out, that broke the Belgian resistance.

The Germans themselves say that in one tank battle they were attacked by a large fleet of French tanks after they themselves had run out of ammunition. The German commander ordered a retreat. After the German tanks had retired some distance to the rear, with the French following them only very cautiously, the Germans received orders to turn about and simulate an attack, firing automatic pistols or anything they had out of their tanks and executing complicated manoeuvres. This they did, and the French, seeing an armada of tanks descend upon them, though these were without ammunition, turned and fled.

One German tank officer I talked to in Compiègne said: 'French tanks in some ways were superior to ours. They had heavier armor. And at times — for a few hours, say — the French tank corps fought bravely and well. But soon we got a definite feeling that their heart wasn't in it. When we learned that, and acted on the belief, it was all over.' A month before, I should have thought such talk rank Nazi propaganda. Now I believe it.

Another mystery. After the Germans broke through the Franco-Belgian border from Maubeuge to Sedan, they tell that they continued right on across

northern France to the sea without hardly firing a shot. When they got to the sea, Boulogne and Calais were defended mostly by the British. The whole French army seemed paralyzed, unable to provide the least action, the slightest counter-thrust.

True, the Germans had air superiority. True, the British didn't provide the air power they could and should have provided. Yet even that does not explain the French debacle. From what one can see, the effectiveness of the air force in this war has been overemphasized. One read of the great mass air attacks on the Allied columns along the roads. But you look in vain for the evidence of it on the roads. There are no bomb craters. True, the German technique was first to machine-gun the troops and then, when they'd scattered to the side of the road, to bomb the *sides* of the road (thus sparing the road when they wanted to use it later). But you also see little evidence of this. A crater here and there along the roadside or in a near-by field — but not enough to destroy an army. The most deadly work of the German air force was at Dunkirk, where the British stopped the Germans dead for ten days.

On the whole, then, while the French here and there fought valiantly and even stubbornly, their army seems to have been paralyzed as soon as the Germans made their first break-through. Then it collapsed, almost without a fight. In the first place the French, as though drugged, had no will to fight, even when their soil was invaded by their most hated enemy. There was a complete collapse of French society and of the French soul. Secondly, there was either treachery or criminal negligence in the High Command and among the high officers in the field. Among large masses of troops, Communist propaganda had won the day. And its message was: 'Don't fight.' Never were the masses so betrayed.

THE LITERATE FARMER AND THE PLANET VENUS

*A Dated Popular-Science Medley on a Mysterious Light
Recently Observed in the Western Sky at Evening*

BY ROBERT FROST

My unexpected knocking at the door
Started chairs thundering on the kitchen floor,
Knives and forks ringing on the supper plates,
Voices conflicting like the candidates.
A mighty farmer flung the house door wide,
He and a lot of children came outside,
And there on an equality we stood.
That's the time knocking at a door did good.

'I stopped to compliment you on this star
You get the beauty of from where you are.
To see it so, the bright and only one
In sunset light, you'd think it was the sun
That hadn't sunk the way it should have sunk,
But right in heaven was slowly being shrunk
So small as to be virtually gone,
Yet there to watch the darkness coming on —
Like someone dead permitted to exist
Enough to see if he was greatly missed.
I didn't see the sun set. Did it set?
Will anybody swear that isn't it?
And will you give me shelter for the night?
If not, a glass of milk will be all right.'

'Traveler, I'm glad you asked about that light.
Your mind mistrusted there was something wrong,
And naturally you couldn't go along
Without inquiring if 'twas serious.
'Twas providential you applied to us,
Who were just on the subject when you came.
There is a star that's Serious by name
And nature too, but this is not the same.

This light's been going on for several years,
 Although at times we think it disappears.
 You'll hear all sorts of things. You'll meet with them
 Will tell you it's the star of Bethlehem
 Above some more religion in a manger.
 But put that down to superstition, Stranger.
 What's a star doing big as a baseball?
 Between us two it's not a star at all.
 It's a new patented electric light,
 Put up on trial by that Jerseyite
 So much is being now expected of,
 To give developments the final shove
 And turn us into the next specie folks
 Are going to be, unless these monkey jokes
 Of the last fifty years are all a libel,
 And Darwin's proved mistaken, not the Bible.
 I s'pose you have your notions on the vexed
 Question of what we're turning into next.'

'As liberals we're willing to give place
 To any demonstrably better race,
 No matter what the color of its skin.
 (But what a human race the white has been!)
 I heard a fellow in a public lecture
 On Pueblo Indians and their architecture
 Declare that if such Indians inherited
 The damnèd world the legacy was merited.
 So far as he, the speaker, was concerned
 He had his ticket bought, his passage earned,
 To take the *Mayflower* back where he belonged
 Before the Indian race was further wronged.
 But come, enlightened as in talk you seem,
 You don't believe that that first-water gleam
 Is not a star?'

'Believe it? Why, I know it.
 Its actions any cloudless night will show it.
 You'll see it be allowed up just so high,
 Say about halfway up the western sky,
 And then get slowly, slowly pulled back down.
 You might not notice if you'd lived in town,
 As I suspect you have. A town debars
 Much notice of what's going on in stars.

The idea is no doubt to make one job
 Of lighting the whole night with one big blob
 Of electricity in bulk the way
 The sun sets the example in the day.'

'Here come more stars to character the skies,
 And they in the estimation of the wise
 Are more divine than any bulb or arc,
 Because their purpose is to flash and spark,
 But not to take away the precious dark.
 We need the interruption of the night
 To ease attention off when overtight,
 To break our logic in too long a flight,
 And ask us if our premises are right.'

'Sick talk, sick talk, sick sentimental talk!
 It doesn't do you any good to walk.
 I see what *you* are: can't get you excited
 With hopes of getting mankind unbenighted.
 Some ignorance takes rank as innocence.
 Have it for all of me and have it dense.
 The slave will never thank his manumitter;
 Which often makes the manumitter bitter.'

'In short, you think that star a patent medicine
 Put up to cure the world by Mr. Edison.'

'You said it — that's exactly what it is.
 My son in Jersey says a friend of his
 Knows the old man and nobody's so deep
 In incandescent lamps and ending sleep.
 The old man argues science cheapened speed.
 A good cheap anti-dark is now the need.
 Give us a good cheap twenty-four-hour day,
 No part of which we'd have to waste, I say,
 And who knows where we can't get! Wasting time
 In sleep or slowness is the deadly crime.
 He gave up sleep himself some time ago,
 It puffs the face and brutalizes so.
 You take the ugliness all so much dread,
 Called getting out of the wrong side of bed.
 That is the source perhaps of human hate,
 And well may be where wars originate.

Get rid of that and there'd be left no great
 Of either murder or war in any land.
 You know how cunningly mankind is planned:
 We have one loving and one hating hand.
 The loving's made to hold each other like,
 While with the hating other hand we strike.
 The blow can be no stronger than the clutch,
 Or soon we'd bat each other out of touch,
 And the fray wouldn't last a single round.
 And still it's bad enough to badly wound,
 And if our getting up to start the day
 On the right side of bed would end the fray,
 We'd hail the remedy. But it's been tried
 And found, he says, a bed has no right side.
 The trouble is, with that receipt for love,
 A bed's got no right side to get out of.
 We can't be trusted to the sleep we take,
 And simply must evolve to stay awake.
 He thinks that chairs and tables will endure,
 But beds — in less than fifty years he's sure
 There will be no such piece of furniture.
 He's surely got it in for cots and beds.
 No need for us to rack our common heads
 About it, though. We haven't got the mind.
 It best be left to great men of his kind
 Who have no other object than our good.
 There's a lot yet that isn't understood.
 Ain't it a caution to us not to fix
 No limits to what rose in rubbing sticks
 On fire to scare away the pterodix
 When man first lived in caves along the creeks?'

'Marvelous world in nineteen-twenty-six.'

SWEEPING DEATH'S DOORSTEP

BY 'BARTIMEUS'

I

NAZI mine laying, like the Nazi submarine campaign, is being intensified in an attempt to find some weak place in the armor of British sea power. Both are being concentrated at focal points of the trade routes, and they have certain resemblances as weapons. A submarine submerged has a very small radius of action and, except for short bursts in vital emergency, very slow speed. Her tactics are to proceed on the surface during the hours of darkness to a position where she anticipates intercepting her quarry within torpedo range; she then submerges and awaits its arrival. To all intents and purposes she is a mobile mine with a more far-reaching power of destruction. Where the similarity ceases is in the degree of risk attached to the employment of these two weapons.

A submarine that releases a torpedo at a target under escort — either a man-of-war or a merchantman — is instantly hunted. If she is hunted in daytime she must remain submerged, and the odds are against her escaping; if she is sunk, apart from the loss of a valuable unit, her captain and crew must also be written off. According to British ideas, it takes seven years to train a submarine captain — to train him to a degree of efficiency which makes his return from patrol a probability; to a degree which gives his crew complete confidence in him in the direst emergency.

On the other hand, mine laying is a cheap game. There is not much more

risk attached to it than there is to the sandbagger waiting in a doorway in the dark for his victim to come along. Mines are dropped in the dark from aeroplanes, or small fast surface craft that choose foggy nights when possible. The latter may be accompanied by aircraft, the sound of whose engines deadens the purr of the motors on the surface and is also intended to distract the attention of patrols. Mines are also laid by submerged submarines, which, if their presence has not been suspected, may escape unscathed.

Broadly speaking, German mines are of two types, the direct-contact mine and the magnetic mine. The direct-contact mine is moored by a wire to a sinker, and can be adjusted to any depth by the length of the wire. It explodes on impact. It has all the charm of simplicity in this respect.

The magnetic mine rests on the bottom. It may be fitted with a delay-action mechanism; in any case it does not require to be struck in order to detonate — it explodes when a ship passes into its magnetic field.

Mines of both types are laid in the estuaries of rivers, in the approaches to ports, and in the harbors themselves; they are laid in the traffic lanes used by our coastwise convoys, and in the open sea. The laying of magnetic mines must, however, be confined to comparatively shallow water. They do not operate in depths over fifty fathoms.

Carrying an explosive charge of about

seven hundred pounds, this type of mine is itself made of a non-magnetic substance. But it contains a sensitive magnetic needle which is oscillated by the magnetism of a ship passing over it. Steel ships become magnetized in the process of building, by the vibration of riveting while lying in the earth's magnetic field. The oscillation of the needle in the mine by this floating magnet passing over it suffices to operate the detonator, and the mine explodes.

This principle was familiar to us, as a form of magnetic mine was in use at the end of the last war. But it was capable of improvement, and we did not know what subtleties had been added to its construction when the Germans began to use it in September 1939. However, very early in the proceedings a Nazi aeroplane, mistaking the moonlight reflected off the mud flats of the Thames estuary for water, obligingly dropped one where it was accessible at half tide.

It came floating down attached to a parachute, and in the uncertain light it caused some consternation amongst military coast patrols who opened fire upon it. Fortunately they missed, and after circumspect investigation they decided that this strange object lying on the mud was more up the Navy's street than their own.

The Navy arrived on the scene hot-foot, headed by a lieutenant commander who by torchlight recognized what the Lord had delivered into their hands. The first consideration was to secure it against the rising tide. This they did gingerly but securely, and they then discussed methods of removing what appeared to be the detonators. On certain points the lieutenant commander differed from his assistant. There appeared to be alternative processes, but which was right and which wrong only experience could show. The trouble was that the wrong one would probably detonate the mine. While they discussed these matters they were busy taking drawings and impressions of the detona-

tor door and its bolts; finally the tide rose and covered the mine.

In the interval of waiting for the tide to fall again they made tools from the drawings and argued further concerning the matter. 'Well,' said the lieutenant commander to his assistant, 'I shall work on my notion of the way it functions. You stand outside the explosion zone and wait. If I'm right, you're wrong. If you're right — well, that'll be just too bad.' Or words to that effect.

Fifteen hours after the mine had been found he started his grisly task. Half an hour later Britain was master of the secret of the German magnetic mine.

From this to the 'de-gaussing' of ships was but a short step. A certain Dr. Gauss in the first half of the nineteenth century gave his name to the unit of magnetic flux. An insulated wire cable fitted round the hull of a ship was found to neutralize its magnetism; this was the antidote to the magnetic mines; the ship ceased to be a magnet. The process was aptly described as 'de-gaussing.'

It was the antidote to the magnetic mine as far as the ship was concerned, but it did not affect the mine itself. The only effective answer to the mine, either magnetic or direct-contact, is to destroy it.

II

One winter's dawn I found myself on board a trawler that had been converted to mine sweeping. There were gleams of light from shaded lanterns along the decks, and all round us were trawlers moored alongside each other and packed as close as sheep in a pen. The forms of men in duffel coats, oilskins, and sea boots moved through these pools of illumination and vanished again into the darkness. From below came the scrape of shovels on stokehold plates and the clang of a furnace door.

The Unit Commander introduced me to the skipper. Neither of us could see the other's face in the darkness. We shook hands, and as I moved away I

heard the skipper ask in a voice as hoarse as a crow's:—

'Is yon man releegious?'

'God, man, how would I know? What's the odds?'

'Well, times I swear awfu'.'

I climbed up after them on to the tiny bridge, and saw the dawn coming through a web of shrouds and rat-lines that glistened with hoarfrost. The smoke from innumerable funnels rolled away to leeward in sooty black clouds. The skipper of the adjoining trawler grinned at us from his bridge.

'Good luck,' he muttered. Another day dawning — another day of rattling the dice box with Death.

'Good luck,' said we. We were going to spend the day together, his little ship and ours, yoked together by a magnetic sweep, off a port whose fairway was used by our submarines on their lawful occasions. The siren tooted and we began to elbow our way out of the jam stern first.

It was daylight when we reached the open sea. Everybody had wriggled into life belts. I could see the faces of my companions. The Unit Commander was a lieutenant of the Reserve who had swept mines all through the last war and had been blown up three times. Since then he had commanded his own ships, big ocean-going cargo ships, but he had thrown that up and — for a sailor — a biggish salary to come back and teach youngsters a trick or two at the old game. There wasn't much he could teach his skipper, though, an old mine sweeper of the last war like himself. Thirty-odd years he had fished the North Sea, following the cod and the herring off Iceland and the Faroes, and trawling soles amongst the sand-banks of the East Cove estuaries. He was the *Captains Courageous* type, accustomed to finding his way about the fishing banks by smelling the lead and by some mysterious sixth sense. He confided many things to me on our way to the sweeping grounds — amongst others,

that he had a bad cold, and by way of curing it had devoured an entire bottle of cough lozenges during the night. They failed to cure his huskiness and made him, he said, feel very queer.

It was a gray day with a squally wind as sharp and cruel as broken glass. The little trawlers lifted their heels to the steep swell and threw the spray over their shoulders. The crew stood in the lee of the engine-room casing, smoking. They spoke little, and then in undertones. Trawler men rarely raise their voices. These men wore duffel coats and Balaclava helmets, thigh boots and stockings. I gathered they had been adopted by a girls' school. Each man had about ten young godmothers who saw to it that he did not lack warm garments. They were all fishermen, big slow-moving men from Stornoway and Peterhead, Milford Haven, Grimsby, Hartlepool and Lowestoft, all supremely efficient. At some time during the day I borrowed a cigarette from one of them. He produced a tin from some inner recess in his clothing, and handed it to me. 'They're from my godmother,' he murmured coyly.

We reached the channel at length and slowed down. Our companion sweeper came plunging up on to our quarter, and we veered a floating grass line to her which she picked up, and shackled a wire to it. We hauled this inboard, connected it to our sweep wire, and paid it out astern again. As the wire was paid, our cylindrical magnets were shackled to it at intervals. The trawlers pitched and rolled, and the icy spray drifted over them. The man at the winch, a bright blue Balaclava on his head and a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, controlled the wire miraculously, checking its outward surge to a foot when it was necessary to shackle on some appendage. There were moments when the wires behaved like mad pythons and were rather more dangerous, and he had the lives of everybody on that heaving deck in his hands a score of times during the

day. The mate working on the shackles with a marlin spike had bare hands scarred all over with old gashes and streaked with blood from new ones. Once the spike slipped or was jerked from his numb fingers and went overboard. Somebody handed him another; he put out his hand for it automatically, in silence. There were scarcely any orders except in the customary undertones. These men had handled trawl wires from childhood; they knew exactly what to do and did it.

Then we settled down to sweep. The operation resolves itself into a slightly bloodcurdling boredom. Up and down the channel we went with the wailing gulls for company. The masts of a cargo ship stuck up out of the water inshore where they had tried to beach her after an explosion that ripped her open to the sea. Was it a solitary mine or were there more of them lying hidden along the channel? We should know presently.

The cook staggered round at intervals with mugs of scalding hot sweet tea the color of mahogany. He shared his galley with a small dog of uncertain lineage. Every now and again he picked it up and extracted a matchstalk or a cinder from its mouth, much as a mother removes objects not meant to be eaten from her infant's gums.

From time to time the Reserve lieutenant took a bearing of the distant land and bent over the chart. The skipper snorted contemptuously.

'Charts! The charts can't tell me anything inside the forty-fathom line. They're mostly wrong. Drag a trawl over inshore soundings all your life, ye'll not have great regard for the chart.'

He turned his face to windward and sniffed the bitter wind for snow. He had a fur lining to the collar of his leather coat; wisps of gray hair stuck out round his peaked cap. His shrewd old eyes, and ears ragged with frostbite, gave a suggestion of a scarred old fox, wise in a thousand intuitions and experiences.

The lieutenant straightened up from the chart table.

'Ye'd not maybe have the schooling to read it, Jock,' he said. All day they maintained a half-affectionate, half-acidulated give-and-take of repartee.

'Schooling! I was top of my class when your mither was wringing out your wee nappies, man.' It was the swift retort of the fisherman to the deep-sea sailor, not the backchat of an Auxiliary Patrol Skipper to his Unit Commander.

When we reached the end of our beat the lieutenant jerked the siren lanyard and our consort slowed down, eased her helm over, and round we came. She kept perfect station on us all day. What kind of mess the sweep would have got into if she hadn't, I tremble to think. Yet there was no signaling except a toot of the siren at the turn.

'Signals!' ejaculated the skipper. 'Signals wi' flags and that! What does a man want wi' flags when he has a siren to gie a bit toot wi'?' It was, of course, the language of the Banks, and it is astonishing what a subtle range of significance can be conveyed by the strength of the jerk on the lanyard.

We passed a place where a sister trawler had been blown up the previous week. Of the crew and the little ship not a trace was found. There might be another mine there. The sweep might pass over it. The lieutenant and the skipper fell to yarning about shoals and shipwrecks. The skipper let the names of the East Coast lightships ripple off his tongue, for the security that he felt perhaps lay in the sound of the words, as if he were running a rosary through his fingers. The Germans had been bombing them and machine-gunning the crews. That to a seaman's mind constituted the ultimate achievement of bestiality.

I asked him if he had ever suffered shipwreck.

'Aye, but never for want of a light-ship. I was in a gale once when I was a lad, and it split the mainsail and we druv down on to the sands.'

He pondered over his memories. Between the cap peak and collar, little of his face was visible but his eyes and nose. 'I mind I had my best suit on board, and I went below before she broke up and I put it on. A fine suit it was.' His eyes wistfully contemplated through the mist of years the sartorial magnificence of that suit.

'But why?' I asked.

'I had a mind to look respectable when my dead body was washed ashore,' was the answer.

In that moment the trawler lifted as if a giant had kicked her. There was a mountain of water astern, white on the summit and black at the base, with a fringe of lambent flame. Not merely one's heart, but the whole structure of the body contracted with terror and relaxed again. There was a roar that filled all space. The trawler shuddered like a living thing reprieved from death: as we all were, because the sweep had done its work, and the mountain of water collapsed far away astern of us. A dead gull came eddying down like a falling leaf.

The skipper turned from contemplating the upheaval.

'Another of the —' He paused and eyed me mischievously. 'But maybe you're a reelegious man.'

III

The method of sweeping for the direct-contact mine, the moored, horned variety, involves quite a different technique. The sweeper tows by a wire several hundred fathoms long a hollow, cigar-shaped steel float called an *Oropesa*; it has a short mast on its nose and a flag which enables it to be seen on the surface of the water. A square steel frame, called an otter, travels along the wire, and within the frame vertical planes are set at an angle like the slats of a Venetian blind. The rush of water through these planes carries it out on the quarter of the towing ship, and with it

the *Oropesa*. Instead of towing directly astern, the wire is thus curved in the form of a gigantic sickle. A similar contraption, only with the planes set horizontally, is secured to the end of the wire nearest the towing ship. This can be adjusted to carry the wire to any desired depth.

The curved sweep of the wire, which has serrated strands, encounters the vertical mooring wire of the mine and cuts it. The mine, which has positive buoyancy, then floats to the surface. By international law, contact mines are required to contain a mechanism which renders them harmless when they become detached from their moorings, but Germany's regard for international law does not warrant the assumption that her mines are so fitted. A mine floating on the surface is therefore riddled by machine-gun fire, fills with water, and sinks to the bottom, where it is unlikely to do further damage.

The task of sweeping for contact mines in the comparatively protected waters of harbor approaches and coast-wise traffic lanes is carried out by trawlers and other small craft; but further afield the larger fleet sweepers, vessels of eight hundred tons and very shallow draft, take over the task. Paddle mine sweepers are also employed in shoal water on account of their low draft. These little ships plied about the coasts and rivers of Britain in peacetime carrying sight-seeing throngs of tourists.

I sat in the captain's cabin of one the other day. The captain, a gnarled, hard-bitten seaman a trifle the wrong side of sixty (his wife called him an old fool when he volunteered for another war of mine sweeping, giving his age as fifty-two), talked about his ship and the hazards of the game ('But what else could I do and England fighting for her life?') while two black kittens climbed about the settee, bullying the life out of a red setter.

And while he talked the name of the ship kept coming back to me as I had

seen it somewhere, listed over by a great throng of sight-seers. They were tense and motionless, like people in a dream. And suddenly a burst of wild cheering poured from them. They waved hats and handkerchiefs, the cheers redoubled, and with one accord the crowd began to sing the National Anthem. . . .

Then I remembered. It was a sunny August afternoon when King George V and Queen Mary were spending Cowes week on board the royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*. The old King had been racing his cutter, *Britannia*, all day in half a gale of wind. The Queen had been shopping. They were both tired and were sitting on deck in armchairs. A footman had brought them tea. The Queen was reading aloud from the evening paper. Then the paddle steamer had come abeam of us. Where they sat, the King and Queen were invisible to the sight-seers, who had traveled many miles, had been crowded and seasick for hours, in the hope of catching a glimpse of Their Majesties. The Queen rose to her feet and helped the King to his — it was His Majesty's last summer alive — and together they walked to the gangway, where they were in full view. The Queen waved her hand. . . .

I remembered watching the broad wake of the paddler as she drew away, the heavy list, the voices singing 'God Save the King' growing fainter, the wake dissolving, the ship herself growing faint in the afternoon haze.

So this, then, was her destiny; and not all of it, for she had been into the shambles of Dunkirk during the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force, and had come out of it and now was sweeping Death's doorstep 'for the duration.'

'Dunkirk was all right,' said the captain. He leaned forward and picked up both kittens in his enormous fist, dropped them on his knee, and fell to stroking them. 'These two didn't mind it. But he didn't like it a bit.' He put out his foot and stirred the sleeping

setter. 'Gunfire and dive bombing. No, he doesn't like it.' He spoke tolerantly; the dog opened one eye and closed it again, as much as to say: 'Well, do *you*?'

IV

The fleet sweepers are built for the work, and are commanded by young lieutenant commanders of the Royal Navy and manned largely by old Navy men of the Fleet Reserve. We went out in the dawn one day, a flotilla of six, to sweep a channel along which a big convoy would presently pass.

There had been a three days' gale; and steep tumbling seas, the color of greenish pea soup, were breaking in patches over the hidden sandbanks. From time to time we passed a buoy marking the tail of a shoal, on which a bell clanged mournfully as it rose and dipped in the sluicing tide. We came to an area where mines had been found; the order was given to start sweeping, and overboard went the Oropesa.

Squalls of sleet swept down out of the purple-black clouds to windward as we plunged along the edge of the suspected area. Our next astern steered on the flag of the Oropesa. About every half hour we turned and carved off another slice, cutting deeper into the mine field each time. Occasionally a mine bobbed up in the sweep and we gave a few blasts on the siren to warn our next astern. Each time the third ship drew out of the line and sank the mine with short staccato bursts of machine-gun fire. It was all perfectly coördinated, almost mechanically efficient, like the functioning of a bacon-slicing machine.

As the day advanced, the sun appeared through rifts in the cloud, throwing fan-shaped beams of light on the water. The anti-aircraft gunners slipped dark goggles over their eyes, in case a dive bomber should come out of the glare, and settled their shrapnel helmets more firmly on their heads.

Suddenly there was a warning shout

from a lookout, and two Messerschmitts appeared on the edge of a cloud, far out of range. They circled like hawks, disappearing and reappearing among the dark cloud valleys. Then one banked for the dive, and our guns broke out in a furious cannonade, throwing a barrage of bursting shell in the path of the swooping Messerschmitt. A tiny thing the size of a pea was falling towards us; another followed. The thin whistle of their falling changed to a shriek; the pom-poms, holding their fire, burst into a deafening racket. A bomb burst ahead of us, and a moment later one astern, throwing columns of water into the air.

The bomber had turned away in the teeth of the barrage and was already lost to sight. It was just an incident in the course of a day's mine sweeping, and the incident was closed.

Far away to the southward the convoy appeared; the channel was clear, and we turned for home. As we approached the harbor we passed little units of the trawler patrol going out into the wide dusk of the sea. It was the same every night of the year; and tomorrow the sweepers would be out again. And the day after tomorrow. And the day after that, on a task whose end is not yet in sight.

BRISTOL TO BRISTOL

VERMONT SPEAKING

[From the short-wave station WRUL in Boston, a series of weekly broadcasts have been directed to Britain to fill in those evening hours when of necessity BBC is silent. Letters from English towns and villages have asked for programs originating from their namesakes here, and as a result Boston, Massachusetts, sent its message to Boston, England, Plymouth to Plymouth, Braintree to Braintree. The little town of Bristol, Vermont, was asked to prepare a friendly statement for Bristol, England — that manufacturing centre which has been so heavily bombed. The *Atlantic* believes that Vermont has said something which comes straight from the hearts of us all.

— THE EDITORS]

WHEN we here in Bristol, Vermont, U.S.A., were given an opportunity to send a radio greeting to you in Bristol, England, we decided to make the most of

it. It was a grand idea, we said, to tell those gritty Britishers how we felt about them — the very thing we had been wanting to do for months.

Everyone in town hoped to send an individual message, but that was impossible because there are 1832 of us here, so we appointed a committee to decide what should be said officially in the name of all of us. On that committee were an electrician, an insurance agent, a farmer, a merchant, a professor, and a guy who writes for the newspapers. We met in a room around a wood-burning stove to pour our collective thoughts into words that would go winging and ringing three thousand miles across the Atlantic, each word a brilliant verbal meteor designed to dazzle our English cousins.

But somehow the meteor business did not work right. No sooner had the guy who writes for the newspapers sharpened his pencil and announced that he was

ready to record the thoughts of the committee than the room became heaven-like in one respect — for it is related that once there was silence in heaven for the space of a quarter of an hour.

At the end of that time the guy who writes for the newspapers asked impatiently, 'For gosh sakes, why don't you say something?'

'We are thinking,' the professor answered.

'With what?' the electrician wanted to know.

That was a question that seemed more pertinent and less impertinent as time went on. Try as we would, we could think of no high-sounding phrases, no epoch-making thoughts, no burning oratory. We admitted what we all knew in the beginning, that such things were beyond our reach, and we decided to tell you about our town in the language of our town.

Bristol, Vermont, is about the size of the average New England town. It has an area of 21,710 acres, some twelve acres per person, so we are not crowded. It lies in the foothills of the Green Mountains, a hundred miles south of the Canadian border, looking west across the valley of Lake Champlain to the Adirondack Mountains in New York State. In prehistoric times a great river roared through a gap in the mountains from the glaciers to the eastward, piling up a delta of sand and gravel hundreds of acres in extent. On this delta Bristol Village now stands, reaching along the foot of the mountain in streets that are shaded by old elms and maples. The river is still here, a peaceful, domestic stream that turns our water wheels and gives us the sport of trout fishing.

In the year 1762, Governor Benning Wentworth of the Colony of New Hampshire, acting for George III of England, granted a charter to the town, which was then an unbroken wilderness. It was first called Pocock, after the famous British admiral, but the name was soon changed to Bristol, presumably

because the first settlers had strong ties of friendship with Bristol in the old country. Those settlers were English, having landed at ports in the Colony of Connecticut and moved north in quest of new land.

Such, briefly, was our beginning. After that we added our little chapter to the book of the pioneers. The towering forests of pine were felled, and the stumps were dug out. Even to this day some of them remain in the form of stump fences, fences that were living and breathing on the day that Henry Morgan, the grand old buccaneer, came as a runaway boy to the port of Bristol, England, from where he set sail on a life of adventure that has seldom been equaled. Then, with the trees out of the way, the stones were piled in walls, countless miles of gray stone walls that shall forever bound our fields. Those fields were cleared by, and still support, a race of men of whom we are not ashamed.

Today Bristol, Vermont, is a town of agriculture and manufacturing. Here you will find herds of dairy cattle and fields of hay, grain, corn, and potatoes. And everywhere, along our village streets and country roads, in our door-yards and fence corners, you will find trees, for we love trees as you Englishmen do. And in one way we use them as you do not, for in March, when the sap starts, we manufacture maple sugar and syrup that find their way to all parts of the world. The hills still supply us with timber for our factories, one of which is engaged in helping manufacture airplanes for our own defense and for yours as well. Another branch of our military work is our airfield, where we are at the moment training forty pilots.

From this, do you get a picture of our town?

And now for you, as we imagine you to be. As we broadcast this we see, from what we have read and been told, a great city of 396,000 or more people, lying in a bowl-like valley some four miles in breadth. Here the Frome joins

the Avon, and after a few miles they enter Bristol Channel. We like the names of some of your streets — Broad, High, Corn, and Wine. They have a hearty, robust sound and they leave a good taste in the memory. We may be wrong, but we picture them as smelling of tar and spices and sea air and being lined with ancient gabled houses.

We have heard a great deal about your beautiful old cathedral and your churches. The fame of your schools and colleges has also reached us, and we know you have magnificent public buildings and parks. Your docks and manufacturing plants are famous the world over. All told, we are very proud to be associated in name with the city of Bristol, England.

Such associations are pleasant, but there is another that goes farther. It touches a deeper note in our friendship for you and it extends not from town to town, but from nation to nation. We are thankful that in your hour of sore trial we sympathize with you. We are grateful that we can do this, for it shows that the poison of barbarism has not entered our veins and distorted our vision. In seeing eye to eye with you we find vindication of our hatred of the hideous forms of force that are battling to destroy what we believe is holy. We are the only democracies left, the only nations on earth where men and women can try to shape their destinies according to their ideals — that is, can try with any hope of success. These ideals of ours — liberty of speech and of action and of worship — are shared by millions of other people to whom they are only impossible dreams. Impossible at the moment, but not ultimately impossible if we can stop and crush the powers that oppose us. This is a crusade not to rescue the tombs of dead heroes but to establish new sanctuaries for living men and women and children.

No doubt many of you in England are saying, 'Fine words, America, but it takes more than words to kill a dragon.'

We know it does. The time was when we, like you, thought that laurels won in the past were sufficient to insure the future, but that time is gone. The awful awakening that you suffered brought us to our feet. We are still rubbing our eyes, perhaps, but we are rolling up our sleeves. There is not an industry in our land that is not throwing in its every resource to build up our strength and yours. Nor, mechanical-minded though we are, do we depend on machines alone. A few weeks ago seventeen millions of our young men willingly registered for military service. Yes, willingly. They were not bribed to do it, they were not lured by promises of booty, they were not driven by armed guards. They went because there is a feeling among them, as there is among you, that liberty is worth any price, even the price of life itself. And if those seventeen millions are not enough, there are more where they came from.

That is not boasting; it is a mere statement of fact. We are slow to get under motion, — we know that as well as you do, — but we honestly believe that when we get going it will take a considerable aggregation to stop us. And at last we are moving. A hundred and thirty million people, backed by untold material resources and united by a common will, are pulling in the same direction. You may be sure that that direction parallels the path of your own efforts.

As to those efforts of yours, will you pardon us if we praise you to your face? Here in America we have a wholehearted admiration for good sportsmanship. It is one of our idols, and because we have made it for ourselves we know what it is made of. We know that its chief substance is courage, the courage to refrain from fighting when provoked by a bully, and then, when forbearance is at an end, the courage to fight against tremendous odds — and to keep on fighting when those odds pile up to seemingly irresistible proportions. We have seen you

do just that, and our admiration goes beyond our powers of expression.

Long before you entered this war we admired you for your efforts to avoid it. And when you did enter, because there was no alternative for free men, you did so fearlessly, ill armed though you were because you had believed in peace to the last. When you were deserted by your allies we stood aghast, believing, yet unable to believe, that your very gallantry would cause your destruction.

Then came Dunkirk. As hour by hour over our radios we followed that magnificent and unequalled retreat we realized that, no matter how humdrum life had once seemed, we were living in a heroic age. And when the withdrawal was complete our confidence was restored. We knew that a people who could transmute disaster into glory as you had done could never be conquered.

All that has followed has deepened our faith and our admiration. The feats of your Air Force and your Navy make us tingle with pride because they are carrying on a tradition that is from far back our tradition as well.

But what stirs us most is the glorious courage of your people as they face the horrors of air attack. Trained armies have broken under a fraction of such punishment, yet you, the civilians, are carrying on to a victory which shall be the greatest of all victories because of the way in which it is being won.

Over here we are given to hero worship, but as a rule the heroes are our own. Even in the other war we did not get unduly enthusiastic about the Allied leaders, much as some of them deserved

it. But in the case of Winston Churchill we have let down the bars and taken him to our hearts. Anyhow, he is half American by birth. But it is what he has done and is doing that appeals to us. He typifies our idea of a Britisher, solid, resolute, and wise, and a fighter who fights clean and knows no fear.

It has been a long time since we felt the need of a sovereign. You will be the first to agree with us that some sovereigns are not to be classed among the modern conveniences. But if that nostalgic urge should suddenly return to us, your king and queen might be invited over here. We fell for them, as our slang has it, before the war, first because of what we heard about them, and later, definitely, when they visited us. Many from this little town went to Canada to see them, and, believe it or not, those hard-headed Yankees came back, if not out-and-out Royalists, at least with a deep respect for royalty, British style. We can readily understand why you people put your hearts into it when you sing 'God Save the King,' but if we had as beautiful a queen as you have we should insist on adding, 'and Elizabeth too.'

We feel that we can sum up our attitude in this salute from Bristol, New England, to Bristol, Old England, by repeating a story we, and probab'ly you, have recently heard. Not long ago when King George was walking about London inspecting the damage done by air raids a cabby recognized him and shouted, 'You are a great king, sir!' To which the king answered heartily, 'And you are a great people!'

That is the way we feel.

BED AND BOARD

BY HUGO JOHANSON

I

IT is often said (a saying which I am out to debunk) that only those who have tasted defeat and victory on the battlefield, who have been poor and rich, and who have hated and loved intensely, have lived the *full life*. I used to carry this apothegmatical draff in my mental little knapsack until about fifteen years ago, when circumstances over which I had little control showed up the hollowness of it and convinced me that unless a man has been engaged in professional bedmaking he cannot fathom to what depths of despair, not to mention lint, dust, and escaped feathers, mankind may descend — and that futility and insectifuge have much in common.

It is not my intention to belittle or attack the domesticated, perfectly legal kind of bedmaking that takes place in countless homes and hostels, day out and day in, and which is generally done by efficient women; my mission is to warn you not to sell out or give notice in order to take up that sullen, hybrid kind of bedmaking which is done at railroad division points out West, during the hot season, by desperate, able-bodied men given to snuff consumption, prickly heat, and baseness of utterances.

I didn't become a bedmaker of my own free will or because I was driven by a creative urge; on the other hand, I wasn't exactly shanghaied; rather, I was inveigled into entering the game by a clever ruse planned and sprung by an interstate carrier which, while well thought of on the whole, was wont, when

cornered and forced to fight for its existence, to hit below the belt with a demoniacal cunning and strength. This foul tendency was very noticeable when the company recruited bedmakers for its desert outposts.

Work was plentiful, and I never thought of doing common labor in those days, although some of the pick-and-shovel jobs that I turned down then would make my mouth water now. Distributing circulars, collecting angleworms for wholesale bait houses, merry-go-round currying, and suchlike pursuits, where mental alertness and manual dexterity must coöperate to the utmost, were and always have been, I'm proud to hint, my proper line.

Just prior to my vocational decline, I cleaned bottles in a bottling plant situated in Northern California. I liked the work. There is a certain undefinable glamour about places where bottles furnish the leitmotiv, no matter if the bottles have been desecrated by neutral fluids (in this particular case water issuing from somewhere underground, presumably from the suburbs of Hell, because it tasted and smelled strongly of brimstone). The water was labeled and sold as a body builder, and, because I took it myself without visible harm except for noticing a pronounced longing for something else, — anything else, — I feel it my duty to vouch for it whenever I have the opportunity to reach strata enlightened enough to discern that a sincere endorsement, thoughtfully penned, is not

always a symptom of belletristic beriberi.

I didn't linger overly long at the bottling plant. The reason for this was that one of my fellow workers, a runaway pantryman (or, as we say at Harvard and in Hollywood, 'escapist') from the old S. S. *Sierra*, then plying between San Francisco and Sydney, talked us both out of the job. To the underprivileged who never have been on equal footing with an Australian pantryman, I wish to state that, once you have mastered his accent and his breath, you'll find yourself listening to some of the most scabrous fables ever snickered at. Our conversation got so bad — or good, if you are the earthy kind — that Cedric (that was the pantryman's name) and I neglected our work.

Now cleaning bottles is precision work. A mixture of water and sand is injected with great force, encouraged to do the St. Vitus, and then, when the dirty work is done, scrupulously withdrawn. Perhaps Cedric and I forgot to withdraw every single foreign particle; at any rate the foreman — a martinet, by the bye — accused us of carelessness. Cedric, a habitually profane gainsayer, said (or, more truthfully, used words to the effect) that in order to counteract the laxative properties of the water a drachma of grit, added now and then, would 'top off the whole bloomin' sorry mess just right!' This innocent remark finished us. We were requested to take distance, which we did; in Cedric's case this meant all the way to Coonamble, New South Wales, because the foreman was thorough and believed in letting the immigration authorities in on the pantryman's doubtful international status quo.

I returned to San Francisco by personal propulsion. This time I had my mind set upon a little roustabouting. A roustabout is a man who is expected to be generally useful and isn't, not 'a roving laborer on a river steamboat line,' as Professor C. M. Stevens defines

the word. (To him and his *Standard Home and School Dictionary* a terse, timely rebuke!) I lost no time getting in touch with the captains of industry, using their talent scouts as intermediary. I struck what I thought was pay dirt so effortlessly that I should have known it was mica, but I was young then and held that the world was made to be conquered, not to be assayed. Subsequent events have belied this puerile tenet, and to them goes much of the credit for the tragic undertone that veins this paper.

II

As I sauntered down the Skidroad, the hue and cry for ability, sinews, and acumen pleased me mightily. The black-board of the leading labor exchange offered me the choice of milking a 'small string'; sheepherding, 'must be able to lamb and batch — dog needed, blankets furnished'; chopping cordwood, an ambitious undertaking laid out on princely lines, as it required 'tools, tent, car & grubstake, also head good at figuring'; running a Fresno, 'this is a cinch if you love action and are under 40'; going 'South tonite' as bull cook for 'respectable Diesel dredger.' If I didn't like the direction, I could go 'North tonite' and high-climb, set chokers, sling rigging, or peel bark for 'nice lumber Co.'

The trading was brisk, with muckers making a new high for the year at 37 cents an hour, up 1½ from the previous close. 'Pearl divers' were very firm, repeated bids of 'the whole Sunday afternoon off after 7 p.m.' doing little or nothing to relieve the scarcity, a condition imputed to a veritable landslide of backwardation in that particular issue. While I waited for the mid-session sell-off and for someone with the tag of a Bull Durham sack hanging out to appear, a senior member of the exchange produced a rabbit foot attached to his suspenders by a retired shoelace, moistened it with a neat dash of tobacco juice, used it to wipe out '6 Mule Skinners 6,' and

baited my trap with a piece of chalk, as follows: —

ROUSTABOUT, etc., for giant R.R. Co.!!

Must be fast! Must be young!!

Must be willing!!!

Fare and Fee advanced!

Meals supplied on the journey!!

EAT WHILE YOU TRAVEL!!!

It isn't every day that your innermost ambition in life, embellished with the very qualities that have done so much towards making you no better than you ought to be, is dangled before your eager, trustful eyes. I was aching to become a roustabout; I was fast within the widest ramifications of the word; I was young, verdantly so; I was willing — perfectly willing to eat on the journey. I paid no attention to the little 'etc.' nestling innocently at the foot of the magnificent 'ROUSTABOUT'; nor did I counsel that world-weary clique on the corner bench which, while waiting for something to turn up, turned down all assaults aimed at their hibernating energies as a matter of principle based more upon sound intuition than upon actual research; they could have told me, with a bitter inflection, that any advertisement for help was a serpent in disguise, the 'etc.' making it mortiferous.

The senior member probably noticed my agitation, because he stenciled my best and only shirt with the rabbit foot and said, 'Wanta take a shot at it, son? It's kinda position-like an' got lotsa future in it — chance to work yourself up an' get gray in the service in no time. Come right wit' me.' In the office he gave me my traveling rations (a box lunch marked 'The Super Supper Sustaineries, Inc. Nothing over 15¢') and a railroad pass. Then he pushed an already filled-out form and a stub of pencil in my direction and confided, 'Glad I chanced to spot you. Always gotter choose a lot before locatin' the right timber. Them railroads are mighty particular customers. "The best or nothing!" they orders. Only way to please 'em is to use your wits an' hook

whatever comes along — "alimitation process," us professionals calls it. Sign right here. That's it. An' call again in the spring; I'll be shootin' fellers up to Collyrader by then. S'long!'

Being busy breaking into the box lunch, I walked out carrying the railroad pass between my teeth. The corner-bench contingent spied my newly acquired badge of usefulness, which they immediately translated into chains of slavery. 'Bound for the sticks, pard?' one of them asked in a voice charged half-and-half with pity and awe. My mind primarily centred on two bologna sandwiches and a mangled slab of coconut pie, I nodded vaguely in an affirmative but patronizing manner and attributed the cathedral-like hush that fell over the labor mart to clumsily concealed envy.

Late in the afternoon of the next day I debarked at my destination. The place was a division point, all right, the 'point' being stressed in so ruthless a manner that the memory of it, even today, affects me like the wearing of a hair shirt full of wood ticks. The railroad track was bordered on one side by the desert; the opposite side, while suffering from the same menace, was 'relieved' by the company clubhouse and a water tank. On an exceptionally clear day one could see the snow-clad cones of a dissected mountain range jaggling the horizon to the west; on an ordinary day the view was limited in any direction to alkaliferous sand dunes, superior mirages of gleaming Spanish bayonets, and inferior oases of scorched tufts of sagebrush that housed diamond rattlers. The clubhouse was a two-story structure, well kept up to conform with the track ballast, and notwithstanding its color, for which there is no name, and its design, which was 'modified gingerbread,' was a minor eyesore only, probably the exception from the line's architectural standards, which were based upon the fact that if the station houses were execrably enough designed the passengers would postpone

debarkation indefinitely and continue the journey rather than face an outrage. However, the Mexican 'gandy-dancers,' who bunked in a work train standing on a siding, always spoke of it as *casa encantada*. The ground floor was occupied by the lobby, restaurant, and kitchen, also by the depot; on the upper floor were the sleeping quarters.

I found the manager behind the desk in the lobby, absorbed in sketching non-swaying triple-decked beds on the back of yesterday's menu. A slight man, gently approaching second childhood, his black alpaca coat (the sleeves of which were protected by transparent paper cuffs) wrinkled in the waist so profusively that it resembled an Eton, he struck me as an ephemeral type from whom nothing rational could be expected. Later, after he had let me in on the eerie secret that he hailed from Western Kansas and now lived solely for 'the promoting of systematic sleeping on a national scale,' as he worded it, I put him down as a paranoiac ravaged by the mental itch which so often maims efficiency experts. 'And now for your sphere of activity, me lad!' he cried, brimming over with unsound verve and gayety.

My sphere of activity turned out to be sixty bedsteads divided between two dormitories and ten individual cells. The beds were operated according to the 'never-never cooling' system (the correct word for it in American is 'chain-snoring'; in English, 'multiple-reposing') — that is, the sleeper was entitled to eight hours' rest, after which time he had to give way to the next man in line. This meant a turnover of one hundred and eighty beds in twenty-four hours, or the making up of ninety beds in my shift, which lasted from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M. every day in the week. Sundays were not observed in the remoter sections of the West fifteen years ago, because Christianity, although introduced and generally conceded to be charming in scope, had been found after a short trial to be

impractical and a waste of time, like the removal of headgear at meals and other Eastern fads.

The making up of ninety beds in twelve hours requires (granting that you dote on bedmaking) no superhuman strength and endurance; but if, in addition, you are expected to clean thirty-six spittoons, three lavatories, a lobby, and a restaurant, it behooves you to step lively. If, on the other hand, you would rather rot in chains than meddle with your fellow man's bed and spittoon, and, furthermore, you are not overly given to the grooming of public rooms, you may imagine my exasperation, not to say horror, as my duties were outlined. I didn't suffer a visible breakdown; I merely asked when the next train for San Francisco was due to leave.

The manager showed no surprise at my sudden longing for travel. He explained dispassionately that no return pass would be issued to me until after six months of faithful service; the boarding of a freight train he considered inconvenient because of the watchfulness of the armed railroad detectives stationed in the yard; and as for the desert — here he smiled thoughtfully with just a touch of fiendishness — yes, my immediate predecessor was understood to be perishing by inches out there at that very moment. The rascal had absconded two days ago; no water, no roads, no shelter; plenty of zopilotes, coyotes, and hostile tribesmen — rather a ghastly end when you came to think of it. Clammy with terror, I blurted out that I was a roustabout, that I knew nothing about making up beds. This suited the manager fine. He said that he preferred a green hand if he was of the right kind. A youth free from inhibitions and set ideas could be moulded and taught the finer points of the profession more easily than an older man. As for roustabouting, he was a man of hobbies himself and saw no reason why I shouldn't indulge in mine to my heart's content in my spare time.

After having shown me how to make

up a bed in eleven basic movements followed by two 'touches of refinement,' the latter not strictly necessary but thrown in as a sign of good will, he began to elaborate on a pet scheme of his. Once when confined in a hospital, he said, he had noticed that the nurses could change sheets and pillowcases without disturbing the occupant of the bed in the least. Why not commercialize this truly astonishing feat? It would do away with all irksome waiting and delay; as soon as one guest tumbled out of bed, another would tumble in, finding it made up not more than five minutes ago and yet broken in nicely. He hadn't been able to obtain any technical books pertaining to the matter, but he had written the Johns Hopkins and the Mayo people for the necessary data; as soon as they were forthcoming, I should be the man to put them into practice. He then left me to my fate, which immediately turned more stubborn in the shape of a long-overdue swing brakeman who used a yellow slicker as pajamas and, although chewing tobacco and expectorating in the general direction of the ceiling, feigned a coma impervious to any known mode of resurrection short of eye gouging.

III

For nine days — or nights, rather — I was a bedmaker. During that period I lost twenty-two pounds, the spring in my arches, the lustre in my wide-awake eyes, my faith in humanity and myself, one third of an upper tooth, and a pair of fireman's and policeman's suspenders in excellent condition — or, in toto, my youth. I gained a black eye, innumerable assorted insect bites, and \$20.25 in wages, which I never have dared to collect because a warrant charging me with assault and battery was attached to my pay envelope at the head office in the city.

The first seven nights were bad enough, although, when compared with the two nights following, they were but

moderately nightmarish. On the eighth day the man who worked the day shift disappeared. He was a Cornishman who had seen ten years of service as a corporal in the *Légion Étrangère* in Madagascar and Tonkin and three weeks as a bedmaker. His recent downfall in society had preyed upon his mind, and to ease the burden he took to smoking marihuana. When last seen he had been charging a sand dune while waving a bed sheet and singing the *Marseillaise*. To take his place until a new victim arrived from San Francisco, a yard bull pulled off two vagrants from a freight train and tried to force them to make beds at pistol point. They were hardened characters and committed sabotage; after being judged incorrigible they were manhandled and returned to the boxcar.

It was now up to me to work the clock round. On the ninth day, in the evening, I had been on my toes for thirty-six hours polishing off close to three hundred beds, not to mention spittoons and various floors. The thermometer said it was ninety-eight; an optimist would have guessed twenty degrees more. There was no wind; the sun had set among heavy, ill-fated yellow-black clouds, and a storm was expected to break before daylight. I thought that I was entitled to a short rest, and had just settled down on a chair in the linen room (I hadn't slept in a bed for over a week; the sight of a bedstead hurt my feelings and blurred my eyes) when the manager roused me.

He hadn't heard from either Johns Hopkins or the Mayos yet, but, unable to contain himself, he had picked that trying evening as the right time to engage in a little super-bedmaking research. I remonstrated, but to no use. He had spied an emaciated mail clerk in a trance-like sleep who was due to be awakened within eight minutes; this was an ideal man to practise upon. Armed with fresh linen, we stealthily approached the guinea pig. Because of the terrific heat he slept without covers, a

fact which made the manager frown; it made the experiment too easy and robbed it of much of its zest. I managed to remove the sheet underneath the scrawny little form, and was working on the pillowcase while the manager took notes and timed me. Suddenly, like a released steel spring, the mail clerk vaulted out of bed and struck me in the mouth, breaking one of my most outstanding teeth. 'Help, help! Robbers, robbers!' he yelled, and hit me again, this time in the eye. An avalanche of brakemen, firemen, and hostlers, all in dishabille, overran me, and lynching was the favored topic when the manager, who had crawled under the bed at the first blow, reappeared and tried to explain things. He had a hard task before him, but thanks to his glibness and to the fact that the mail clerk's purse and watch were found intact in the pillow slip, he succeeded in saving my life — not until I had been pummeled unmercifully, however.

Somehow I made my way back to the linen room. My body was too sore now to find rest on a chair, so I sank down on the floor. Even then I was denied any measure of comfort and peace. Whether it was the abnormal atmospheric pressure or the violent tumult in the dormitory that had released hitherto unknown hordes of fleas, I'm not equipped to say. What matters is that they all seemed intent on venting their irritation upon me. I sprayed liquids, dusted powders, scratched and damned — all of which merely got their dander up and egged them on. Keeping moving seemed to shatter somewhat the force of their attacks, and so I returned to the bed-making. Reeling and only half conscious from fatigue and flea bites, I was determined to keep going until death intervened and threw in the towel, when a messenger from downstairs notified me that the cat had been sick on the lobby floor and I was wanted badly with a mop. This bulletin made me see red. I staggered down, set upon seeking oblivion in

the desert and, if necessary, killing the manager, the cat, or whatsoever stood in my way.

The little lobby was crowded with people. A passenger train had just arrived and disgorged a full train crew, four marines guarding the United States mail, and a passenger, a bewildered lady who, suffering from train sickness, had broken her journey to seek relief.

'I'm afraid the cat —' began the manager, genially.

'The hell with the cat, an' you, too!' I shouted. 'I'm through!'

'Why, my good man, you can't quit. We must arrange for these people,' he said anxiously, pointing at the crowd.

'You arrange for them. I'm through for good,' I said, and turned around to walk out.

'What's the matter? Don't you feel well?' the manager asked, and held me back.

'*Weltschmerz* is the matter,' I said ferociously, and, rolling up my shirt sleeves, I displayed the ugly welts and discolorations the fleas were responsible for.

The lady took one rapid look, then winced and said brokenly, 'May I cancel my registration? Storm or no storm, I believe I'd rather spend the night outside on one of the benches.'

The next few moments were the tensest that I have ever lived through. The storm was gathering headway. Mean gusts of wind shook the building and heavy claps of thunder drowned out the slam of the door as the brave little woman departed; then sand began to seep in through the window screens, making a ghastly sound that nicked everybody's nerves. The manager, deadly pale with rage, his most sacred feelings hurt by my uncouth pun and rude demonstration which had made a customer flee his beloved hostelry, clutched at my throat and raved, 'You brute, go up at once and arrange for these people! Do you understand orders when you hear them, or shall we have to teach you?'

'Yeah,' growled the corporal of the marines, 'an' make it snappy, monk! We are tired an' want a place to sleep in. After us you can tend to the cat.'

Bent upon going down fighting, I looked around to size up the situation. A livestock freight which had been held up by the passenger train was pulling out. In the restaurant someone coughed meaningly. It was Lena, the night waitress, half Piute and half apostatic Mormon, whose mongrel ancestry, unsullied soul, and pockmarked face made her one with any underdog. She nodded encouragingly and pointed at Soy, the Chinese fry cook, who poised an iron skillet close to an opened fuse box on the wall. I understood. I clenched my fists, and as Soy hit the fuses with the skillet, short-circuiting the electric current and plunging the whole house and the station platform into darkness, I swung in the direction where the Eton ought to be, seeking revenge for myself, the Cornishman, and the two vagrants. The Morphean tinker went down and to sleep most systematically. A Zion-sent flash of lightning enabled me to make another bull's-eye, this time on the corporal of marines who had called me 'monk.' A veritable bedlam broke out. Everybody attacked everybody else, brakemen's clubs and marines' rifle butts were swung, furniture was turned over and smashed to the accompaniment of Soy's Cantonese cackling laughter and Lena's

shrill cries of 'Make the freight, kid! Make the freight! Quick, quick!'

I didn't hesitate. Leaving my suspenders in someone's fist, I crashed through the screen door, head foremost, and ran for the train. A yard bull heard the commotion and fired in my direction. Nothing could stop me then. Better to be crushed beneath a nice, clean cattle car or shot than to be eaten alive by vermin and be making beds. The train was running fast, perhaps twenty-five miles an hour, but I leapt at it, intuitively, and succeeded in grasping something substantial. The impact stunned me, yet I held on until I had recovered my senses sufficiently to be able to break open a gate and tumble inside on to something soft and bleating.

The car was loaded to capacity with sheep. They tried to find a place for me; and, thankful for their consideration, I squeezed in among them on the straw-covered floor. Soon rams began to butt me in an inquiring manner; lambs nuzzled me playfully; a motherly old ewe whisked her tail in my face in the friendly staccato manner peculiar to sheep; and when the 'clickety-click, clickety-click' of the wheels began to sound like 'no-place-like-home, no-place-like-home' I buried my bruised, tired head in her wool, happy at the thought of finding solace among kindred souls whose bodies rested unhampered of man-made appurtenances and Satan-sold schemes.

WATCH STEEL!

BY SHELBY CULLOM DAVIS

I

THE late Charles M. Schwab used to tell the story of one of his mill superintendents who wanted to go to Germany to marry a German girl. 'By the way, William,' Mr. Schwab had inquired, 'I suppose she is one of those slender, flaxen-haired German girls?' 'Well, no, Sharley,' the mill superintendent replied, 'I can't just say she is. Indeed,' he said, 'if I had the rolling of her I would give her about two more passes.'

Steel men have a language of their own. Their world is steel. And steel is the centre of the universe of industry. Around it revolve constellations of other industries, all depending upon steel for their structure and strength. The old saying, 'As steel goes, so goes the nation,' is particularly true today. The puffing blast furnaces, the roaring open hearths, the cathedral-like rolling mills at Gary, Bethlehem, Youngstown, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, are vital to America's line of defense. How has this fundamental industry fared during the past decade of depression in this country? Upon the answer to this question may depend the outcome of the struggle in Europe, and eventually our own salvation.

The years since 1929 have been bleak for the steel industry, but the astonishing fact is that during this time the quality of our steel has shown a greater improvement than in any other period of the industry's existence. Until the First World War much of our quality steel came from Europe. During the war American needles, steel scissors, and

razor blades were all below par. After the Armistice the American quality-steel industry, which had been leading a struggling existence around Canton and Massillon, Ohio, was reborn.

Today steels are tailor-made. We fashion our automobiles from one group of steels, our railroad trains from another, our tanks and battleships from still others. And the future may see us clothing our houses in a steel which is now in the development stage.

Modern war means speed, swift hitting power, and manœuvrability. So much could not have been accomplished with the old carbon steels that spanned our continent as transcontinental rails. It could not have been accomplished with the steel used in the First World War, nor with the steel which we used in the twenties. In aircraft, speed and payload are important. The steel used in an airplane engine must, above all, be strong enough to withstand the terrific shocks it must undergo in pulling out of a dive at 400 miles an hour. It must also be light in weight as compared with its strength. The stronger the steel, the lighter and faster the plane and the more bombs it can carry.

The Liberty Engine in the First World War was designed for a maximum of 410 horsepower and a weight of 710 pounds — 1.7 pounds per horsepower. However, this objective was never actually reached. The best attained was two pounds per horsepower. A widely used in-line engine of today, corresponding

to the Liberty, weighs 1.23 pounds per horsepower on the block, and at cruising speed 1.86 pounds per horsepower. Another model weighs 1.1 pounds per horsepower on the block and 1.8 pounds per horsepower at cruising speed. And the modern engines are able to withstand from two to three times as much stress as those of over twenty years ago.

Or take the steel used in making the turbogenerators which are so important in our Navy. In 1920 the highest pressure at which turbogenerators were operated ranged from 250 to 300 pounds, and the highest temperature from 600 to 650 degrees Fahrenheit. Today turbogenerators are operated under a pressure of 2400 pounds, almost ten times as much, and at a temperature ranging from 950 to 1000 degrees Fahrenheit, an increase of over 50 per cent. This tremendous pressure and high temperature would have been utterly impossible with the kind of steel available twenty years ago.

By a radically new method of processing, steel sheets today can be produced $33\frac{1}{2}$ per cent thinner and 20 per cent wider than was possible in the middle twenties. They can now be made in coils thousands of feet long as compared with a former maximum length of 100 inches. The deep drawing qualities have been increased 30 to 40 per cent, permitting deeper forming of much more complicated shapes. The modern one-piece automobile steel top is pressed out in one operation from a single sheet of metal. A front fender can now be drawn out of one sheet in the same way in one operation.

Such a fender is made, for the most part, out of simple, unalloyed carbon steel; it is formed by stretching a single sheet of steel as much as 50 per cent during the shaping. Formerly fenders were made from two or more pieces of steel, and the steel could be stretched only 15 to 20 per cent. Research men studied the problem of the composition of steel and its texture. They noted the

results obtained by various mechanical deformations, heat treatments, and cold-rolling operations. The result has been a steel that can be gracefully shaped as one piece of metal, strong and yet light. The fine grain and dense polished surface of modern sheet steel have made possible the use of far superior lacquers. The average base price of steel sheets used in making automobile bodies is now more than 30 per cent lower than during the middle twenties.

Building of skyscrapers has been in relatively small volume during the past ten years, yet the use of an improved series of beams, known as wide-flange beams, has permitted construction savings running as high as 20 per cent in tier buildings and from 5 to 10 per cent in large bridges and light mill buildings. Bulkheads, sea walls, and similar retaining walls can now be built with modern improved steel sheet piling more than twice as strong as was possible with the steel sheet piling of five or six years ago, and at a cost of only 7 per cent more per square foot. This will be useful in building our newly acquired naval bases in the Caribbean.

This list of improvements in the quality of steel could be multiplied many times. Automobile transmission gears have had their weight reduced by 15 to 20 per cent, without sacrifice of service value. Railroad freight and passenger cars weigh from 10 to 22 per cent less than cars of conventional construction made of plain carbon steel. The steel used in the new lighter cars has a yield point 50 to 100 per cent higher and is four to six times more resistant to atmospheric corrosion. In modern oil-refining plants, highly alloyed seamless steel tubes, with from 10,000 to 60,000 hours of useful life, have replaced tubes which rarely lasted more than 2000 to 6000 hours. The introduction of special thermal treatments has remarkably reduced rail failures due to transverse fissures. In rails rolled in the five years following the introduction of these meth-

ods in 1932, there were only 9 such failures in the first year of service, as compared with 343 such failures in the first year of service in rails rolled during 1927-1931. The key to all this lies in the better controls inaugurated throughout the steelmaking process. These range all the way from temperature control to exact control of the speed and pressure of the huge rolls in the rolling mills.

II

The steel industry currently spends more than \$10,000,000 annually on its research, which is 20 per cent more than it spent in 1929. More than 2550 engineers, metallurgists, physicists, and other technical experts are now employed in the research laboratories of the steel industry. Although the programs for the various companies differ, on an average in a recent year 33 cents out of each research dollar have gone into the study of improving the quality of steel, 28 cents into finding new uses for steel, 20 cents into finding new products, and 19 cents into improving methods of production.

United States Steel, for instance, has 174 laboratory departments throughout the corporation. Rufus E. Zimmerman, vice president in charge of metallurgy and research, called by many the 'Kettering' of the steel industry, devotes his efforts not only to new products, but to the more mundane development of cost-cutting processes. One device alone saves the company \$500,000 a year in the cost of refractories. Another bit of research — on the brick linings of coke ovens — revealed that the oven batteries could be cooled off if held for some time at the proper temperature, without smashing the linings to smithereens. Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, largest steel-producing unit in the world, is studying the fundamental principles that govern the way each steel responds to the cutting tool. Progress has already been made along these lines by Inland

Steel, which has developed a new steel containing about one quarter of one per cent of lead, improving the machinability by from 50 to 100 per cent. This steel is in great demand in England at the present time.

Research never stops. At present Bethlehem Steel, leader of the 'independents,' has under investigation the following: (1) the blending of coals to produce more suitable coke for blast furnaces; (2) the treatment of iron before charging into the open hearth to lower sulphur content; (3) improvement of the refractories used in open-hearth furnaces. The solution of any one of these problems would raise the quality of steel still further. Republic Steel, third largest steel company, has nearly 800 metallurgists and research men in its plants and laboratories. National, Inland, American Rolling Mill, Jones & Laughlin, Youngstown, and the other steel companies are all devoting more attention to research than at any previous time in their history.

Perhaps the most dramatic change in the past decade has been the rise of alloy steels. One of the most popular of these unions has been the famous '18 and 8,' meaning 18 per cent chromium and 8 per cent nickel. This is a stainless steel which can remarkably resist corrosion and erosion. Chromium steels are among the most versatile of the alloys. Their ability to resist corrosion and oxidation accounts for the remarkable strides made in the manufacture and use of stainless irons and steels during the past few years. Vanadium, another alloying element, is particularly effective in imparting fine-grain size to all steels to which it is added. Tungsten made possible the production of cutting tools that retain sharp edges even when running red-hot. Cobalt has similar properties. Molybdenum increases the hardness, impact, and fatigue values of steel. Nickel increases toughness and ductility. Copper assists in resisting atmospheric corrosion. Manganese, probably the most

important of the elements employed in steelmaking, is used not only for alloying, but widely as a deoxidizer and desulphurizer. Oxygen in steel makes for brittleness, while too much sulphur causes the steel to crack during rolling or forging.

There are more than 4200 sizes and shapes of primary steel products now in existence. But there is a drawback in this. 'Try driving down the left-hand side of Fifth Avenue,' Benjamin F. Fairless, president of United States Steel, has remarked in urging the need for standardization. Authorities are confident that half this number of specifications would serve equally well; they point out that 95 per cent of the total ingot tonnage is accounted for by about 225 significant types of steel. Although nearly 600 alloys are in use, only 65 alloy steels, exclusive of stainless steel, are widely used.

This drive towards standardization of products will be helpful to the industry in meeting the demands of the defense program. It is authoritatively estimated that the industry's production could be increased in the neighborhood of 10 per cent on the same facilities with reasonable standardization. In times of peace, standardization of products will result in a more uniform operation of steel plants. Steel has always been a prince-or-pauper industry, and largely because very few of its products permitted of manufacture in advance. Plant capacity far in excess of average consumption has had to be maintained to handle business on short notice. Thus the emphasis of the steel industry upon tailor-made steels during the thirties may have already reached its highest point.

During the next few years the emphasis will be upon increased production for steel. The demands of our defense program, of Great Britain and the Dominions, plus South America, are pouring in upon our steel industry, whose output is sold about three months ahead. America is the arsenal of the western world,

and the steel industry is the arsenal of America.

Production has been speeded up by the almost universal installation of the continuous wide-strip and sheet-rolling mills. In comparison, the old hand mills, in which the steel was rolled and then handed back with tongs to be rolled again, are as different from the new mills as the old blacksmith shop is from the modern forge shop making our battleship steels.

Although the introduction of the continuous rolling mill is the most striking change, progress has been made in other production methods. According to Myron C. Taylor, scarcely one quarter of the Corporation's steel production in 1937 was fabricated in the same fashion as the production of 1928. The fundamentals upon which the process of steelmaking rest have not been altered, but very little of the steelmaking process or equipment has remained the same.

Unlike the automobile plant, which to the casual observer seems to be a mesh of belt lines and overhead conveyors, all operated on the theory of perpetual motion, the steel plant is relatively simple. There is an assembly of raw materials, to be sure, — ore from Minnesota, coal from the Appalachians, limestone, — and various alloying materials are needed. But once these three basic raw materials, plus the alloys, are concentrated in one steel yard, then it is up to the steelmaker to transform them into the bright, strong substance that is modern steel. For that he needs coke ovens, blast furnaces, steelmaking furnaces (including open-hearth, Bessemer, and electric), rolling mills (blooming, slabbing, bar, structural, hot-strip, cold-strip, tin-plate, and others), and annealing furnaces.

The making of steel begins at the coke oven. Coke is made in two kinds of oven: the beehive and the by-product. The beehive is the older-type oven, consisting of a domelike chamber with a hole

in the top through which the coal is charged and the volatile gases escape. The beehive has grown increasingly less important, from manufacturing 11 per cent of our coke in 1929 to 3 per cent a decade later. But right now the existence of many old beehive ovens is proving a lifesaver. Coke is the tightest spot in the whole steelmaking process. We have been actually importing coke from England for our tidewater steel plants, such as Sparrows Point, Maryland. The result is that hundreds of old beehives are being relighted, some of them dark since 1918. In the Birmingham area vagrant Negro families who had set up housekeeping in these idle ovens had to be moved out.

Most of our coke is made in our by-product coke ovens. The by-product ovens are airtight, and the gases formed are saved. Less than 40 per cent of the gas is used to heat the ovens, the rest being available for other uses. By-products to the value of \$150,000,000 have been obtained in a single year, including tar, crude light oils, and many chemicals, such as ammonium sulphate, benzol, and toluol, which are important in national defense. Recently a new process developed by Republic Steel has increased the recovery of pyridine in coke gases by 90 per cent.

The blast furnace, in which the raw iron is made, is surely one of the most formidable cogs of our whole industrial machine. It is Gargantuan in size, with a hungry maw that constantly demands nourishment of ore and coke and limestone. The little skip hoists that run up and down the sides of the great furnace at regular intervals with their alimentary cargoes, the breathing and sighing of the huge monster as blasts of air are constantly being blown through it to reduce the iron ore to metal, and finally the tapping of the molten iron and its running in a fiery torrent out of the furnace's scorched mouth — all this wonder and mystery, which has always attended man's making of iron, still remains.

But the blast furnace has been getting bigger and bigger. Where ten years ago a blast furnace of 600 tons daily capacity was normal size, now a daily capacity of 1250 tons is not uncommon. It was discovered that the larger furnaces showed less lining deterioration than the smaller ones, which has been a factor in the enlargement policy. Where a furnace 20 feet in hearth diameter produced 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 tons on a lining, a furnace 26 feet in hearth diameter today may produce from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 tons. Improvements are made in blast furnaces almost every time they are down for repairs, but since this does not happen very often, perhaps not for five or six years, it takes some time for all the blast furnaces in the industry to incorporate all the improvements.

One of the most recent developments in the blast furnace is the use of air-conditioning equipment. This is capable of removing from 7 to 40 tons of water a day from the air blown into a large blast furnace in order to control more closely the quality of the iron produced. On hot, humid days more coke must be charged per ton of iron to offset the excess moisture in the air.

There were 236 furnaces in blast in 1929, which produced 655 tons per day per furnace. By contrast, in 1939 there were only 186 furnaces in blast, but these produced 737 tons per day per furnace. Thus, although the number of blast furnaces declined, the average output of each rose by 13 per cent. Similar marks of efficiency can be seen in the decreased use of ore, limestone, and coke to produce one ton of pig iron. It takes 2.2 per cent less iron ore, 5 per cent less limestone, and 3 per cent less coke to produce one ton of pig iron in 1939 than in 1929, a direct reflection of the fruits of the ingenuity of the blast-furnace men. These savings may not seem great, but, spread over the year's production of pig iron, they amount to millions of tons of iron ore, limestone, and coke — and the national

economy is the beneficiary of this conservation.

From the blast furnace the molten iron goes to the open hearth, to be combined with scrap and limestone and manganese and other metals, and refined into steel. In the open hearth greater changes have taken place than in the blast furnace. The furnaces have been enlarged in size, with increased hearth area. Through the introduction of automatic mechanisms for control, such as indicators for reading the temperature of the middle or bath of the furnace, fuel requirements per heat have been reduced. The almost universal adoption of a sloping back wall to the furnace has reduced maintenance costs and decreased the hazard when the furnace is tapped in the rear and the molten steel flows out at the end of a heat.

A battery of open hearths in a steel mill is a sight never to be forgotten. Most of the furnaces are fired by natural gas or oil. But there used to be many human stokers on hand to throw in the scrap and limestone and other metals. Now most of this is done with a giant charging machine that inserts its huge hand with its cargo right into the centre of the fiery furnace, distributes it evenly, and then goes out again for another load. The overhead crane, which seems constantly on the move in an open-hearth shop, carries the huge ladle of molten iron, tips it, and dumps it in the open hearth. Away from the furnaces are the control boards, full of dials and other measuring instruments. They determine the cooking of the steel.

A good open-hearth melter still has to look into the heart of his furnace and use his own judgment as a check upon the various control devices to determine whether the steel is really done or not. In the molten, tumultuous sea of white-hot steel, bubbling and gurgling in the furnace as in a kettle, he can detect tiny black specks which mean that that part of the steel is not yet ready. He can tell by the color the degree of heat, within

about 100 degrees (the heats will run up to 3000 degrees) — just as a good blast-furnace man claims that he can tell by the soft rumble and heaving of his blast furnace when it is about to bear finished iron.

Mechanization, to a certain degree, has been adopted — but not universally. Steel is still a man's game — hazardous, although emphasis upon safety measures has reduced accidents to an all-time low; exciting, because, although steelmaking is more scientifically controlled than ever, there are still a few moments in which the steel can be either made or ruined; strenuous, because machines have not yet taken all the hand work out of a steel man's job; and satisfactory, because steel men feel that they are doing a man's work in making the basic material of our modern life.

III

Typical of these men who feel that romance still lives in steelmaking is Leo F. Reinartz, one of the leading authorities on open hearths in the country, and manager of the East Works of the American Rolling Mill in Middletown, Ohio. The open hearth, to him, is almost a living being, ever-changing in its moods and appearance. Here are some of the changes that he has seen take place within the last ten years. The average roof life of the furnace used to be 100-150 heats; now it is from 300 to 350 heats. It has been estimated that this one saving alone has reduced the cost of steel by one dollar a ton. Insulation has been introduced on the furnace bottom and in other parts of the furnace as well. Estimates have been made in some plants where insulation was applied generally below the charging floor level which show a 5 per cent increase in the melting area and a 7 per cent decrease in the fuel consumption.

Such improvements naturally result in a considerable rise in open-hearth efficiency. Production records of four

representative open-hearth furnaces actually show an increase in output of 31 per cent between 1929 and 1939. A few years ago Jones & Laughlin, possessor of more Bessemer converters for its capacity than any other steel company, decided that something had to be done in order to meet the new demand for quality steels. It undertook to find a substitute for the human eye, some invariable method unaffected by fatigue, inattention, or poor physical condition, which affect the most skilled eyes at times. The result was the discovery of the 'Bessemer Flame Control,' a precision control with an arrangement of photo-electric cells as the actuating element. In conjunction with the cells and as a part of the control system, a complete instrument panel provides accurate regulation of blowing conditions. Already, Jones & Laughlin has licensed several other large steel companies to use its new method of manufacturing steel. This will increase the country's capacity for steel production by releasing for high-quality steel those open-hearth furnaces at present producing medium-quality steel, which the new improved Bessemer furnaces can now produce. Since America's Bessemer capacity has been revised downward year by year during the thirties, as more and more Bessemer were taken out of production, this new development will help to raise our steel-making capacity just at the time we need it most.

The greatest relative advance has been made in our electric-furnace capacity. At the end of 1929 a total of 1,459,000 tons of electric-furnace steel could be produced. At the present time electric-furnace capacity is 2,600,000 tons, and by the end of this year it will be close to 3,000,000 tons. Electric-furnace steel is the most easily controlled of all, and hence is invaluable for use in airplanes, warships, and other instruments of warfare, where increased strength and decreased weight may save lives and win battles. Whereas the aver-

age Bessemer converter can produce about 1600 tons in twenty-four hours, and the average open hearth about 225 tons, the average electric furnace produces between 30 and 100 tons. But electric-furnace steel is twice as expensive as open-hearth steel. Three 50-ton furnaces, for example, may require as much power as a large steel plant. Electric-furnace steels are, assuredly, the aristocrats of the industry.

Electricity is used solely for the production of heat and does not, of itself, impart any mysterious properties to steel. It generates extremely high temperature (up to 3500 degrees Fahrenheit) very rapidly, and at all times has the temperature under precise control. Furthermore, the production of heat by electricity is unique in that oxygen is not necessary to support combustion, and the atmosphere within an electric furnace can be regulated at will. The quantity of oxygen can thus be precisely controlled, which is not the case in the open-hearth and Bessemer processes. In addition, the electric-furnace process permits the addition of extensive alloying elements to molten steel without loss by oxidization.

But it is in the rolling mills that the greatest advances in production have taken place. The great Irvin Works of Carnegie-Illinois outside of Pittsburgh, the Lackawanna Plant of Bethlehem Steel at Buffalo, the Cuyahoga Works of Republic Steel at Cleveland, the Campbell Works of Youngstown Steel at Youngstown, the East Works of American Rolling Mill at Middletown, the Great Lakes Steel Works of National Steel at Detroit, the Indiana Harbor Works of Inland Steel at Indiana Harbor — all these and others benefit by the new method of production that has been widely introduced in the last ten years. Conceived by John B. Tytus, of Middletown, Ohio, son of a paper manufacturer, who sought to transmit the efficiencies of continuous paper manufacturing to steel, the first continuous

rolling mill was opened by American Rolling Mill in 1923 in Ashland, Kentucky. But it was not until toward the late twenties that the process was introduced on a small scale into the industry. In 1930 Inland Steel decided to make the biggest continuous mill in existence, and at the pit of the depression it opened its 72-inch mill at Indiana Harbor. National Steel followed with its plant in Detroit in 1935, and the other companies have followed suit.

Let us look into the Irvin Works, now the largest plant of its kind today, perched in the middle of a hillside about fifteen miles from Pittsburgh. Enter the works at one end and look down the long corridor. It is barely possible to see the other end, the mill is so long. It is more than one mile long and over one-half mile wide. In it steel is rolled continuously, from the time it enters the mill in its slab form, through the roughing mill, through the series of wide-strip mills which reduce its thickness, then on to other mills, always faster and faster, from a crawling speed up to twenty-five miles an hour at the time it rolls out of the last mill as finished hot strip, looking something like the magic carpet of Arabia. The same revolutionary changes have taken place in the further reduction and refining of hot strip to cold strip, in the pickling process in which the scale is removed, and in the slower-rolling, cold-finishing mills. The final product is smooth and shiny, and of accurate gauge.

It is almost traditional now that the engineers who designed the new continuous rolling mills are too conservative in their estimates of what these new mills can do. In practically every instance the capacity has been exceeded by an ample margin. This is the case with the Irvin Works. Its capacity was at first calculated by the engineers at 672,000 tons; but through efficient production methods its steel men have already raised this at least 20 per cent. Most of the work is done automatically, but men in the 'pulpit,' the control

board high above the mill, and men placed at strategic intervals in the mill line constantly watch and check and regulate. The machines do the work, at least most of it, in the continuous rolling mill process, but the surprising thing is that employment, as a whole, has increased.

Charles R. Hook, president of American Rolling Mill, has some interesting figures on this point with reference to his company, pioneer in this new process. The rolling of sheets up to the time of the continuous rolling mill was largely a hand operation. In 1926 American Rolling Mill employed 6060 persons; during the first nine months of 1939, 10,322 persons. That figured out to 1.36 employees per each 100 tons of output in 1926 and 1.46 employees per each 100 tons of output in 1939. The same has been true for other companies, according to Mr. Hook. In the sheet, strip, and tin-plate departments of eight companies which he surveyed, the number of men employed actually increased by 34 per cent during this interval. The total number of hand mills for producing hot-rolled sheets and black plate was 1264 in 1926 and is only 750 today, with about half of these in operation. Yet jobs have increased, partly because the continuous mill requires workers that were not needed in the hand mill, such as bearing setters and helpers, welders, recoil operators, and stitcher operators. And men who were skin passers, shearers, bundlers, oilers, weighers, picklers, and cranemen on the hand mills do the same kind of work on the new mills. Moreover, the consumer has benefited as much as the worker, for prices have fallen. In 1923 American Rolling Mill received \$152.55 a ton for the enameling iron used in washing machines, one of their specialties; in 1938, \$80 a ton. Lower prices have helped expand the market, which in turn has created employment.

According to the best estimates in the industry, the demands of our national-defense program will account for, at the

most, 7 to 8 million tons of ingots annually in 1941 and 1942. The British needs are calculated at around 8 million tons of ingots, and other exports at roughly 5 million tons. All told, war and export and domestic demands should not run over 82 million tons in 1941, and that is allowing for a 20 per cent increase in domestic consumption over 1940. The present capacity of the industry to produce steel ingots is more than 84 million tons. In 1940 the industry actually produced 66,600,000 tons, a greater amount than the 63,205,000 tons produced in 1929. And in 1941 capacity will be expanded by another 3-4 million tons.

The proposal made in January by Philip Murray, president of the CIO and chairman of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, that steel output could be increased by nearly 6,000,000 tons, appears to have confused rather than clarified the issues. For Mr. Murray included in his figures nearly 2,000,000 tons of idle Bessemer steel capacity. This capacity is idle for a very good reason: there is currently a shortage in pig iron, and only pig iron, not scrap, can be used in the Bessemer process. The shortage of pig iron, which is being ameliorated by the construction of new blast-furnace capacity, has, in turn, been brought about by the necessity of using increased amounts of pig iron in the open-hearth process, owing to the shortage of steel scrap, much of which has been exported to Japan, over the protests of the steel industry. Mr. Murray also included finishing capacity in his calculation of idle plant capacity, whereas it is generally admitted that we have an abundance of finishing capacity in this country, the squeeze being in the basic steelmaking process. Coming on the heels of the Reuther plan, which likewise could not stand up under analysis, the Murray proposal forces one to wonder whether both are not part of a grand manoeuvre by labor to take over some of the management of industry. The Murray plan, for example, envisages the

creation of an industry council composed of equal representation of management and the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, with a government representative as chairman.

The record of the steel industry during the past decade is such as to inspire confidence in its ability to meet the needs of the future and to make such a proposal unnecessary. There was every incentive to retrench because of the tremendous losses which the steel companies had to bear, and yet the industry during that period spent over 1½ billion dollars for plant improvements. For 1941 a total of \$282,000,000 has been set aside for new equipment and construction. The capacity of the industry is greater than it ever has been, fully 65 per cent greater than the peak production in 1917, during the World War. Our quality steels, so important in modern warfare, have been developed to such a point that some standardization even seems desirable. The methods of production of the steel industry have constantly grown more efficient. In the words of Ernest T. Weir, recent president of the American Iron and Steel Institute, the steel industry 'is at the highest state of technological development in its history. . . . The physical condition of our industry is the best in its history.' And the laboring force, thanks to the share-the-work program instituted by the steel industry, has been kept experienced despite the low level of operations. In fact, there are 20 per cent more men employed in the steel industry today than in 1929. Hourly wages are nearly 30 per cent higher, the work week has been drastically shortened, and the average severity of accidents was reduced 35 per cent between 1926 and 1939.

No nation can do without steel. It is the essential material in peace or war. We are fortunate that the American steel industry has progressed as far as it has after the least profitable decade in its history. We can be certain that in the future it will not let America down.

PAVING THE WAY FOR HITLER

BY A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD

I

NO question cuts more deeply into the core of world politics today than this: Does Hitler represent Germany? It is a question that will demand a pragmatic answer from every nation that enters the war, a theoretical answer from every delegation to the peace conference that concludes it.

The prevailing impression in the United States is that Hitler foisted himself upon the German people and dragged them into the war. Though not entirely false, this impression is certainly oversimplified. It derives partly from Allied propaganda, partly from innocence of the facts. The British today draw the same distinction between the German people and their government as they did in the last war. This is an ancient stratagem, of which Napoleon was past master. It is at best a doubtful guide to the truth. Moreover, Americans have received an incomplete accounting from their own newspaper correspondents, on whom they have chiefly relied for their knowledge of the Third Reich. They have heard a great deal about Hitler's partners in the Nazi revolution — Göring, Hess, Himmler, Goebbels, and the rest. They have heard still more about Hitler's victims. But of the Germans who were neither Hitler's partners nor his enemies, but who themselves represented and induced in others a state of mind that readily accepted Hitler's leadership and welcomed the war with England, they have heard little.

Unknown in the United States be-

cause never translated, the writings of these men indicate that the German people caused the war with Hitler as their instrument; they argue that both Hitler and the German people are slaves of a common master, an idea that unites all groups and classes in Germany and amounts to a national obsession, the idea of *Lebensraum*. Even in Weimar days, prophets were spreading this idea among the faithful, and the faithful included all ranks of German society, rich and poor, military and political, warlike and peaceful. Compounded of historical and economic data, clothed in mysticism, the notion that Germany was suffering for want of 'living space' acquired in Germany a symbolic appeal not exceeded by Manifest Destiny and Democracy in our own experience. The men who preached this doctrine paved the way for Hitler and for war with England.

In their search for the origins of National Socialism, scholars have trodden a well-worn trail back to the philosophers Fichte, Hegel, and Nietzsche, and the historian Treitschke. But they have applied to post-Versailles Germany an intellectual stereotype that has proved an inadequate guide even to the causes of the last war. They have neglected the apostles of racism Gobineau and Chamberlain, as well as Gottfried Feder and Dietrich Eckart, Hitler's tutors in economics and political science in the early days in Munich. They have conspicuously left without honor the prophets of *Lebensraum*. To be sure, Treitschke

himself must be acclaimed as one of these. In his seven-volume *History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century*, as in his lectures at the University of Berlin and the political essays that made him famous throughout Imperial Germany, Treitschke summoned his countrymen to build a navy and battle England for their rightful share of the world's wealth and power. 'We have already had our reckoning with Austria, France, and Russia,' he wrote, not long after the Franco-Prussian War. 'The final reckoning with England will be the longest and hardest, because here we are confronted with a policy which for centuries, almost unimpeded by other powers, has moved toward the objective of maritime world supremacy.' In thus identifying England as Germany's principal antagonist and chief obstacle to the realization of her national interests, Treitschke established a basic pattern for the latter-day exponents of *Lebensraum* to copy.

In a sense, every German who ever advocated territorial expansion could be designated a prophet of *Lebensraum*. But it was in post-Versailles Germany that the idea really took hold. By this time it had been appropriated and imbued with its present-day mystical connotations by an occult school of political geographers. In the name of the new 'science' of *Geopolitik*, these individuals translated national pride and an understandable, if regrettable, envy of England into demonstrable equations of European geography. The man acknowledged by its later members as the founder of this school was Friedrich Ratzel, a contemporary of Treitschke's. Born in 1844, Ratzel busied himself as a pharmacologist until the higher truths called him to Heidelberg, to service in the Franco-Prussian War, to travel through Europe and America, and, in 1876, to a professorship of geography in Munich. Munich has remained ever since the *fons et origo* of *Geopolitik*.

In his writings, Ratzel confined himself more strictly to geographical anal-

ysis than did his successors. Nevertheless, he did not neglect to point out the political value of space. For a nation to be pressed into narrow space meant national extinction. 'Every people has to be educated up from smaller to larger space conceptions; and the process has to be repeated again and again to prevent the people from sinking back into the old small-space conceptions. The decay of every state is the result of a declining space conception.' When Ratzel died, in 1904, a foreign disciple was ready to take up where he left off. Rudolf Kjellen, a Swedish historian and subsequently professor of government at Göteborg, projected Ratzel's theories into the realm of political science, where he greatly expanded them and applied them to current world politics. On geographical premises identical to Ratzel's, for example, he urged an activist Swedish policy against Russia. What is more to the point, he saw and reemphasized the fundamental rivalry between Germany and England. 'England stands today as the last and greatest embodiment of the ancient idea that the oceans of the world must have one master and not several,' he wrote in 1914; 'just as if the vast oceans were not better suited to divided rule than the land, since traffic can no longer be monopolized in one hand!'

Kjellen's work (he died in 1922) is of interest to us chiefly because it inspired the greatest of all exponents of *Lebensraum*, Professor Karl Haushofer of Munich, leader of the modern German school of *Geopolitik* and confidential adviser on foreign policy to Adolf Hitler. The name of Haushofer is just beginning to appear in the works of American writers on Hitler's Germany, who should have taken note of it long ere now. Born in Munich in 1869, Haushofer inherited from an artistic grandfather an interest in art and scientific research. But he entered the army, was promoted and sent on a pre-war military mission to Japan. The assignment, which enabled

him to travel widely throughout the Far East, gave him an interest in that region and a political theory to accompany it that were to bear fruit in the German-Japanese Alliance of 1940. Haushofer saw active service throughout the First World War, retiring in 1919 with the rank of Major General. He was now free to resume his geographical studies and to begin a new career as professor of geography at the University of Munich.

Haushofer openly acknowledges his debt to Kjellen, though he repaid some of it by editing and amplifying one of the latter's principal works. But it is for a political rather than an academic connection that Haushofer compels our attention. During his first years as professor in Munich, his friend and wartime aide-de-camp, Rudolf Hess, sat in his classroom and duly reported the content of his lectures to the dreamy Adolf Hitler. When the Beer Hall *Putsch* misfired, in 1923, Haushofer concealed Hess as well as some valuable archives of the Nazi Party on his Bavarian estate, and afterwards went to visit and console Hitler in the prison of Landsberg on the Lech. From that time to this, Haushofer's lucubrations on *Lebensraum* have found a ready channel, through Hess, to Hitler and thence (more recently) into German foreign policy. In addition, as editor in chief of the *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik* ('Journal of Geopolitics') and as president of the German Academy, Haushofer has dominated Nazi pedagogy as well as Nazi demagoguery. The Nazi primer, *Vom deutschen Volk und seinem Lebensraum* ('The German People and Their Living Space'), reduces his teachings to their simplest terms and carries them to every one of the seven million members of the Hitler youth.

II

Haushofer's earliest works, two of which appeared immediately before the last war and two shortly after, all had to do with the history and geography of

Japan and the Pacific Ocean. The last of these, *Geopolitik des Pazifischen Ozeans* ('Geopolitics of the Pacific Ocean'), 1924, is the most important. Revised and republished in 1937 and again in 1938, it contains all of Haushofer's main ideas. Many of these are expressed in a style (which characterizes all his works) so involved as to defy understanding, not to mention translation. But in essence, and with special reference to the Far East, they are the same as those which appear in his later and most erudite tomes, *Grenzen in ihrer geographischen und politischen Bedeutung*, 1927, revised 1939 ('The Geographical and Political Significance of Frontiers'), and the three-volume *opus*, *Macht und Erde* ('Power and Earth'), of which he was both editor and co-author. His *Welt-politik von Heute* ('World Politics of Today'), 1934, is an illustrated, popularized text on international relations.

Through all of these and the rest of Haushofer's score of books runs the same theme, — he himself would call it a theory, — which, as he freely avows, he inherited from Ratzel and Kjellen. The state is an organic entity, subject to biological laws. It must either grow or perish. *Geopolitik* is not just political geography. It is a science by which the material needs of each particular state may be diagnosed and its proper geographical *Raum* (space) and *Lage* (situation) determined. The resulting prescription constitutes the true *Lebensraum* of the state. In endless variations, becoming progressively more abstruse, Haushofer employs his 'science' to solve Germany's economic, social, political, and military problems by redefining — that is, expanding — her *Lebensraum*.

It is not our purpose to measure Haushofer in particular or *Geopolitik* in general against any universal economic standards. It is altogether idle to point out that before Hitler ran them out of the country leading German economists, as well as British, Swedish, and American, were by no means certain as to the

precise limits of population density a country such as Germany could sustain. It is equally idle to show that the German population density of 370 per square mile is considerably lower than the Belgian of 706 per square mile, the Dutch of 629, or the British of 499, or that the population pressure of these three nations has actually increased since their acquisition of colonial *Raum*. Neither does it avail to invoke, as the British did before the present war, the classic principles of free trade as a means of assuring Germany the raw materials and access to markets that *Raum* was supposed to guarantee. The facts of interest are what Germans, not outsiders, were taught, and apparently learned to believe.

'When, late in the fall of 1918,' wrote Haushofer in a characteristic passage in his *Grenzen* in 1927, 'on my return homewards as commander of a reserve division from the wrecked remnants of Germany's border provinces, I realized, in contrast to the keen frontier instinct I had observed in other peoples, the complete lack of any such instinct on the part of my own otherwise so highly gifted people; when I perceived the German people's blind faith in the phrases of their enemies and painfully experienced their self-deception concerning the facts of the perpetual frontier struggles for *Lebensraum* upon this earth — at that time the inner need which I felt myself and which I believed would soon be felt by my people created the impulse and plan for this work.'

It is in such stuff as this, not in the empirical realm of economics, that the German doctrine of *Lebensraum* finds its genesis. And it is not hard to discern in the recent rearrangement of the population of Lorraine a more highly developed German frontier instinct than the one which Haushofer lamented in 1918. Why did the German people lose their breathing space all over the world, demands Haushofer in another place, 'a space which amounted only to a mere fifth of the size of the mother country

as compared with the British which is ninety times, the Dutch which is six hundred times, and the French which is fifty times the size of the respective mother countries? Because the German people has never possessed it inwardly, as a people, or cherished it as a spiritual treasure.' To correct this astigmatism, to teach the German people as a whole to appreciate the value of *Raum*, was the mission to which Haushofer dedicated himself.

Haushofer's writings are not all vague generalities. Looming out of their incredibly obscure prose, like mountain peaks out of a cloud bank, are certain explicit and highly practical concepts of foreign policy. It has even been asserted that his books contain maps and plans for the invasion of the Americas. This is not true; he does not go as far as that. But he does go far enough to advocate the alliance with Japan and to lay down the geopolitical basis for the *rapprochement* with Russia; and, as is true of every member of his school, the logical conclusion to all his works is war with England. Haushofer's admiration for Japan dates from his pre-war and later visits to the Far East. In his *magnum opus* on the Pacific and elsewhere he hammers away at the point that the balance of power is shifting to that ocean, and urges the closest possible collaboration with Japan. We may reasonably suppose that the ultimate alliance with Japan owes something to his confidential representations to Hess as well as to his public literary advocacy.

To the deal with Russia which prefaced Germany's entrance into the present war Haushofer bears a similar, if less definite, relationship. One of the great problems left unsolved by the last war, he tells us in *Weltpolitik von Heute*, was the splitting up of Europe into great 'space-possessing' sea powers in the west, great 'space-possessing' land powers in the east, and spaceless powers (Germany) in the middle. The proper solution of this problem would be for

Germany to encourage Russia's expansion on an Asiatic front '8000 kilometres distant,' and permit her to 'reinsure her European back door.' In several other places, notably in the third volume of *Macht und Erde, Raumüberwindende Mächte* ('How to Conquer Space'), 1934, he pays tribute to the English geographer Sir Halford Mackinder's concept of Russo-German collaboration as 'the geographical pivot of history.' This prospect, of the 'heartland of the old world reaching from the Elbe to the Amur' united in defiance of British sea power and pressing on the life lines of British empire, elicits as enthusiastic approval from Haushofer as it did apprehension from his English colleague. The Ribbentrop-Molotov Agreement was the consummation of Haushofer's academic, doubtless also his political, tuition.

III

There are, of course, many other aspects to the 'science' of *Geopolitik*, and many other practitioners of it, than those presented here. Haushofer's colleagues and pupils have rewritten anthropology, sociology, economics, and constitutional law in accordance with its maxims. Hennig, Schmitthenner, Obst, Hahn, Maull, Sapper, Gradmann, Schlüter, Keller, Schmitt, and Huber are names to conjure with in these fields, names unknown outside of Germany but potent inside. In fairness to them, and to their eminent leader, it must be conceded that they do not all recommend war as the best means of achieving their objectives; indeed, some of them advise expressly against it. But their 'scientific' deductions lead them all to profound agreement on the point that Germany's *Lebensraum* must be expanded to include substantial portions of Central Europe as well as the neighboring territories and overseas colonies taken from Germany in the last war. England had only to interfere with this program to make war inevitable. If some of the

geopoliticians were afraid to face this conclusion in their books, others were not, and all had to face it as soon as a political leader appeared on the scene who was willing to put their theories into practice. Haushofer himself welcomed the inauguration of the Third Reich in a pamphlet entitled *Der nationalsozialistische Gedanke in der Welt* ('What National Socialism Means to the World'), which he published in 1933. He is over seventy today. He lives in Munich in the esteem of the National Socialist Party, which he did not join because of his Jewish wife, and in the confidence of Hitler and Hess, who have made his two sons honorary Aryans in recognition of his work. It was a work that substantially assisted Hitler on his way to power and provided him with an extremely serviceable rationale for using that power once he had achieved it.

One reason why Haushofer's exploitation of the idea of *Lebensraum* proved so effective was the fundamental popularity of the idea. Just as Mahan's concept of sea power found ready acceptance among the nations already committed to naval competition and overseas expansion, the geopoliticians had little proselytizing to do among the German people. Practically the entire officer corps of both army and navy, a class represented by Göring, returned from the last war with the same thoughts as Haushofer himself. Few of them were ever reconciled to the armistice, much less to the Treaty of Versailles. Many continued to fight the war in memoirs and semi-official histories, in which they did not conceal their hopes that Germany's territorial losses would be redeemed and the German defeatist spirit cleansed by just such leadership as Hitler has given them. Some even continued to fight with bullets, like the leaders of the notorious free corps, who battled the Russians in the Baltic area until the Allies put pressure on the Weimar Government to call them home. Even then these groups did not disband. They

concealed their machine guns and army rifles in attics and took to street fighting against forces which they could not define but which they believed were ruining their country. Ernst von Salomon's bloody memoir, *Die Geächteten* ('The Outlaws'), chronicles the activities of these groups, which formed the nucleus of Hitler's Storm Troops.

Then there is the morbidly acute prophecy of Möller van den Bruck, *Das dritte Reich* ('The Third Reich'), written in 1922 and constituting one of the two or three most important ideological sources of National Socialism apart from *Mein Kampf* itself. For a while this amazing blueprint of the shape of things to come enjoyed only an esoteric fame. Not until 1930, five years after its author's death, was it reissued and circulated on anything like a popular scale. From that year to this it has remained a sacred document of National Socialism, yielding to none in its intellectuality and only to *Mein Kampf* in practical significance. It alone, of all the contemporary writings treated in this article, except *Mein Kampf*, has been translated and published in English. Möller van den Bruck was born into an upper-middle-class family in 1876. His ancestors had been Lutheran pastors, gentlemen farmers, officers in the Prussian army. His father was an architect. A restless, Nietzschean spirit, he traveled widely through pre-war Europe and lived for a time in Paris, where he came under the influence of the Russian Merezhkovsky; and by the time the war broke out he had written numerous books of æsthetic criticism and literary and social history. The war turned him from æsthetics to politics. He entered the press department of the foreign office. In this capacity, just before the war ended, he addressed a pamphlet to President Wilson urging the latter to give Germany's war aims a hearing at the peace conference. In 1922 he wrote down his political philosophy in *Das dritte Reich*, repudiating the Versailles

Treaty and the Weimar Government that obeyed it, and calling for the real revolution, the suppression of parties, and the totalitarian régime that were then just beginning to fill Hitler's mind.

Das dritte Reich fits much more appropriately into the tradition of Fichte, Hegel, Treitschke, and Spengler than its two low-brow rivals in the Nazi hall of fame, *Mein Kampf* and Alfred Rosenberg's preposterous *Der Mythos des zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts* ('The Myth of the Twentieth Century'). It covers nearly all aspects of political life, a much more comprehensive work than anything produced by the geopoliticians. Yet we introduce it here because it, too, propounded the doctrine of *Lebensraum*. In fact, Möller van den Bruck's wartime appeal to Wilson, *Das Recht der jungen Völker* ('The Right of Young Peoples'), is a justification of Germany's struggle for living space that might easily be a chapter from Haushofer. Space and people (*Raum und Volk*) were the two fundamentals on which he built his prophetic Third Reich. Space, he said, represented the lasting, the eternal forces of life. It influenced spiritually as well as materially the people who lived within it. A people is entitled by the laws of nature to *Lebensraum* adequate to its needs and commensurate with its ideals. Here, in the same stream of thought that brought to Hitler the ideas of Hegel and Nietzsche, a stream much deeper than the collateral sources of National Socialist ideology, was the same doctrine that flowed from the pen of Haushofer. Both merged in the broad, meandering river of *Mein Kampf*.

IV

Nor was the literature of *Lebensraum* all recondite or technical in quality. If the writers thus far mentioned found readers chiefly among those who held or aspired to political leadership, there was one prophet in Weimar, Germany, who reached a much wider audience. In 1926

Hans Grimm, a little-known author who had spent much of his mature life in South Africa, published what soon became the most sensationally famous novel in contemporary Germany, *Volk ohne Raum* ('People without Space'). By 1933, the year Hitler became chancellor, the book had sold 265,000 copies; by 1940, 455,000. It was acclaimed as *Das deutsche Schicksalsbuch* ('the book of Germany's fate') and as 'the foremost political novel of our times.' The phrase *Volk ohne Raum* gained currency as a popular byword all over Germany. People who never read the long, tragic, impassioned saga knew the message that flashed in its very title.

Hans Grimm was born in 1875 in the city of Wiesbaden. His forbears had been teachers, ministers of the gospel, and small business men. After a brief schooling he himself was sent to England for apprenticeship in the import-export trade. In 1896 he went to South Africa, there to serve as clerk in a British company for five years, and then as independent merchant, first in Port Elizabeth, then in East London, British South Africa. He stayed in this vicinity until 1910, when he undertook some journeys through German Southwest Africa and the Cameroons, gathering material for the literary career to which he was now turning. The First World War brought him home to Germany, where in 1918 he acquired and settled down in an ancestral family home in Lippoldsberg, a small town on the Weser River just west of Göttingen. By this time he had published a play and a few South African tales which had brought him scant fame, but which confirmed his determination to write. Though his age and bad eyesight had kept him out of active service in the war, he lived close enough to it, both physically and spiritually, to perceive in it the climax to the German tragedy he had witnessed at first hand in South Africa. This, to him, was the tragedy of a people that was being driven from farm to factory, from

factory to emigration, and from emigration to loss of culture and nationality by lack of *Raum*. The colonial ventures that Grimm had known so well in Africa had promised to avert this tragedy; now the war had swept these away. The inflation that followed the war brought financial ruin to Grimm as to his countrymen. He needed no further inducements to sit down to the five years' labor it took him to complete his masterpiece.

Volk ohne Raum bears to the Second World War much the same relationship that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* bore to our own Civil War. It is a political tract expressed in deeply emotional symbolism. The hero of the massive, twelve-hundred-page novel, Cornelius Friebott, is both *alter ego* of the author himself and symbolic representative of the entire German people. From his birth in Grimm's ancestral town of Lippoldsberg, his life spans Germany's rise and fall as a colonial power, and, like Grimm's, extends on into the devious present. Friebott's thrifty, independent parents expect to put by enough from their farm to educate their son as a teacher or minister, the professions of his forbears. But crops fail and oxen die, and, rather than mortgage the farm, Cornelius's father goes to work in a stone quarry. Cornelius is forced to take up carpentry, a more remunerative trade than pedagogy. He serves two years in the Imperial German Navy, returning to work in the quarry with his father, then in some of the factories and mines that are gradually encroaching on already overcrowded farmlands and employing dispossessed farmers' sons at slave wages. Protest against the laboring conditions he encounters earns Cornelius the reputation of a political radical. The only escape from the vicious circle is emigration. So he takes ship to South Africa, to which his service in the navy has introduced him. Up to this point, agrarianism rather than imperialism is the dominant theme of the novel.

Once Cornelius Friebott's ship sails

out of Bremen, however, the true villain of the piece appears, subtly at first, then more and more bluntly, until at the end its identity is unmistakable. Friebott finds work and friendship among the Boers in South Africa, only to have the Boer War cut his happiness short. He fights on the side of his benefactors, is captured by the British and interned on St. Helena for nearly two years. On his release he returns to find that the farm on which he had been working has been destroyed and its owner, a young Boer widow, has died in a British concentration camp. Everywhere he looks for work he finds signs in English reading 'Germans need not apply here,' and when he asks English acquaintances to explain the discrimination they reply with the question, 'Why don't you Germans get colonies of your own?'

A series of misadventures and further discrimination of this type send him to German Southwest Africa. There, after long hard years, he at last acquires a farm of his own, in a colony of his own nation's, only to have both taken away by the British in the World War. To crown this irony, he is arrested by the invading British for having shot a marauding native on the ranch of a friend, and is given a death sentence, commuted to life imprisonment. With two friends he escapes from prison and eventually makes his way into Portuguese Angola. There, just as the three half-starved fugitives are about to board a ship for Germany, a British detective procures their arrest and demands their extradition. Another flight ends in a Portuguese prison. When at long last Cornelius makes his way back to Germany, he does so only by eluding the grasp of the impersonal yet terrible enemy of himself and his people, British imperialism.

The fact that Grimm's untranslated work is little known outside of Germany in no way detracts from its power or its universal significance as a political document. If ever a Northern abolitionist burned with indignation at Simon Le-

gree, thousands, very possibly millions, of German readers of *Volk ohne Raum* have burned with a similar indignation at Great Britain. Despite the length of the book, its tedious political harangues, or the strange intrusion of the author himself as a character in his own narrative, its episodes are real enough and often genuinely moving. They excite the interest, and to a considerable extent the sympathy, even of a reader suspicious of the author's raw materials, skeptical of his reasoning, and weary of his plea. The success of the book surprised its author, and for a time alarmed him. He himself was a man of peace, an amiable, mild-mannered, literary soul, not a blustering jingo. He did not like to have himself compared, as he was, to Kipling. Well he may have been alarmed. With *Volk ohne Raum* he had enlisted in the cause of German expansion, of Hitler, and of war.

Lebensraum. The need for space; space for farms as well as factories; space for the expatriates lost to Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, for the emigrants lost to the Americas; strategic space in Central Europe; lost space in South Africa and the East Indies; space filled with foodstuffs and industrial raw materials; tangible items of current interest, vivid memories of things past; envy of England; the fear (common to all nations, including the United States, but more real to Germany than any of them) of a two-front war — these were the elements of a belief so popular and so strong that it paved the way for Hitler before 1933 and continues to do so today. It survives the *Führer's* inconsistencies, such as attempting to increase the population in an allegedly overpopulated *Raum*, and thrives on the deductions of his quack economists. It still unites all groups, classes, factions, and sections of German society, liberal and conservative, radical and reactionary. For the British to drive a wedge between Hitler and the German people on this issue will take some mighty blows.

CHAPEL HILL

BY DAVID L. COHN

I

CHAPEL HILL is a one-street village entirely surrounded by the University of North Carolina. Its main thoroughfare, whose merchants, movies, and restaurants cater alike to town and gown, is perhaps typical of all the village-college main streets of the country. Here is the local store of the A & P, where professor's wives, overalled tobacco farmers, and students in search of the makings of a midnight feed, shop from the same shelves; the social-centre drugstores, where gossip, banana splits, and medicines for the dying are dispensed at the same time; the barbershops, on whose floors mingle the shorn locks of freshmen and the thin gray hairs of village elders; the secondhand bookshops, awirl with cyclonic activity at the beginning of the semesters and moribund during the long intervals; the schizophrenic clothing stores, half rural and half collegiate; the restaurants that serve corn flakes with one hand while cashing two-dollar checks with the other.

Across the street, lost amid oaks, hollies, cedars, redbud, dogwood, and flowering fruit trees, stand the buildings of the University, ranging from the first structure completed in 1794 to the last dormitory built with the assistance of PWA funds in 1940. Near the Carolina Inn — Chapel Hill's premier hostelry — there is a cluster of Georgian fraternity houses huddled together as if for comfort both against the surging hordes of youngsters who belong to no Greek-letter society and against the men who hold

the mortgages on the houses. Scattered throughout the woods are the tree-secluded homes of the faculty. Here are no factories, no hum of industry, no stain of black smoke against blue sky. This seems a rural Arcadia filled with woodsy innocence and naïve delight. But don't be deceived. Beneath the surface there is an immense ferment.

The University of North Carolina is widely known throughout the economically and politically conservative South, as well as in the allegedly more enlightened North, for its liberalism. The term and the school are as inevitably associated in the Southern mind as are breakfast grits and bacon. To friendly critics, liberalism connotes a grasp of the changing needs of men in a changing world; to unfriendly critics it is a synonym of communism or something equally horrendous, such as the New Deal. But however the word may be construed, and whatever its meaning at Chapel Hill, it is well to understand the origins of the University. It came into being simultaneously with the pronouncement of the doctrine of the Rights of Man and the Declaration of Independence on this side of the Atlantic, and with the French Revolution — created in part by these doctrines — on the other side of the ocean.

So impetuous were the North Carolinians of that day, and so certain were they of ultimate victory, that they did not even await the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, but adopted their

first constitution in December 1776. Here they declared that 'all useful learning shall be promoted in one or more universities.' Washington was then crossing the Delaware. When the General Assembly granted the University's charter, it was 1789. The first Congress was meeting in New York; the Bastille was being stormed in Paris. When the cornerstone of the Old East was laid, it was 1793. Washington was issuing a proclamation of neutrality in the Franco-British wars; Louis XVI and his Queen were going to the scaffold in Paris. When the school opened in 1795, our first President was approaching retirement. Mr. John Adams, an old Massachusetts revolutionist, would soon succeed him, with Mr. Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, author of the Declaration of Independence and of the Bill for Religious Freedom, as Vice President. Born, then, of revolution and literally cradled in liberty, this University would be an unnatural child of its freedom-loving parents if it should become a creature of reaction. Yet it is precisely because the school is true to its heritage that it is bitterly attacked by certain groups within North Carolina. The assault is made upon the score that the University is 'communistic'; and it centres upon the person of President Frank P. Graham, who, it is said, is perverting the minds of his students with 'false doctrines.'

Dr. Graham, a former teacher of history at the University he now heads, is a genial, easily approachable man who is plain 'Frank' to most of his faculty and associates. A physically small man in a world plagued by the monstrous egoism of physically small men, he does not strut. There is about him nothing of the stallion in the rocking chair. This so-called communist is in appearance the personification of the small-town bourgeois; neatly clad in a blue serge suit and white, collar-attached shirt, he looks like a moderately successful business man in a medium-sized Southern town. Pleasant, gregarious, soft-spoken, and

iron-willed, he derives his successes as much from force of character as from force of mind. Many of his supporters do not entirely understand him; some are mildly dubious of his objectives; but they fight for him because they trust the man's integrity.

It is obvious that Graham would arouse sharp antagonisms. Profoundly religious in the sense that he subscribes wholeheartedly to the Christian ethos, he is rash enough to practise a sinewy Christianity and so inevitably brings trouble on his head. Thus he opposes the commercialization of athletics in a football-mad country, and speaks up boldly for collective bargaining by labor in a state dominated industrially by powerful textile and tobacco-manufacturing interests. The consequence is that the football-enthusiastic alumni (booing from the intellectual two-yard line) damn him as a killjoy visionary, while some of the mill men — but not all of them, by any means — cuss him as a communist.

No one in North Carolina (or elsewhere) denies that it is the business of a university to uphold the standard of freedom, truth, and justice. But the university president who actually does it not infrequently finds himself in trouble. Frank Graham, for example, insists that the Bill of Rights is a living body of doctrine by which free men may remain free, and, not content with this, goes on to an even greater heresy — namely, that freedom of speech means the right of all men to speak even if you do not like what they say. A passionate democrat, he clings to the notion that his students — the youth of a democracy — are not *per se* weak-minded because they are young and students; he believes they will be strengthened rather than weakened in their democratic convictions by rational discussions of competing political systems. ('The reason of the law is the life of the law.') The result of these concepts is that there is free talk at the University, as shocking as this may be to a minority of the state's citizens who

believe it is the duty of an institution of learning to clamp an intellectual *ceinture de chasteté* upon each of its disciples.

This is not to suggest that conversation among Chapel Hill students is Socratic, Johnsonian, or even Hemingwayish. Their bull sessions — like those at most colleges — are largely devoted to the overrated and overpublicized institutions of sex and athletics; to the failings of the faculty, and the daily happenings of the campus. They would, however, be imbecilic if at a time when life is lived on so intense a political plane, and when their own future hangs upon events at Dover and Singapore, they did not discuss politics and international affairs. They would be completely lacking in that spirit of inquiry which it is the function of a university to stimulate if they did not seek out the authorities in the books and the flesh. In the pursuit of the latter, the self-governing Carolina Political Union has invited to the campus such disparate personalities as Tom Girdler, Earl Browder, Senator Nye, President Roosevelt, Frank Gannett, Norman Thomas, and Senator Taft. The speakers say what they want to say, but they don't do all the talking. The students do not swallow their doctrines in allopathic doses like little men. Every speaker, at the close of his address, is subjected to a bombardment of shrewd questions, and woe to him who isn't nimble on his feet.

Naturally the presence of leftist orators on the campus called forth the cry of 'radicalism' from the University's critics, but even the most casual examination reveals that its President is merely a liberal democrat while the overwhelming majority of the faculty range in their political opinions from conservative to reactionary. A tiny minority are leftist, and they serve, or ought to serve, the valuable function of gadflies to sting the smug out of their smugness. The University, on the whole, is about as communist as the First Baptist Church of Chalk Level. It is true that Frank

Graham believes in freedom of speech, but that is guaranteed by the Constitution. It is also true that he supports labor's right to collective bargaining, but, since that is the sense of federal laws, he is merely supporting the law. The inevitable conclusion, then, is that if the University is liberal in any leftist sense of the word, it is liberal only by comparison with other Southern schools which mentally are still deployed around the trenches of Petersburg. And if it is Graham's dream to make his school the intellectual centre of the South, one must ask whether this is a nightmare from which he must be awakened.

II

Chapel Hill may have already become the intellectual centre of the South, but it is far from being an intellectual centre in the absolute sense. North Carolina, like all the Southern States, became an American colony after 1865, and it is marked by the aspects common to badly administered, sharply exploited colonies: illiteracy, disease, and poverty. It is no accident that the South, with about one fourth of the nation's population and one half of its natural resources, drinks more corn whiskey than milk and collectively has about as many pairs of shoes as Bulgaria. Nor is it lack of ability or ambition that impedes the progress of the University of North Carolina. It is held back by poverty. Thus its bright young men are constantly being lured by wealthier schools; it struggles with the legislature for money, and the legislature, in turn, grapples with the fiscal-educational problems that tend to swamp all save the richest states; and it spreads thin its already thin resources in order to expand its staff and equipment to cope with the needs of an ever-growing student body. There are now nearly four thousand students at Chapel Hill, of whom one third come from north of the Mason-Dixon line. Here again we see the effects of poverty. The Uni-

versity shelters a great mass of poorly prepared Southern students who enter with only eighty-eight months of secondary-school training as compared with one hundred and twenty months enjoyed by Northern students. The latter group tend on the whole to make better grades than Southerners, not because they are natively more intelligent or more industrious, but because the superior resources of the North have enabled them to get better pre-university training.

But North Carolina is rising above its resources. Let it be noted that the eight months' school term for all schools is a state-wide legal minimum, and is above the state-wide legal minimum of any other state of the Union. In recent years, moreover, many towns by special local tax supplements have increased the secondary-school term to one hundred and eight months, while the requirements of the University for admission and survival exert a strong pressure to raise the level of the state's high schools. Thus, while the state and the University work to improve the high schools, Chapel Hill does not throw open its doors to the mediocre of other localities. On the contrary, it requires all out-of-state students to be in the upper 50 per cent of their high-school graduating class, or to be especially distinguished for some scholastic achievement.

Some of Chapel Hill's ablest men have gone elsewhere in recent years. Among them are Dr. Howard M. Jones of the English faculty at Harvard; Addison Hibbard, former Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, who now holds the same position at Northwestern; George Denny, former business manager of the Carolina Playmakers, who is president of Town Hall, Inc., and founder of America's Town Meeting of the Air; H. W. Chase, now Chancellor of New York University; Gerald Johnson, former professor of journalism, now the brilliant editorial writer of the *Baltimore Sun*; and R. D. W. Connor, once head of the department of history, who is the first

Archivist of the United States Government.

But while able men sometimes leave Chapel Hill, others remain despite alluring offers from wealthier schools, and still others come to the University at a financial sacrifice. During the past ten years, sixty professors with offers from other schools which totaled \$100,000 a year above their University of North Carolina salaries remained at Chapel Hill. Among nationally famous men at Chapel Hill are Vance and Odum in the social sciences; MacNider in medicine; Dashiell in psychology; Hurewicz in mathematics; W. C. Coker and John N. Couch in botany; R. E. Coker in zoölogy; W. T. Couch, director of the University Press, in publications; Leavitt and Pearson in Latin-American affairs; Koch in dramatic art; Cameron in chemistry; Archibald Henderson and Paul Green in literature and playwriting; Rosenau in preventive medicine; Knight and Carson Ryan in education.

The following table shows the range of salaries paid to the teaching staff by the University, and the number of men in each group:—

Kenan Professors.....	18	\$5,000—\$7,000
Professors.....	100	3,506— 4,208
Associate Professors.....	52	2,895— 3,366
Assistant Professors.....	42	2,103— 2,571
Instructors.....	46	1,200— 1,900
Part-time Instructors.....	24	450— 600

Many universities pay higher salaries than these. Why, then, do men remain at Chapel Hill when they could earn far more elsewhere? Why do others make financial sacrifices to come to the University? The answer is simple and complex. It can be illuminated, in part, by the story of how one man came to North Carolina.

Some years ago Frank Graham colared a distinguished teacher in Washington. He didn't sit down for a talk with the man. He took him out for a stroll at dusk just as the town was going home from work. Hour after hour the two men walked up and down and

around the streets of Washington. Hour after hour Graham talked about the limitless possibilities for education in the South, his concept of a university as a living force in the state, and his ideas for the development of Chapel Hill within the framework of complete academic freedom. At dawn — whether out of fatigue or conviction — the teacher consented to go to North Carolina for a smaller salary than he was getting elsewhere. He is still at the University.

One cannot define the quality of freedom that exists at Chapel Hill, and which is so attractive to teachers that they will give up much to enjoy it. (And it must be remembered that this freedom has been won in the South against forces of conservatism that make Calvin Coolidge look like a radical.) There is, however, an illuminating parallel in American journalism. Dozens of first-rate journalists would willingly give up their large salaries to work for less on newspapers that are really free, while others in their eagerness for personal freedom of expression are buying country journals in whose pages they can say what *they* think rather than what their bosses think. Intellectual workers do not mind paying what economists used to call 'opportunity cost' for the privilege of living in intellectual freedom. Only in the case of football has Graham been soundly licked. Here the alumni, subscribing to the communist doctrine that the end is worthy of the means, hire Hessians to play against Hessians hired by other teams. But there is no danger — as in Mississippi under former Governor (now The Man) Bilbo — that the entire medical faculty may be superseded by hoss doctors, or that barbers will take over the school of English. There is no danger that a man will be sacked for the crime of thinking in an institution dedicated to thought, or for the even greater crime of not keeping his thoughts to himself. Chapel Hill's faculty are secure in the knowledge that they are free from vigilante prying,

that the tenure of their jobs is not dependent upon their political opinions, and that if attacked they will be defended from hell to breakfast.

III

At Chapel Hill, more than upon any other Southern campus, men have determined to ascertain all that could be ascertained about the South. Their labors have resulted, among other things, in the mountainous sociological studies of Howard Odum — particularly his *Southern Regions* and *American Regionalism* — and those of Rupert Vance, especially his *Human Geography of the South*. These works of sound scholarship, which are invaluable to students of Southern life, have acquired merited fame among the nation's sociologists and have aroused bitter antagonisms among certain groups in North Carolina. For here one finds candid, searching, documented examinations of the state's mills and mill villages, wages and hours in the state's industries, life among poor whites and Negroes, and the wastage and exploitation of the state's natural resources. It is these stingingly true studies, more perhaps than any University activity, which have caused the epithet 'communism' to be hurled at Chapel Hill.

The character of the attacks made upon the University may be gleaned from an address by Mr. David Clark to the Charlotte Lions Club (August 1940). As the speaker presses his charges of communism at Chapel Hill, he tosses facts and history around with the dreamy abandon of a surrealist painter. Example: —

The following summer, 1936, Graham signed a protest against allowing American athletes to participate in the Olympic games. . . . It is significant that just prior to the time Graham signed the protest, the Hitler Government had done the only good thing it ever did, which was to stop the march of communism against Europe. . . .

Speaking one year after the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact, Mr. Clark seems never to have heard of this deal, which was obscurely noted in the headlines of all American newspapers. According to him, Hitler is fighting communism, and therefore Graham, who protested American athletes' going to Berlin, is a communist. It is not surprising, consequently, to find that Mr. Clark's Russian authority is Robert Ripley: 'Robert Ripley, of Believe-It-Or-Not Fame, and whose statements have never been disproved, had visited Russia and said . . .'

Even the arts are corrupt at Chapel Hill. Example:—

Bernard Shaw's vulgarities and disloyalties to his own country made such a hit at Chapel Hill that an admiring professor decided to write a history of his life.

The 'admiring professor' is Archibald Henderson, professor of mathematics and long-time friend of Shaw, who has written a voluminous biography of the playwright—a man whose 'vulgarities and disloyalties,' believe it or not, have brought him wealth and affection in England and fame wherever men can read or go to the theatre.

Mr. Clark, master of an articulate confusion, dislikes some of the men who visit the University. Among them is Bertrand Russell. Here the speaker's strictures form a passage of sheer Freudian delight:—

Then Bertrand Russell . . . a man who *openly* practised immorality, was brought to the University and entertained. (Author's italics)

Norman Thomas is dealt with thus:—

Norman Thomas is another 'Fifth Columnist' who was a frequent visitor to Chapel Hill. He calls himself a socialist, but when he was nominated for President the delegates waved red flags and sang 'The International.'

This is the same Mr. Thomas, of course, whose genteel socialism wins for him every year the increasingly greater

devotion of an increasingly smaller number of followers.

Charges of communism have not yet been brought against the University Press under the direction of W. T. Couch, although it is the best of its kind in the South and among the ablest in the nation. Characteristically, it operates on a shoestring. The function of a university press is to publish books which would not see the light if their publication depended upon commercial profits. But all over America faculty members, under the 'Publish or perish' dictum common in many schools, look upon the university press as a machine for grinding out reports of their often sterile researches. It is, of course, just as absurd for a university to require teachers to publish books as it would be for a church to require its minister to perform miracles. But it is done upon the assumption that a man who puts second-rate ideas into a third-rate book thereby becomes a first-rate instructor. And the harassed teacher, knowing that the publication of a volume not only is essential to retaining his job but is also the passport to another job,—universities here showing the pathetic faith in the printed word manifested by the illiterate,—insists that his university press bring out his book. There is no such pressure at Chapel Hill. The University does not require that the faculty write books. If they want to write them, that is their business. But it is equally the business of the Press to refuse to publish them—however much the authors may howl in the groves of Academe—unless the Press in its untrammelled opinion thinks they merit publication. The consequence of this is that all over the South—and elsewhere—men actually buy and read Press books, including those by faculty members.

IV

Chapel Hill makes no pretense of being cosmopolitan. It strives rather for an enlightened provincialism. It is pri-

marily concerned with Southerners and the South, and it seeks to equip men to lead useful lives in a backward empire now slowly moving into what may become the most astonishing renaissance ever seen on American soil. The task is immense. The pioneers must fell whole forests of taboos; remove jungles of inhibitions; cut through thickets of prejudices; and by precept and preachment rid the land of the feeling of inferiority which has obsessed it since Appomattox. Hence the inculcating into Southern students of an enlightened provincialism becomes of immense importance to the South and to the nation as well, and it is this task to which the University has addressed itself with energy and success.

It may strike some as astonishing that North Carolina (by comparison with allegedly more enlightened communities) has 13 per cent of the nation's birth-control clinics (state-operated), although it has but 3 per cent of the country's population. It may strike others as still more astonishing that for fourteen years Ernest R. Groves, in *Sociology* 62, has lectured to separate classes of men and women at the University on such subjects as Courtship, Choice of a Mate, Engagement, Finances, and Marital Adjustment. These things cause no eyebrow raisings in North Carolina, but an immense labor of enlightenment made them possible — a labor that is an aspect of freedom of thinking.

There are other aspects of enlightened provincialism at Chapel Hill. One of the most noted playwriting and acting groups in the country is the Carolina Playmakers, directed by Frederick H. Koch. His students write and act American folk plays; but since they come from all over the land, and this country is prodigiously rich in folk material, their plays deal not alone with North Carolina mountaineers but also with Georgia Negroes, Arizona miners, Oklahoma outlaws, Ozark hill-men, and New Mexico cowboys. Associated with the University and the Play-

makers is the Pulitzer prize-winning playwright, Paul Green. A native of the state and an alumnus of the University, he long ago returned to Chapel Hill to teach playwriting and to write nationally famous plays such as *In Abraham's Bosom*, *The House of Connelly*, and *Johnny Johnson*. Green loves the soil from which he sprang, and, resisting the allurements of Hollywood, remains in his village to write not only plays on universal themes but also folk dramas and pageants related to persons and incidents out of the colorful history of his state. He is thus the enlightened provincial so essential to the civilization of a continent populated by heterogeneous peoples, and is the personification of the spirit of the University.

What is the scholastic standing of the University of North Carolina? It is a member of the Association of American Universities, which is made up of the thirty-odd most distinguished universities in the United States. What is its status in the field of graduate work? On the basis of a study made under the sponsorship of the American Council on Education, more departments were found at Chapel Hill qualified to give the doctor's degree than in any other university south of Baltimore and east of the Mississippi River.

These are tangible achievements which are measurable by experts in the field of education. The intangible achievements of the University are perhaps greater. They lie in an unremitting and successful struggle for academic freedom in an area where the weight of lethargy, as well as the dynamics of industrial opposition and inherited prejudices, operates against academic freedom. They consist in teaching students the truth about the South even when the truth hurts. They are composed of precepts and standards which have made the name of Chapel Hill respected throughout the nation, and which more than once have caused men's eyes to turn toward the South in delighted surprise.

BROADWAY: 1941

Europe and the American Theatre

BY JOHN GASSNER

I

AMONG the casualties of fascism and the present war is the European theatre. For more than a decade after 1918 it voiced the aspirations and struggles of a continent engaged in repairing the ravages of war and building new foundations for old. It assimilated the new ideas of Freudian psychology, relativity, and sociology; it aligned itself with the modernist movements in painting, architecture, and music; it extended the art of stage production in accordance with the latest mechanical developments. Today this theatre is in shambles from one end of Western Europe to the other, and one mourns the wreckage with the same sense of loss that follows the news that another English landmark has been erased by indiscriminate bombing.

Before the curtain was rung down by counter-revolution and conquest, the stage began to reflect a general distemper and actually to promote its spread in European society. These insufficiently noted symptoms have historical significance, and they even remind us that we can do worse than examine our own dramatic art at this time. Today America is virtually the last sanctuary of the free theatre, and its practitioners in this country must be keenly sensible of the obligation that has devolved upon them. More than ever it becomes incumbent upon us to keep a great medium of human expression alive and virile.

The First World War produced merely

a stalemate in the progress of the modern theatre. No sooner was the Versailles Treaty signed than the momentum was resumed and actually accelerated. Dramatic realism, which had become somewhat discredited before 1914, acquired new material and new incentives. In England, for instance, Shaw brought the realistic historical drama to his highest peak with *Saint Joan*, and Galsworthy's pen resumed its objective vigor when he dramatized the tarnishing effects of hatred in *The Skin Game* or exposed insidious prejudice in *Loyalties*. Along with many continental playwrights, Robert C. Sherriff remembered the holocaust with blistering reality in *Journey's End*, and both Somerset Maugham and Noel Coward digressed from their comic style to paint such bleak pictures of the aftermath as *For Services Rendered* and *Post Mortem*. The former's comedies, *The Circle* and *The Constant Wife*, reflected a realistic attitude toward social conventions in the post-war period, while the latter's farces gave accurate recognition to its excess of sophisticated hedonism in reaction to the bleak war years. The reawakening of the Irish theatre was accomplished by Sean O'Casey with *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars*, plays with a deepened sympathy for the underdog.

The social drama was restored to a position of importance everywhere from Dublin to Helsinki. Even the Russian

theatre, which had endured a dozen years of ineffectual symbolism before the October Revolution, as well as rabid post-revolutionary fantasies that extended the uprising as far as the planet Mars, settled down to what it called 'socialist realism.' Two of its products — Gorky's picture of the abolished middle class, *Yegor Bulychov*, and Bulgakov's tragedy of the liquidated aristocracy, *The Last of the Turbins* — would make distinguished realistic drama in any man's language; and although many of the Soviet plays were hampered by utilitarian concepts of art, they acquired a fascination far beyond their shoddy dramaturgy by presenting the problems of the individual under collectivism. The psychological drama also added new dimensions to realism; the motivation of Freud is clearly to be seen in such work as Edouard Bourdet's *The Captive*, Coward's *The Vortex*, Besier's *The Barrets of Wimpole Street*, and Mordaunt Shairp's *The Green Bay Tree*.

No single approach, however, could exhaust the theatre in this fluctuating and dynamic period. The art of fantasy and symbolism, which had previously proved so tepid or 'precious' in many of the writings of the Maeterlinck school, acquired new substance and meaning. This was apparent even in a conservatively written play like *Outward Bound*, and in Molnar's masterpiece *Liliom*, which first achieved recognition in post-war Budapest. Fantasy was deepened by disillusionment and by the new psychological science in the best work of Luigi Pirandello, who contributed such fascinating studies of self-delusion and multiple personality as *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, *Henry IV*, and *Right You Are, If You Think You Are*. Protesting against the obtuse complacencies of society, which he once defined as 'a league of brigands against men of good will,' Pirandello acclaimed the vagaries of the inner self. Even more incisive, because more socially oriented, were Shaw's rueful obituaries on Europe in *Heartbreak*

House and *Too True to Be Good*, and his fugue on longevity as a solution for human stupidity, *Back to Methuselah*. Noteworthy, too, were such Central European fantasies as Franz Werfel's representation of revolution as the self-perpetuating seed of social corruption in *The Goat Song* and Karel Capek's famous robot drama, *R.U.R.* And to successful endeavors like these one must add a veritable whirligig of abortive experiments; although the deliberate gyrations or distortions of subjective expressionism may have been bewildering and sometimes even puerile, they led to tentative extensions of dramatic form that may stimulate future playwrights.

Although marred by didactic exhortation and obviousness, the left political movement's 'epic' plays (sometimes called 'learning plays') extended dramatic structure to include documentary drama. The effectiveness of this genre has already been demonstrated by American 'Living Newspapers' like *Power* and *One-Third of a Nation*, and by American documentary films like *The River* and *The Fight for Life*.

This, then, was the drama that flourished in the post-war years. Yet it remains only a short chapter in the vastly larger chronicle of the stage during those exciting years. No country was devoid of fascinating productions designed in many styles, supplied with revolving stages and the latest inventions, and intended for enormous audiences by comparison with which our playgoing public seems minuscule.

From Russia, for instance, the traveler brought home rhapsodic tales of huge audiences, of colorful productions by numerous racial groups, and of infinite inventiveness. The tale grew in wonder as it recounted, in addition to the Moscow Art Theatre's new triumphs, the experiments of Vsevolod Meyerhold: his constructivist stage which employed the viscera of skyscrapers for acting levels, his 'biomechanics' or 'organization and geometricization of movement,' and his

later revivals of classics that became glinting, if somewhat dehumanized, social satires. To meet the need of revitalizing old plays for new Russia, Meyerhold often followed the path of least resistance by reconstructing scenes and adding new ones. But he revealed remarkable ingenuity in direction when, for example, he had the small society scenes of Gogol's famous comedy, *The Inspector General*, wheeled in as if they were being served on a tray. (In another cleverly staged episode, the intoxicated hero, who is mistaken for a government inspector, reels home, and frightened petty racketeers, bringing bribes, peer at him through fifteen doors!) Visitors applauded the untimely deceased Vakh-tangov for his spontaneous imaginative-ness, and Alexander Tairov for the brilliant theatricalism he compounded of superbly managed mass movement, formal gestures, and more or less intoned speech. Even the fiery revolutionism of the director Okhlopkov, who tried to unite playgoers and actors in a common experience by placing the stage in the centre of the auditorium, was no deterrent to admiration.

In Central Europe, Max Reinhardt continued to display his inventive theatricality and sensuousness. But although he experimented with his vast theatre, the *Grosses Schauspielhaus*, and involved the audience by planting actors in the auditorium, he was overshadowed by the younger directors who gave themselves up to expressionism. The new technique achieved remarkable intensity under Jürgen Fehling, whose staging of Ernst Toller's revolutionary *Masses and Man* (later reproduced for the Theatre Guild by Lee Simonson) consisted of dramatically lighted masses appropriately balanced against a single individual. Still more galvanic was the artistry of Leopold Jessner, who revitalized the Berlin State Theatre with simplified settings consisting of suggestively lighted levels or steps, known as *Jessnertreppen*, on which vigorous actors like Fritz Kort-

ner executed breath-takingly rapid, exciting movements. And Jessner was followed by Erwin Piscator, whose work in the political theatre was nothing short of sensational. Applying modern technology to the stage, he amplified its expressiveness by means of conveyor belts or treadmills on which actors could traverse distances, films that provided a background of landscapes or events for the stage picture, and architectural constructions. For a piece about Rasputin, Piscator erected a huge globe, segments of which would open up for scenes in various countries that related Rasputin's intrigues to international imperialism. It is impossible, however, to continue this inventory of European stagecraft without writing an encyclopædia. One can only refer to such other notable productions as Jacques Copeau's, Louis Jouvet's, and Gaston Baty's in France, Pirandello's at the Odelaschi Theatre and the Italian Futurists' unique mechanizations, the Spanish poet Lorca's La Barraca people's theatre, and the work of brilliant Czech and Scandinavian directors.

II

This, in short, was the institution that became one of the victims of a gradually exploding world. Its experience reflected the disintegrative processes in that world before the major political detonations finished it.

Understandably enough, the unhealthy symptoms made their most sensational appearance in Germany. There was a distinct pathology in the early expressionist theatre, which coincided with the inflationary period and its aftermath. It seethed with such chaotic frenzy that the revolt against the Hohenzollern monarchy too often became a frenzied negation of all human values. Rebellious sons were constantly flying at their parents' throats in the early expressionist plays. In the first of them, Walter Hasenclever's *The Son*, a son is incited to shoot his father by a friend who shouts, 'Destroy

the tyranny of the family. . . . Do away with laws! Restore Freedom.' Even more typical were Arnolt Bronnen's *Parricide*, in which a young man suffering from an Œdipus complex murders his mother's husband, and Paul Kornfeld's *The Seduction*, in which a young man's revulsion against philistinism leads him to strangle his sister's bridegroom; following this he escapes from prison, is then injected with poison by an enemy, and finally induces his murderer to commit suicide! More murders abound in such monstrosities as Hanns Heny Jahn's *Medea* and *The Coronation of Richard III*, in which people were continually slaughtered, tortured, and buried alive. So tolerant a critic as Alfred Kerr, who reported that 'on one occasion a gentleman's liver was cut out and eaten,' could not help exclaiming, 'They actually produced that in the theatre. Oh, you know too little of this era in the German drama!'

Perhaps this curious taste for blood was an inevitable consequence of four years of mass slaughter, but in retrospect it looks more like a foretaste of the sadism of the National Socialist terror. However unintentionally, German expressionism's assumption that man is a mass of sacrosanct instinctive drives also foreshadowed the later worship of ruthlessness. Nor is it difficult to detect totalitarian trends in the left-wing theatre's well-intentioned representations of individuals as cogs in the wheel of social action.

After this came the cataclysm of 1933. The freedom of the stage disappeared, and the racial laws deprived it of most of its leaders. Among those who were sent into exile by their views or race were Reinhardt, Jessner, Piscator, Toller (who later hanged himself in a New York hotel), Werfel, Kortner, and Hasenclever, a lineal descendant of Goethe who killed himself in a French concentration camp to escape capture by the German army. (It was one of the ironies of his fate that the last play he wrote before

the fall of the Weimar republic, *The Man of Wax*, should have contended that the world would never again tolerate a Napoleon.) The theatre fell into the hands of Goebbels, hitherto a frustrated author; second-rate playwrights like Hans Johst came to the fore with glorifications of Horst Wessel and other strong-arm men of National Socialism, while the competent writers and directors who chose or were compelled to remain in Germany found scant opportunity to operate as independent artists. The greatest of them, Gerhart Hauptmann, had long outlived his international fame; evidently his age and his acceptance of the régime earned him forgiveness for *The Weavers*, the one play for which he will be remembered. The state was at first glutted with chauvinistic harangues and spectacles. When these had to be supplemented with other entertainment, only aseptic musical comedies, peasant dramas, and old-fashioned historical pieces were acceptable to the Gestapo.

There were also early fascist elements in Italian Futurism. Its mechanistic view of man and art was expounded by Mussolini's friend Tommaso Marinetti, who recently delivered himself of a lecture on 'the aesthetics and beauty of war' and of an 'Aero-Song of the Bombing Plane' composed of edifying lines like 'Women don't love silent, gentle little airplanes that don't know how to bomb.' Symptomatic, too, were the cynicism of the 'grotesque school' of Italian playwrights and its master Pirandello's denial of the reality of the human personality. Pirandello could continue to deny it after Mussolini's march on Rome without coming into conflict with the new ideology. That is precisely what he did, turning out monotonous variations on the same theme with increasing tenuousness until he lost all semblance of artistic importance almost a decade before he died. In 1934, two years before his death, he ran afoul of fascism by composing a libretto, *The Fable of the Exchanged Sons*, in which an idiot is ex-

changed for a prince at birth. Since later the prince decides to relinquish his claims and to let the idiot run 'the king business,' the play had uncomplimentary implications concerning the present dictator of Italy, and Pirandello was assailed on the 'grounds of moral incongruity.' At that point his cynical doctrine that 'nothing is true' was discovered to be at variance with fascist doctrine, and therefore 'bad art.' He soon made his peace with the régime so completely that he even defended the Ethiopian war when he visited the United States. But his *contretemps* illustrates the conditions that have faced any thinking dramatist. It is not surprising that Italian playwrights ceased making contributions to world drama even before the present war.

In Soviet Russia the situation has been similarly difficult. The theatre has continued to be interesting, but it is carefully regulated. Meyerhold fell into such deep disfavor that his present fate is uncertain. Moreover, it has long been impossible for Soviet playwrights to operate as free artists; a number of them ran afoul of the government, and at least two of them are known to have been executed as Trotzkyites.

Unhappily, moreover, the situation became dispiriting even in the great democracies — in France, which remained wedded to sophistication and domestic triangles, and in England. During the protracted years of the international crisis, English drama became, in the main, elementary entertainment; some of its successes, like *George and Margaret* and *French Without Tears*, were rightly met with derision by New York's critics. Serious efforts were mostly confined to psychological melodramas, Priestley's time-relativity tracts, some ingenious but tenuous social satires in incisive verse by Auden and Isherwood, and several Anglo-Catholic mystic plays like T. S. Eliot's distinguished *Murder in the Cathedral*. The author of *French Without Tears*, Terence Rattigan, explained the

dearth of important drama in Great Britain pointedly when he told the *New York Times* readers about two years ago that 'the dread of war, of civil strife, of national upheaval is far too real, far too intense in England at the present time. . . .' With only one exception, Emlyn Williams's humane and democratic *The Corn Is Green* (the current Broadway season's best play), the English theatre began to piddle along with the English Government. The resurgent spirit of the people under Winston Churchill was recently reflected by the popularity of the American Robert Ardrey's pæan to courage, *Thunder Rock*, and by heroic efforts to keep the theatres open. But under present circumstances it is obviously impossible to expect a revitalization of the stage in embattled Britain.

III

Today America is the last haven. Here alone dramatists can still have their say and theatricians can experiment to their heart's content without interference by the state. Here, too, the condition of the country still makes possible an intelligent and tolerant audience. To us have come many of Europe's ablest playwrights, actors, and directors, among them Maeterlinck, Molnar, Henri Bernstein, Werfel, Reinhardt, Jessner, and Piscator. It is to us that they look for the vital theatre that they knew and helped to create.

Throughout the nineteen-twenties we drew heavily upon Europe. Our leading stage organization, the Theatre Guild, owed most of its early triumphs to the foreign drama, both old and new. The visits of the Moscow Art Theatre, Reinhardt productions, and the Abbey Theatre enriched our seasons. The example of Europe galvanized all our theatre arts; it stimulated directors like Arthur Hopkins and scenic designers like Robert Edmond Jones, Norman Bel Geddes, and Lee Simonson, and it led to notable

experimentation by our playwrights. It is difficult to think of the realistic and expressionistic work of O'Neill, Anderson, Howard, Rice, and Lawson without reference to Strindberg, Wedekind, and the German expressionists; of the comedies of Sherwood, Barry, and Behrman without Shaw and European high comedy.

In the decade of the thirties, the influx of plays and influences was on a somewhat smaller scale, but up to about two years ago it was still appreciable. In one respect it was even greater than before, since the Soviet theatre's progress was too dazzling not to evoke some response from our artists, especially at a time when many of them were being pushed to the left by the depression. Some Soviet plays began to appear on our stage, but they were at best only moderately impressive. Far more important was the effect on our younger playwrights and on new companies like the Theatre Union and the Group Theatre. Their work became surcharged with revolutionary criticism of the status quo; and although extremism vitiated their art and reduced their persuasiveness, the so-called left-wing theatre was for several years an exhilarating phenomenon. Not only did it reveal such exciting drama as *Stevedore*, *Waiting for Lefty*, *Awake and Sing*, *Golden Boy*, *Bury the Dead*, and *The Cradle Will Rock*, bringing to the fore new playwrights, but it heightened the significance of our entire theatre by giving a social direction to the later work of old practitioners like Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, and Robert Sherwood. Even the 'escapist' genre of musical comedy assumed a critical and social direction when Kaufman and his collaborators contributed *Of Thee I Sing* and *Let 'Em Eat Cake*, when 'the perfect fool' Ed Wynn appeared in the munitions satire, *Hooray for What?*, when the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union surprised the aesthetes with its infectious revue *Pins and Needles*. The Moscow Art Theatre's or Stanislavsky's notable production methods were

belatedly incorporated by the American stage in the work of the Group Theatre, which became the best acting company in the country. Meyerhold's manner of revitalizing classics intruded into the Mercury Theatre's modern-dress production of *Julius Caesar* which catapulted Orson Welles into the headlines; the documentary drama of the Federal Theatre's 'Living Newspapers' paralleled the German 'epic theatre.'

For its immediate future the American theatre must depend on its own resources, which may, however, be augmented by an occasional contribution from Irish writers (Sean O'Casey's new play is promised for the present season) and by the work of our refugees once they adapt themselves sufficiently to American stage conditions and find the right opportunities. (Among our new acquired directors, Jessner is at present working for a film company, Piscator heads the Studio Theatre of the New School for Social Research in New York, Reinhardt directs a dramatic school in Hollywood. Otto Preminger, who had less of a reputation in Europe, adapted himself almost instantly, scoring a quick success as the director and leading actor of last season's *Margin for Error*.) However, the chief problem is that of developing plays which will respond to the new spirit in America, and to this end both refugees and American playwrights will have to reconsider their approach.

Gossamer continental drama like Molnar's recently produced *Delicate Story* is passé; it is not that Molnar has lost his old spell, but that the world has changed. If such a play as John Van Druten's *Old Acquaintance* gratifies the current season's public, it is because it roots flimsy British comedy in some substantial characterization of two women novelists. The excavations of Freudianism in the theatre have also exhausted their value for audiences that can no longer afford to contemplate their libido. Even the militant class-struggle drama has lost its attractiveness for most of our play-

wrights and audiences under the blows of disillusionment that culminated in the Finnish war and Soviet-Axis cooperation. Regardless of the eventual course of Soviet policy, and despite the economic problems and irritations that still confront us, enthusiasm for the class struggle and faith in the panacea of revolution have suffered a setback.

Fortunately, however, the past twenty years have taught our dramatists and directors self-reliance, and we are no longer in the position of mere vassals to European art. Even in the years of our greatest dependency our talent was becoming vigorously independent and self-confident. Most of O'Neill's work was native in characterization, setting, and flavor. Sidney Howard's and Paul Green's regional realism, Elmer Rice's and Clifford Odets's pictures of melting-pot New York life, Kaufman's comedies of middle-class society and of the popular arts—these and numerous other works were essentially as indigenous as Paul Bunyan and John Henry. We have tended to be vigorously brash in farce, breezily democratic in comedy, considerate of the common man in tragedy, and homespun in social drama. More and more we have favored plays and productions that dispense with frills and furbelows, monocles and polite mutterings.

In recent years, moreover, we have turned our attention to the 'American Way.' Our playwrights have honored the unpretentious dignity of ordinary life both in proletarian pieces like *Of Mice and Men* and in middle-class pictures like *Our Town*. We have discarded the glib snobbery of Menckanism's assault on the 'booboisie,' the borrowed Babbitt-baiting of the nineteen-twenties. We have also looked to our historic struggle for tolerance and freedom of opportunity in Kaufman and Hart's *The American Way*, and in biographical drama like Robert Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. At the same time our dramatists have spurned any retreat

into the hollow nutshell of isolationism; numerous anti-fascist plays, which were climaxed last season by Hemingway's *The Fifth Column* and Sherwood's *There Shall Be No Night*, attest a sharpened consciousness of the international situation.

Finally, the theatre has been assuming a new attitude toward the social problems of American civilization. Although plays like *Golden Boy* and *Rocket to the Moon*, by the same Clifford Odets who inaugurated his career with the inflammatory *Waiting for Lefty*, have incorporated salutary social criticism, they have avoided solutions by revolutionary action, leaving the playgoer to draw his own conclusions regarding corrective measures. The tendency to divide the American people into embattled classes flying at each other's throats has diminished; capitalist dragons no longer wear ten-twenty-'thirt' moustaches under egregious top hats, as they did in some militant plays of the early thirties, and angry workers no longer appear in profusion as knights in shining armor. It is not to be denied that the absence of passionate directness in our social drama represents a loss of dramatic force; Odets's *Night Music* last season and this season's *Retreat to Pleasure* (by the Irwin Shaw who wrote the impassioned anti-militaristic *Bury the Dead* several years ago) made the old convictions seem woefully threadbare. Compensations must be provided by depth and roundness of artistry, and a steady flame of humanitarianism will have to be substituted for revolutionary ardor if we are to avoid tepidity and insignificance.

This is, in fact, the major problem that confronts American playwrights. But it is not an insoluble one, since the widest range of sympathies has always produced the greatest dramatic literature. The stage is nearly set for a dramatic art that need not suffer, and can actually profit, from the dissolution of the European theatre and the dwindling of its influence.

IV

The current season has been undeniably meagre. As one half of it is being concluded at the present writing, the scarcity of productions reminds us that the professional theatre has been shrinking to about a third of its pre-depression dimensions. The disappearance of Orson Welles's exciting Mercury Theatre and of the teeming Federal Theatre, which was abolished by Congress in the summer of 1939, the at least temporary clouding of the vital Group Theatre's fortunes, the high costs and great risks of Broadway production — these and other factors have impoverished our stage. Misled by the tense international situation, commercially-minded producers have glutted the theatres with inept Hollywood comedies and melodramas. For the same reason they have also relied upon a greater proportion of musical comedies than has been customary. Seemingly, too, a number of playwrights have found the present world too much for them and require a breathing spell before they can become articulate again. The situation has seemed sufficiently alarming to raise the question whether we are not going the way of the European democracies that preferred to be coddled with sedatives and aphrodisiacs instead of being kept awake by trenchant drama.

Fortunately there are signs that we have other preferences. The critics and the public lost no time in interring all the Hollywood comedies and all the melodramas except a hilarious one called *Arsenic and Old Lace*, which may be described as a comedy designed to end all murder mysteries. The musical comedies that have been tolerated belong to a vigorous species far removed from lacy trumperies; their gusto is actually reassuring as a reflection of still youthful vigor even if, with the exception of the breezily critical revue *Meet the People*, they have contributed little stimulation to thought. Buddy de Sylva and Cole Porter's *Panama Hattie* exudes a brashly

democratic spirit, deflating superficial respectability in deference to rugged naturalness, deified as usual by the invincible Ethel Merman; John O'Hara's *Pal Joey* is a vigorously realistic excoriation of the cheaper aspects of American entertainment and night-club enterprise. If we have been kind to a champagne bubble like the current dramatization of *My Sister Eileen* it is because it sparkles with youthful spirit. If we have accepted a British high comedy like *Old Acquaintance* which leaves the state of the world untouched, we have done so because it treats human nature instead of airy sophistication. It will not be long, too, before S. N. Behrman gives us another of his searching comedies of ideas. The single fantasy that has captivated Broadway, *Cabin in the Sky*, is a Negro morality play characterized by racial humor and vigor. Another fantasy, Philip Barry's allegory of American democracy, *Liberty Jones* (which is having its pre-Broadway tour as this report is being written), should prove sparklingly provocative if it receives some necessary clarification. Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, interpreted by Margaret Webster's direction as a festive masque, has received new vitality from the fresh performances of Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans.

In the more neglected field of serious dramatics, Broadway has also revealed some encouraging vitality. *King Lear*, which was Piscator's first production in New York, suffered from the limitations of a studio production in personnel and mechanics. It was a noteworthy, if only partially successful, effort to revive this rarely seen, difficult tragedy in modern terms as a tragedy of power politics and evil. Maxwell Anderson's verse play, *Journey to Jerusalem*, was defeated by its author's choice of the inactive period of Christ's adolescence, but it drew a suggestive parallel between Judæan history and our own day, and it provided a stirring portrait of a rebel against Roman tyranny. Emlyn Williams's three-year-

old English play, *The Corn Is Green*, was finally staged by Herman Shumlin. A remarkable production, graced by Ethel Barrymore's best acting in years, its story of a spinster's educational efforts in an illiterate Welsh mining district that culminated in her discovery of a genius is an eloquent testimony to democratic ideals. Finally, the gift of tongues also came to the veteran social dramatist Elmer Rice. His *Flight to the West* may be discursive and its purple patches sparse, but its contrast between fascist ruthlessness and the human aspirations that form the bulwark of democracy proved both provocative and stirring. Even a half-successful exposé like the recently closed *Cue for Passion* scored some well-aimed hits at social dangers. The theatre has not been darkened in America even if it needs much more illumination than Broadway has provided during the past six months.

Moreover, the lights are on in numerous college and 'little theatre' communities, as well as in the touring stops of last season's *There Shall Be No Night*, *The Time of Your Life*, and other meritorious plays. (Patronage for these has been abundant; the so-called 'road' has been extended by the Theatre Guild, which now has subscription audiences in important cities; and a National Playgoers' Guild is planning to reach many sections of the country.) The American theatre is larger than Broadway. Paul Green's pageant, *The Lost Colony*, which celebrates the colonization of Virginia, has become an annual festival in the South. There is even a Barter Theatre

in West Virginia which accepts payment in smoked hams and vegetables. Universities in particular have been giving increasing attention to the study and presentation of drama. They are providing regional productions like those of the Chapel Hill Players, directed by Professor Frederick H. Koch and Paul Green, and experimental work like the socially oriented productions of Miss Hallie Flanagan at Vassar College and Professor Glenn Hughes's Penthouse Theatre's intimate staging at the University of Washington, which uses a centrally located platform like Okhlopkov's in Russia. The Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research has established a subscription theatre for experimentation in the downtown section of New York City. Wonderfully equipped new plants like the University of Wisconsin building are arising. More progressive instruction and the assimilation of professional talent to assist student actors and playwrights alone are needed to make this auxiliary theatre a far-reaching enterprise.

A vigorous Broadway and auxiliary stage seems a distinct possibility at present. It can be America's answer to the responsibility of preserving one of the greatest mediums of human expression, and it is not the least of our privileges to be entrusted with this assignment. The last outpost of free civilization is necessarily also the last outpost of the free theatre. To strengthen it is, moreover, one way of looking to our defenses, which include spiritual resources as well as material ones.

POEMS

BY ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

TESTAMENT

But how can I live without you? — she cried.

I left all world to you when I died:
Beauty of earth and air and sea;
Leap of a swallow or a tree;
Kiss of rain and wind's embrace;
Passion of storm and winter's face;
Touch of feather, flower and stone;
Chiseled line of branch or bone;
Flight of stars, night's caravan;
Song of crickets — and of man —
All these I put in my testament,
All these I bequeathed you when I went.

*But how can I see them without your eyes
Or touch them without your hand?
How can I hear them without your ear,
Without your heart, understand?*

These too, these too
I leave to you!

A FINAL CRY

PRAISE life — Praise life —
Before the fall
Of winter's knife,
They stand and call,
O man, praise life.

The bee who goes
To the aster knows
December's fear;

The butterfly
On a daisy's eye,
That death is near;

Flies in the sun,
That summer's done.

Ripe berries wait
Their certain fate.

In red and gold
The lesson's told;

In ecstasy
The end foresee.

A final cry
From earth to sky,
Tree, fruit and flower,
Before the hour
Of sacrifice:

Praise life, O man,
While yet you can.

THE KIPLING THAT NOBODY READ

BY EDMUND WILSON

I

THE volume called *Traffics and Discoveries*, published in 1904, marks the complete metamorphosis of Kipling.¹ The collection that preceded it, *The Day's Work*, though these tendencies had already begun to appear in it, still keeps some human values: the English officials in the Indian stories — 'The Tomb of His Ancestors' and 'William the Conqueror' — have still a sympathetic interest in the natives. But the Kipling of the South African stories is venomous, morbid, distorted.

When the Boer War finally breaks, Kipling is at once on the spot, with almost all the correct reactions. He is now at the zenith of his reputation, and he receives every official courtesy. And though he may criticize the handling of a campaign, he never questions the rightness of its object. He has the impulse to get close to the troops, edits a paper for the soldiers; but his attitude toward the Tommy has changed. He had already been entertained and enlightened by Lord Dufferin, the British Viceroy in India. Hitherto, he tells us in his memoirs, he 'had seen the administrative machinery from beneath, all stripped and overheated. This was the first time I had listened to one who had handled it from above.' Another passage from *Something of Myself* shows how his emphasis has altered: 'I happened to fall unreservedly, in darkness, over a man near the train, and filled my palms with

gravel. He explained in an even voice that he was "fractured 'ip, sir, 'Ope you ain't 'urt yourself, sir?" I never got at this unknown Philip Sidney's name. They were wonderful even in the hour of death — these men and boys — lodge-keepers and ex-butlers of the Reserve and raw town-lads of twenty.' Here he is trying to pay a tribute; yet it is obvious that the Kipling who was proud to be questioned in India by Lord Roberts as if he were a Colonel has triumphed over the Kipling who answered him as a spokesman for the unfortunate soldiers. Today he is becoming primarily a man whom a soldier addresses as 'sir,' as a soldier is becoming for Kipling a man whose capacity for heroism is indicated by remaining respectful with a fractured hip. The cockney Ortheris of *Soldiers Three* and the officer who had insulted him at drill waived the Courts-Martial Manual and fought it out man to man; but the virtue of his officers and soldiers today consists primarily in knowing their station.

Kipling had raised at the beginning of the war, through his poem 'The Absent-Minded Beggar,' a very large sum of money for the families of the troops in South Africa; but the poem is a money-raising poem — it has nothing like the spontaneous feeling of

I went into a public-house to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, 'We serve no red-coats
here.'

The Barrack-Room Ballads were good in their kind: they gave the Tommy a

¹ The first part of Mr. Wilson's essay on Kipling appeared in the February issue. — EDITOR

voice, to which people stopped and listened. Kipling was interested in the soldier for his own sake, told of his life as it seemed to the soldier himself. The poem called 'Loot,' for example, which worries Mr. Edward Shanks because it appears to celebrate a reprehensible practice, is in reality perfectly legitimate because it simply describes one of the features of the soldier's experience in India. There is no moral one way or the other. The ballads of *The Five Nations*, on the other hand, the fruits of Kipling's experience in South Africa, are about ninety per cent merely rhymed journalism decorating the ready-made morality of a patriotic partisan. Compare one of the most successful of the earlier series with one of the most ambitious of the later.

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles
So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;
There aren't a wave for miles an' miles
Excep' the jiggle from the screw:
The ship is swep', the day is done,
The bugle's gone for smoke and play;
An' black agin' the settin' sun
The Lascar sings, 'Hum deckty hail'

*For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide —
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!*

Contrast this with 'The Return' (from South Africa).

Peace is declared, an' I return
To 'Ackneystadt, but not the same;
Things 'ave transpired which made me learn
The size and meanin' of the game.
I did no more than others did,
I don't know where the change began;
I started as an average kid,
I finished as a thinkin' man.

*If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! But she ain't!*

Before my gappin' mouth could speak
I 'eard it in my comrade's tone;
I saw it on my neighbor's cheek
Before I felt it flush my own.
An' last it come to me — not pride,
Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
(If such a term may be applied),
The makin's of a bloomin' soul.

This is hollow, synthetic, sickening. 'Having no position to consider and my trade enforcing it, I could move at will in the fourth dimension.' He *has* a position to consider today; he eats at the captain's table, travels in special trains; and he is losing the freedom of that fourth dimension. There is a significant glimpse of the Kipling of the South African imperialist period in the diary of Arnold Bennett: 'I was responding to Pauline Smith's curiosity about the personalities of authors when Mrs. Smith began to talk about Kipling. She said he was greatly disliked in South Africa. Regarded as conceited and unapproachable. The officers of the Union Castle ships dreaded him, and prayed not to find themselves on the same ship as him. It seems that on one ship he had got all the information possible out of the officers, and had then, at the end of the voyage, reported them at headquarters for flirting with passengers — all except the chief engineer, an old Scotchman with whom he had been friendly. With this exception they were all called up to headquarters and reprimanded, and now they would have nothing to do with passengers.'

As for the Indians, they are now to be judged on the basis of their loyalty to the English in South Africa. There are included in *Traffics and Discoveries* two jingoistic Sunday-school stories which are certainly among the falsest and most foolish of Kipling's productions. 'The Comprehension of Private Copper' holds up to contempt an Anglicized Indian, the son of a settler in the Transvaal, who has sided with the Boers against the English; 'A Sahibs' War,' on the other hand, presents an exemplary Sikh, who accompanies a British officer to South Africa, serves him with the devotion of a dog, and continues to practise after his leader's death the public-school principles of sportsmanship he has learned from him, in the face of the temptation to a cruel revenge against the treachery of the Boers who have shot him. As for the

Boers themselves, Kipling adopts toward them a systematic sneer. The assumption appears to be that to ambush the British is not cricket. And though the Dutch are unquestionably white men, Kipling manages somehow to imply that they have proved renegades to white solidarity by allying themselves with the black natives.

One is surprised to learn from *Something of Myself* that over a period of seven years after the war (1900-1907), Kipling spent almost half his time in South Africa, going there for five or six months of every year. He seems to have so little to show for it: a few short stories, and most of these far from his best. He had made the acquaintance of Cecil Rhodes, and must simply have sat at his feet. The Kiplings stayed in a house just off the Rhodes estate; and Kipling devotes long pages to the animals in Rhodes's private zoo and to architectural details of Rhodes's houses. Even writing in 1935, he sounds like nothing so much as a high-paid publicity agent. It turns out that the Polonius precepts in the celebrated verses called 'If —' were inspired by Kipling's conception of the character of Dr. Jameson, the leader of the Jameson raid.

It may be worth mentioning in connection with Kipling's surrender to official authority that he has been described by a close friend, Viscount Castlerosse, as having abdicated his authority also in other important respects. 'They [the Kiplings],' he says, 'were among the few happy pairs I have ever met; but as far as Kipling was concerned, his married life was one of complete surrender. To him Carrie, as he called her, was more than a wife. She was a mistress in the literal sense, a governess and a matron. In a lesser woman I should have used the term "nurse." Kipling handed himself over bodily, financially and spiritually to his spouse. He had no banking account. All the money which he earned was handed over to her, and she, in turn, would dole him out so much pocket

money. He could not call his time or even his stomach his own. . . .

'Sometimes in the evening, enlivened by wine and company, he would take a glass more than he was accustomed to, and then those great big eyes of his would shine brightly behind his strong spectacles, and Rud would take to talking faster and his views would become even more emphatic. If Mrs. Kipling was with him, she would quickly note the change and, sure enough, in a decisive voice she would issue the word of command: "Rud, it is time you went to bed," and Rud always discovered that it was about time he went to bed.

'I myself during the long years never once saw any signs of murmuring or of even incipient mutiny.'

II

In any case, Kipling has committed one of the most serious sins against his calling that are possible for an imaginative writer. He has resisted his own sense of life and discarded his own moral intelligence in favor of the point of view of a dominant political party. To Lord Roberts and Joseph Chamberlain he has sacrificed the living world of his own earlier artistic creations and of the heterogeneous human beings for whom they were offered as symbols. Here the constraint of making the correct pro-imperialist point is squeezing out all the kind of interest which is proper to a work of fiction. Compare a story of the middle Kipling with a story by Stephen Crane or Joseph Conrad, dealing with similar subjects. Both Conrad and Crane are pursuing their independent researches into the moral life of man. Where the spy in *Under Western Eyes* is shown as a poor, suffering, and loving human being, confused in his allegiances by the circumstances of his birth, a secret agent in Kipling must invariably be either a stout fellow, because his ruses are to the advantage of the British, or a sinister lying dog, because he is serving

the enemy. Where the killing of *The Blue Hotel* is made to implicate everybody connected with it in a common human guilt, a killing in a story by Kipling must absolutely be shown to be either a dastardly or a virtuous act.

To contrast Kipling with Conrad or Crane is to enable us to get down at last to what is probably the basic explanation of the failure of Kipling's nerve. He lacked faith in the artist's vocation. We have heard a good deal in modern literature about the artist in conflict with the bourgeois world. Flaubert made war on the bourgeois; Rimbaud abandoned poetry as piffing in order to realize the adventure of commerce; Thomas Mann took as his theme the emotions of weakness and defeat of the artist overshadowed by the business man. But Kipling neither faced the fight like Flaubert nor faced the problem in his life like Rimbaud nor faced the problem in his art like Mann. Something in him, something vulgar in the middle-class British way, something perhaps connected with the Methodist ministers who were his grandfathers on both sides, a tradition which understood preaching and could understand craftsmanship, but instinctively looked to the powers that governed the material world and never thought of putting the artist on a par with them — something of this sort at a given point prevented Kipling from playing through his part and betrayed him into dedicating his talents to the glorification of the practical man. Instead of *becoming* a man of action like Rimbaud, a course which shows a boldness of logic, he fell into the ignominious rôle of the artist who prostrates his art before the achievements of soldiers and merchants, and who is always declaring the supremacy of the 'doer' over the man of ideas.

The results of this are very curious and well worth studying from the artistic point of view — because Kipling, it must always be remembered, is a man of really remarkable abilities. Certain of the symptoms of his case have been indi-

cated by George Moore and Dixon Scott, whose discussions of him in *Avowals* and in *Men of Letters* are among the few first-rate pieces of criticism that I remember to have seen on the subject.

George Moore quotes a passage from *Kim*, a description of evening in India, praises it for 'the perfection of the writing, of the strong masculine rhythm of every sentence, and of the accuracy of every observation'; but then goes on to point out that 'Mr. Kipling has seen much more than he has felt,' that 'when we come to analyze the lines we find a touch of local color not only in every sentence, but in each part between each semicolon.' So Dixon Scott diagnoses admirably the excessive developments of plot and of dialect that distinguish the middle Kipling. 'Switch,' he says, 'this imperatively map-making, pattern-making method upon . . . the element of human nature, and what is the inevitable result? Inevitably, there is the same sudden stiffening and formulation. The characters spring to attention like soldiers on parade; they respond briskly to a sudden description; they wear a fixed set of idiosyncrasies like a uniform. A mind like this *must* use types and set counters; it feels dissatisfied, ineffective, unsafe, unless it can reduce the fluid waverings of character, its flitting caprices and twilit desires, to some tangible system. The characters of such a man will not only be definite; they will be definitions.'

And he goes on to show how Kipling's use of dialect and technical jargon makes a screen for his relinquishment of his grip on the organism of human personality: 'For dialect, in spite of all its air of ragged lawlessness, is wholly impersonal, typical, fixed, the code of a caste, not the voice of an individual. It is when the novelist sets his characters talking the King's English that he really puts his capacity for reproducing the unconventional and capricious on its trial. Mr. Kipling's plain conversations are markedly unreal. But honest craftsman-

ship and an ear for strong rhythms have provided him with many suits of dialects. And with these he dresses the talk till it seems to surge with character.'

The packed detail, the automatic plot, the surfaces lacquered with dialect, the whole ever-tightening tension of form, are all a part of Kipling's effort to impose by main force his scheme. The strangest result of this effort is to be seen in a change in the subject matter itself. Kipling actually tends at this time to abandon human beings altogether. In that letter of Henry James in which he speaks of his former hope that Kipling might grow into an English Balzac, he goes on: 'But I have given that up in proportion as he has come steadily from the less simple in subject to the more simple — from the Anglo-Indians to the natives, from the natives to the Tommies, from the Tommies to the quadrupeds, from the quadrupeds to the fish, and from the fish to the engines and screws.' This increasing addiction of Kipling to animals, insects, and machines is evidently to be explained by his need to find characters unresistingly susceptible of being presented as parts of a system. In the *Jungle Books*, the animal characters are each one all of a piece, though in their ensemble they still provide a variety, and they are dominated by a 'Law of the Jungle,' which lays down their duties and rights. The animals have organized the Jungle, and the Jungle is presided over by Mowgli in his function of forest ranger, so that it falls into its subsidiary place in the larger organization of the Empire.

Yet the *Jungle Books* (written in Vermont) are not artistically off the track; the element of obvious allegory is not out of place in these fairy tales. It is when Kipling takes to contriving these animal allegories for grown-ups that he brings up the reader's gorge. What is proved in regard to human beings by the fable called 'A Walking Delegate,' in which a pastureful of self-respecting horses turn

and rend a yellow loafer from Kansas, who is trying to incite them to rebellion against their master, Man? A labor leader and the men he is trying to organize are, after all, not horses but men. Does Kipling mean to imply that the ordinary workingman stands in the same relation to the employing and governing classes as that in which the horse stands to his owner? And what is proved by 'The Mother Hive,' in which an invasion of wax moths that ruin the stock of the swarm represents the infiltration of socialism? (Compare these with that more human fable of 1893, 'The Children of the Zodiac,' which deals with gods become men.) And, though the discipline of a military unit or of the crew of a ship or a plane may provide a certain human interest, it makes us a little uncomfortable to find Kipling taking up locomotives and representing '.007' instead of the engineer who drives it as the hero of the American railroad; descending even to the mechanical parts, the rivets and planks of a ship, whose drama consists solely of being knocked into place by the elements so that it may function as a coördinated whole.

III

We may lose interest, like Henry James, in the animal or mechanical characters of Kipling's middle period; but we must admit that these novel productions have their own peculiar merit. It is the paradox of Kipling's career that he should have extended the conquests of his craftsmanship in proportion to the shrinking of the range of his dramatic imagination. As his responses to human beings became duller, his sensitivity to his medium increased.

In both tendencies he was, of course, quite faithful to certain aspects of the life of his age. It was a period, these early nineteen-hundreds, of brilliant technological improvement and of generally stunted intelligence. And Kipling now appeared as the poet both of the

new mechanical methods and of the ideals of the people who spread them. To reread these stories today is to feel again a little of the thrill of the plushy transcontinental Pullmans and the spick-and-span transatlantic liners that carried us around in our youth, and to meet again the bright and bustling people, talking about the polo field and the stock market, smart Paris and sunny California, the latest musical comedy and Kipling, in the smoking rooms and steamer chairs.

Kipling followed this mechanical progress by evolving a new kind of prose technique. We have been harangued by the Futurists and others about the need for revolutionary artistic innovations appropriate to the life of the machine age; but it is doubtful whether any rhapsodist of motorcars or photographer of dynamos and valves has been so successful at this as Kipling was when he wrote *The Day's Work*. These stories of his get their effects with the energy and accuracy of engines, by means of words that, hard, short, and close-fitting, give the impression of ball bearings and cogs. Beside them, the spoutings of the machine fans look like the old-fashioned rhetoric they are. For these latter could merely whoop and roar in a manner essentially romantic over the bigness, the power, the speed, of the machines, whereas Kipling exemplified in his form itself the mechanical efficiency and discipline, and he managed to convey with precision both the grimness and the exhilaration which characterized the triumph of the machine.

He also brought to perfection the literary use of the language of the specialized modern world. He seems to have created the genre in which we are made to see some comedy or tragedy through the cheapening or obscuring medium of technical vocabulary or professional slang. He did not, of course, invent the dialect monologue; but it is improbable that we should have had, for example, either the

Cyclops episode in *Ulysses* if Kipling had never written.

This is partly, no doubt, pure virtuosity. Mr. Beresford says that Kipling was by nature as unmechanical as possible, could do nothing with his hands except write. He had never worked at any of the processes he described, had had to get them all up through the methods of the attentive reporter. But it is virtuosity on a much higher level than that of the imitation literature so often admired in that era. Where Stevenson turns out pale *pastiches* of veins which have already been exploited, Kipling really finds new rhythms, new colors and textures of words, for things that have not yet been brought into literature. For the most part a second-rate writer of verse, — because, though he can imitate the language of verse as he can imitate all the other languages, it is usually, as George Moore says, his observation, not his feeling, that is authentic, — he is a genuine master of prose. It is impossible still for a writer to read, for example, the first part of 'The Bridge-Builders' without astonishment and admiration. How he has caught the very look and feeling of the materials that go to make bridges and of the waters that they have to make passable! And the aspect of modern armies against the dusty South African landscapes, and the tempo of American trains, and the relation of the Scotch engineer to the patched-up machines of his ship! The Kipling who put on record all these things was an original and accomplished artist.

For the rest, he writes stories for children. One is surprised in going back over Kipling's work to find that from the time of his settling in Vermont he published no less than nine children's books: the two *Jungle Books*, *Captains Courageous*, the *Just So Stories*, *Stalky & Co.*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Rewards and Fairies*, *A History of England*, and *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Scout Masters*. It is as if the natural human feelings progressively forced out of his work by the rigors of

organization for its own sake were seeking relief in a reversion to childhood, when one has not yet become responsible for these things, where it is enough to enjoy and to wonder at what we do not yet understand. And, on the other hand, the simplified morality to which Kipling has now committed himself is easier of acceptance when approached from the point of view of the child. (The truth is that much of his serious work of this period might almost equally well be subtitled *For Scouts and Scout Masters*.) These stories, excellent at their best, are most successful when they are most irresponsible — as in the *Just So Stories*; least successful, as in *Captains Courageous*, when they lean most heavily on the schoolboy morality.

The most ambitious of them — the two series about Puck of Pook's Hill (1906 and 1910) — have, I know, been much admired by certain critics, including the sensitive Dixon Scott; but my own taste rejects them on rereading them as it did when I read them first at the age for which they were presumably intended. Kipling tells us that the stories in *Rewards and Fairies* were designed to carry a meaning for adults as well as to interest children. But their technical sophistication puts them slightly above the heads of children at the same time that Kipling's sugared exploitation of his Anglo-Spartan code of conduct makes them slightly repugnant to grown-ups.

They are, to be sure, the most embroidered productions of Kipling's most elaborate period. The recovery of obsolete arts and crafts, the re-creation of obsolete idioms, had opened to him new resources. The discovery of the English sea and earth stimulated his genius for words: the rich grassiness of the English country, the dense fogginess of the English coast, the layers upon layers of tradition that cause the English character to seem deep-rooted, deep-colored, deep-meaning. He has applied all his delicacy and strength to this effort to get the mother-country into prose; but his Eng-

land is never so real as was his India; and the effect, for all the soundness of Kipling's writing, is somehow fundamentally decadent. The Normans and the Saxons and the Elizabethans, the great cathedral builders and sailors and divines perpetrating impossible 'gags,' striking attitudes that verge on the ham, seem almost to anticipate Hollywood. The theme of the rôle and the ordeal of the artist which figures in *Rewards and Fairies* suffers from being treated in the vein of *Stalky & Co*. In the story called 'The Wrong Thing,' Kipling embarks on a promising subject: the discrepancy between the aim of the artist who is straining to top the standards of his craft, and the demands of the temporal powers that employ him; but he turns it into a schoolboy farce and spoils it.

Kipling's England is the most synthetic of his creations of this period when he depends so much on tools and materials as distinguished from sympathy and insight. Scott says that these stories are opalescent; and this is true, but they have the defects of opals that have been made artificially and whose variegated glimmerings and shiftings never really convey anything mysterious.

IV

Yet, in locating the Ideal in the Empire, Kipling was not without his moments of uneasiness. *If* the Empire is really founded on self-discipline, the fear of God, the code of *noblesse oblige*, if it really involves a moral system, then we are justified in identifying it with 'the Law'; but suppose that it is not really so dedicated.

If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! *But she ain't!*

Yet 'Recessional,' perhaps the best set of verses that Kipling ever wrote, is a warning that springs from a doubt; and the story called 'The Man Who Would Be King' is surely a parable of what

might happen to the English if they should forfeit their moral authority. Two low-class English adventurers put themselves over on the natives of a remote region beyond Afghanistan, organize under a single rule a whole set of mountain tribes; but the man who has made himself king is destroyed by the natives that have adored him the instant they come to realize that he is not a god, as they supposed, but a man. The Wesleyan preacher in Kipling knows that the valiant dust of man can build only on dust if it builds not in the name of God; and he is prepared to pound the pulpit and call down the Almighty's anger when parliamentarians or ministers or generals debauch their office or hold it light.

Kipling always refused official honors in order to keep himself free; and his truculence had its valuable aspect in that it aided him to resist the bribes of his period of glory and fortune. In the volume of his collected addresses, which he called *A Book of Words*, there are some sincere and inspiring sermons. 'Now I do not ask you not to be carried away by the first rush of the great game of life. That is expecting you to be more than human,' he told the students at McGill University in the fall of 1907, when the height of his popularity was past. 'But I *do* ask you, after the first heat of the game, that you draw breath and watch your fellows for a while. Sooner or later, you will see some man to whom the idea of wealth as mere wealth does not appeal, whom the methods of amassing that wealth do not interest, and who will not accept money if you offer it to him at a certain price. At first you will be inclined to laugh at this man and to think that he is not "smart" in his ideas. I suggest that you watch him closely, for he will presently demonstrate to you that money dominates everybody except the man who does not want money. You may meet that man on your farm, in your village, or in your legislature. But be sure that, whenever

or wherever you meet him, as soon as it comes to a direct issue between you, his little finger will be thicker than your loins. You will go in fear of him: he will not go in fear of you. You will do what he wants: he will not do what you want. You will find that you have no weapon in your armory with which you can attack him; no argument with which you can appeal to him. Whatever you gain, he will gain more.'

If Kipling *had* taken a bribe, it was not that of reputation or cash; it was rather the big moral bribe that a political system can offer: the promise of mental security. And even here a peculiar integrity — as it were, an integrity of *temperament* that came to exist in dissociation from the intellect — survived the collapse of the system and saved Kipling in the end from his pretenses. How this happened is the last chapter of his story.

There was a Wesleyan preacher in Kipling. The Old Testament served him as an armory of grim instances and threatening visions to put over the majesty of the imperial code; or, on occasions when the imperial masters failed to live up to this code, of scorching language for a generation of vipers. But Kipling had no real religion. He exploits, in his poems and his fiction, the mythology of a number of religions.

We may be inclined to feel, in reading Kipling, — and to some extent we shall be right, — that the various symbols and gods which figure in his stories and poems are mere properties which the writer finds useful for his purposes of rhetoric or romance. Yet we cannot but suspect in *Kim* and in the stories of metempsychosis that Kipling has been seriously influenced by the Buddhism which he had imbibed with his first language in his boyhood. Mr. Beresford corroborates this: he says that the Kipling of Westward Ho! talked Buddhism and reincarnation. And it is certainly with Buddhism that we first find associated a mystical side of Kipling's mind which, in

this last phase, is to emerge into the foreground.

We left the Lama of *Kim* attaining the Buddhist ecstasy and escaping from the 'Wheel of Things' at the same moment that Kim gets promotion and finally becomes a spoke in the wheel of British administration. But the world-beyond of the Lama is to creep back into Kipling's work in strange forms. Among the strained political fables of the collection called *Traffics and Discoveries*, which is the beginning of the sombre later Kipling, there is a story of a wireless operator who is possessed by the soul of Keats. It may be that Kipling's South-sea experience, in driving him back into his imagination for defense against the horror of reality, had had the effect both of intensifying his fancies and of dissociating them from ordinary life — so that the ascent out of the Wheel of Things and the visitations of an alien soul easily became for him ways of representing this. The effort of the grown-up Kipling to embrace by the imagination, to master by a disciplined art, the realities of the larger world is to be subject to sudden recoils. In the Kipling of the middle period, there is a suppressed but vital element which thrusts periodically a lunatic head out of a window of the well-bricked façade.

This element is connected with the Lama, but it is also connected with something else more familiar to the Western world: the visitations and alienations of what is now known as neurotic personality. Here again Kipling was true to his age. While the locomotives and aeroplanes and steamers were beating records and binding continents together, the human engine was going wrong. The age of mechanical technique was also the age of the nerve sanitarium. In the stories of the early Kipling, the intervention of the supernatural has, as a rule, within the frame of the story itself, little psychological interest; but already in 'They' and 'The Brushwood Boy' the dream and the hallucination take on a

more emphatic significance. With 'The House Surgeon' and 'In the Same Boat,' they are in process of emerging from the fairy tale: they become recognizable as psychiatric symptoms. The depression described in 'The House Surgeon' has been transferred, by the artifice of the story, to persons unconcerned in the tragedy through the influence from a distance of someone else; but the woman with whom the horror originates is suffering morbidly from feelings of guilt, and the sensations are obviously based on the first-hand experience of the author.

'And it was just then that I was aware of a little gray shadow, as it might have been a snowflake seen against the light, floating at an immense distance in the background of my brain. It annoyed me, and I shook my head to get rid of it. Then my brain telegraphed that it was the forerunner of a swift-striding gloom which there was yet time to escape if I would force my thoughts away from it, as a man leaping for life forces his body forward and away from the fall of a wall. But the gloom overtook me before I could take in the meaning of the message. I moved toward the bed, every nerve already aching with the foreknowledge of the pain that was to be dealt it, and sat down, while my amazed and angry soul dropped, gulf by gulf, into that horror of great darkness which is spoken of in the Bible, and which, as the auctioneers say, must be experienced to be appreciated.

'Despair upon despair, misery upon misery, fear after fear, each causing their distinct and separate woe, packed in upon me for an unrecorded length of time, until at last they blurred together, and I heard a click in my brain like the click in the ear when one descends in a diving bell, and I knew that the pressures were equalized within and without, and that, for the moment, the worst was at an end. But I knew also that at any moment the darkness might come down anew; and while I dwelt on this speculation precisely as a man torments a raging

tooth with his tongue, it ebbed away into the little gray shadow on the brain of its first coming, and once more I heard my brain, which knew what would recur, telegraph to every quarter for help, release or diversion.'

And although the recurring irrational panics of the couple of 'In the Same Boat' are finally explained as the result of shocks received by their mothers before their births, nevertheless the man and woman, with their 'nerve doctors,' their drug-taking, their shaky journeys in flight from their neurotic fears, their peculiar neurotic relationship, constitute an accurate account of a phenomenon of contemporary life which, at the time that Kipling was writing, had hardly been described in fiction.

Observe that in both these stories, as in the stories of war neuroses that will follow, the people who suffer are quite innocent, their agony is entirely unjust. The only cases in which the obsessive horror is represented as having been earned are those in which a man is hounded to death by the vision of a woman he has wronged. This theme recurs regularly with Kipling from the time of 'The Phantom Rickshaw,' one of the very first of his short stories, through the remarkable 'Mrs. Bathurst' of his middle period, to the strange and poisoned 'Dayspring Mishandled,' which was one of the last things he wrote. It would seem to be unprofitable to speculate on the relation of this theme of betrayal to the other recurring themes of Kipling's work. We do not know enough about his life to be able to assign it to an assumption that he must somehow have sinned against the mother who had abandoned him so inexplicably at Southsea; or to relate it to the strange situation of Dick Helder in *The Light That Failed*, who vainly adores, and goes blind in adoring, the inexplicably obdurate Maisie. All we can say is that the theme of the anguish which is suffered without being deserved has the appearance of having been derived from a morbid

permanent feeling of injury inflicted by his experience at Southsea.

Certainly the fear of darkness passing into the fear of blindness which runs all through his work from *The Light That Failed* to 'They,' is traceable directly to his breakdown and to the frightening failure of his eyes. This was a pattern he seems to have repeated. Illnesses were critical for Kipling. It was after his illness in India that he set out to contend with the hostile world by making himself a writer; and it was after his illness in New York that he decided to turn his back on America and to accept all the values that that retreat implied. It was after the breakdown in which Kim asked himself, 'What is Kim?' that he emerged as a full-blown British agent. From the darkness and the physical weakness, the Kipling of the middle period has come forth with tightened nerves, resolved to meet a state of things in which horses are always being whipped or having their heads blown off, in which schoolboys are bullied and flogged, in which soldiers are imprisoned in barracks and fed to the bayonets and guns, by identifying himself with horses — as in 'A Walking Delegate' — that gang together to kick and maul another horse, schoolboys — as in 'The Moral Reformers' of *Stalky* — that gloat in torturing other schoolboys, soldiers that get the sharpest satisfaction from stabbing and pot-shooting other soldiers. He has set himself with all the tightened screws of a metal-armatured art to stand up to this world outside that gets its authority from its power to crush and kill: the world of the Southsea house. And yet the darkness and the illness return.

It is a key to the whole work of Kipling that the great celebrant of physical courage should prove in the long run to convey his most powerful and convincing effects in describing moral panic. Kipling's bullyings and killings are contemptible: they are the fantasies of the physically helpless. The only authentic heroism to be found in the fiction of

Kipling is the heroism of moral fortitude on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

And in the later decades of Kipling's life the blackness and the panic close down; the abyss becomes more real. It is the Crab, both devil and destiny, which in the fable called 'The Children of the Zodiac' lies in wait for the poet and finally comes to devour him. The nurse-like watchfulness of Mrs. Kipling and Kipling's fear of stepping out of her régime, which appeared to his friend Viscount Castlerosse an impediment to the development of his genius, were no doubt, on the contrary, a condition, in his extreme nervous instability, of his being able to function at all — just as the violence of his determination to find the answer to the problems of society and a defense against the forces that plagued him in the program of an imperialist government was evidently directly related to the violence of desperation of his need.

But now both shelters — the roof and walls of his family life and the confidence of his political idealism — were at the same moment to be destroyed.

V

In 1914–1918, the British Empire collided with a competitor. All England went to war, including Kipling's only son. The boy, not yet out of his teens, was killed in an attack before Loos in September 1915, and his body was never found. John Kipling had at first been reported missing, and his father waited for months in the hope of getting a letter from Germany announcing that he had been taken prisoner.

These war years left Kipling defenseless. It had been easy to be grimly romantic on the subject of the warfare in India, when Kipling had never seen fighting; it had even been possible, as a reporter at the front, to Meissonier the campaign in South Africa in the bright colors of the new nineteenth century. But the long systematic waste of the

trench warfare of the struggle against Germany discouraged the artistic exploitation of the cruelties and gallantries of battle. The strain of the suspense and the horror taxed intolerably those attitudes of Kipling's which had been in the first instance provoked by a strain and which had only at the cost of a strain been kept up.

From even before the war the conduct of British policy by its guardians had been far from pleasing to Kipling. He saw clearly the careerism and the venality of modern politicians; and he was bitterly opposed on principle to the aims of the radicals and liberals. In May 1914, when civil war with Ulster was threatening, he delivered at Tunbridge Wells and allowed to be circulated as a penny leaflet a speech against the Home Rule Bill of a virulence almost hysterical. The attempt to free Ireland he excoriates as on a level with the Marconi scandals. 'The Home Rule Bill,' he declares, 'broke the pledged faith of generations; it officially recognized sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion; it subsidized the secret forces of boycott, intimidation and murder; and it created an independent stronghold in which all these forces could work together, as they have always and openly boasted that they would, for the destruction of Great Britain.'

This was to remain Kipling's temper in public questions.

Our world has passed away,
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left today
But steel and fire and stone!

he wrote when the war began. And when Kipling was sickened and broken with steel and fire and stone, there was nothing left at all.

Nothing, at least, but his craft, which now reflects only the twisted fragments of Kipling's exploded cosmos.

These latest stories of Kipling's have attracted little attention for reasons that are easily comprehensible. The disappearance in the middle Kipling of the

interest in human beings for their own sake and the deliberate cultivation of the excommunicatory imperialist hatreds had already had the effect of discouraging the appetite of the general public; and when the human element reappeared in a new tormented form in Kipling's later stories, the elliptical and complex technique which the writer had by that time developed put the general reader off. On the other hand, the highbrows ignored him, because, in the era of Lawrence and Joyce, when the world was disgusted with soldiering and when the imperialisms were apparently deflated, they could not accept Kipling's point of view. In their conviction that it could not possibly hold water, they had not even enough curiosity to wonder what had happened to an author who was associated with the fairy tales of their youth. And in a sense they were, of course, correct. Kipling *had* terribly shrunk; Kipling was even in pieces; whereas Yeats was playing out superbly the last act of a personal drama which he had sustained unshaken by public events, and Henry James was now seen in retrospect to have accomplished, in his long career, a prodigy of disinterested devotion to an art and to an interpretation of life. Where there was so much wreckage around, political, social, and moral, the figure of the disinterested artist commanded especial respect.

Yet the Kipling found among the wreckage, starved and wry in this latest phase, has carried through his growth as an artist. Some of these stories are the most intense in feeling as they are in form among the most concentrated that Kipling ever wrote; to a writer, they are perhaps the most interesting. The contents are often hard to swallow, and the stories themselves — through a tasteless device which unfortunately grew on Kipling as he got older — are each preceded and followed by poems which, in translating their themes into second-rate verse, tend to dull the effect of the prose. But here Kipling's peculiar

method, trained with deadly intention, scores some of its most amazing hits.

Let us, however, first consider the subjects of these final collections of stories (*A Diversity of Creatures*, *Debits and Credits*, and *Limits and Renewals*). The fragments of the disintegrated Kipling fall roughly into five classes: tales of hatred, practical jokes, neurotic cases, tales of fellowship in religion, and tales of bereavement.

The tale of hatred — of the Americans and the Germans: 'Sea Constables' and 'Mary Postgate' — has here become absolutely murderous. The hatred of democracy — in the satire called 'As Easy As A.B.C.' (which appeared in 1912) — is carried to lengths that would be Swiftian if Kipling had subjected the whole human race to the death ray of his abstract contempt, but which is rendered rather suspect by the exemption of an ideal group of disciplined officials. The morals of these stories are odious, and the plots mostly contrived and preposterous; yet they derive a certain dignity from the desperation of bitterness that animates them.

Then there are the practical jokes — a category which includes the comic accidents: practical jokes inflicted by the author. These have always been a feature of Kipling. His addiction to this form of humor seems to have derived originally from the booby traps and baitings of Westward Ho!; later, changing sides, he identified them rather with the licking-into-shape of the regimental ragging. The victims of these practical jokes fall into two classes: petty tyrants, who humiliate and bully, and who always have to be cads; and political idealists and godless intellectuals, who always have to be asses. Kipling likes nothing better than to hurl one of these latter into a hive of bees or, as in one of his early stories, to silence his opinions by a sunstroke. A first principle of Kipling's world is revenge, and the humiliated must become the humiliator. One might expect this kind of thing to disappear in

the latest Kipling; but the formula becomes instead much more frequent, and it plays a peculiar rôle. The practical joke is, like extravagant laughter, a violent if hollow explosion for the relief of nervous strain; and the severity of this strain may be gauged by the enormous proportions of the hoaxes in which Kipling now labors to combine the complex calculation of an Ibsen with the methodical ferocity of a Chinese executioner.

In the stories of war neurosis the comic disaster is frankly exploited as a therapeutic device. There are six stories of war neurosis in Kipling's last two collections. The situation of the shattered veteran provided him with an opportunity to study further a subject which has haunted him all his life: the condition of people who seem to themselves on the borderline of madness. Here the sufferers are still perfectly guiltless. In one case an appearance of guilt, in another a conviction of guilt, turn out to be totally unjustified. But the picture is now more realistically filled out than it was by the prenatal occurrences that were the best he could do for motivation with the neurotics of 'In the Same Boat.' The war supplies real causes for derangement; and Kipling sees that such short circuits may be mended by going back to the occasion that gave rise to the obsession and disentangling the crossed wires. But his principal prescriptions for saving people from the effects of the horror and the strain of the war are such apropos comic accidents and well-aimed benevolent frauds as, in reality, are rarely possible and which would be of doubtful efficacy if they were. In one story, the fantasy of the sick man turns out to be based on a reading in hospital of a novel by Mrs. Ewing (as the soldiers in 'The Janeites' find solace in the novels of Jane Austen) — which also gives the veteran, when he recovers, a beneficent interest in life: that of planting wayside gardens. Another ex-soldier is saved by a dog.

Kipling's homeless religious sense resorts to strange fellowships and faiths to bolster up his broken men. He had been made a Freemason in India, and Freemasonry had figured in *Kim* and had seemed to crop up in the guise of Mithraism in the Roman stories of *Puck of Pook's Hill*. Now he invents, for a new series of stories, a circle of philanthropic Masons who meet in the back room of a tobacconist's and help men who have been wrecked by the war. A new ideal — but the new ideal of a tired and humbled man — of a brotherhood which shall not be delimited by the confines of a fighting unit or caste begins to appear in these stories. Mithraism figures again in 'The Church That Was at Antioch': the young Roman officer turned Mithraist says of his mother, 'She follows the old school, of course — the home-worships and the strict Latin Trinity. . . . But one wants more than that'; and he ends by being murdered in revenge for his protection of the Apostle Paul. In another story, 'The Manner of Men,' Paul rescues a neurotic sea captain: 'Serve Cæsar,' says Paul. 'You are not canvas I can cut to advantage at present. But if you serve Cæsar you will be obeying at least some sort of law. . . . If you take refuge under Cæsar at sea, you may have time to think. Then I may meet you again, and we can go on with our talks. But that is as The God wills. What concerns you *now*,' he concludes in a tone that recalls at the same time the Buchmanite and the psychoanalyst, 'is that, by taking service, you will be free from the fear that has ridden you all your life.'

This is, then, quite another Kipling. His captains have been afraid all their lives. His soldiers are not cocky, not keen to kill inferior races, not charged with the mission of the Empire. The officers and soldiers are closer together, as they were in the early stories; but now they are simply civilians back in mufti, between whom the bond of having been in the war is stronger than the

class differences of peacetime. And they are all the remnants of a colossal disaster. I shall quote one of the pieces in verse with which he supplements these later stories, indifferent though it is as poetry, because it illustrates this change so strikingly: —

I have a dream — a dreadful dream —
A dream that is never done,
I watch a man go out of his mind,
And he is My Mother's Son.

They pushed him into a Mental Home,
And that is like the grave:
For they do not let you sleep upstairs,
And you're not allowed to shave.

And it was *not* disease or crime
Which got him landed there,
But because they laid on My Mother's Son
More than a man could bear.

What with noise, and fear of death,
Waking, and wounds and cold,
They filled the Cup for My Mother's Son
Fuller than it could hold.

They broke his body and his mind
And yet they made him live,
And they asked more of My Mother's Son
Than any man could give.

For, just because he had not died
Nor been discharged nor sick:
They dragged it out with My Mother's Son
Longer than he could stick. . . .

And no one knows when he'll get well —
So, there he'll have to be:
And, 'spite of the beard in the looking-glass,
I know that man is me!

The theme of inescapable illness dominates the whole later Kipling. In some cases the diseases are physical, but there is always the implication of a psychological aspect. In 'A Madonna of the Trenches' and 'The Wish House' — gruesome ghost stories of love and death that make 'At the End of the Passage' and 'The Mark of the Beast' look like harmless bogey tales for children — cancer serves as a symbol for rejected or frustrated love. And it is not clear in 'Dayspring Mishandled' whether the detestable literary man Castorley is being poisoned by his wife and the doctor or by the consciousness of the wrong

he has committed, which has been brought home to him by Manallace's hatred. The strangest of all these stories is 'Unprofessional,' in which cancer, hysterical seizures, the aftermath of the war, and the influence of the something outside human life, combine in a circumstantial fantasy of the beneficent possibilities of science.

Kipling is back again in the 'House of Desolation' at Southsea, unjustly tormented, ill, abandoned by those he loves, full of hatred, and with the darkness full of spectres descending on that world which determined effort had once enabled him to see so distinctly. It cannot be due entirely to the accidents of Kipling's life that the most authentic of his early stories should deal with children forsaken by their parents and the most poignant of his later ones with parents bereaved of their children. The theme had appeared in 'They,' before the death of Kipling's son though after the death of his daughter, associated with the themes of blindness and the deprivation of love.

Certainly two of these last stories of Kipling's that deal with the deaths of boys in the war are among the most moving he wrote. The scene in 'Mary Postgate,' for example, in which the camel-like English 'companion' burns up the belongings of the young soldier to whom, as an orphan (Kipling's children are mostly orphans), she has stood in a maternal rôle and who has just been killed in a plane, haunts one as do few things in Kipling. You have a typical Kipling inventory of all the objects, mainly relics of boyhood sports, that Mary Postgate has to destroy; and then: 'The shrubbery was filling with twilight by the time she had completed her arrangements and sprinkled the sacrificial oil. As she lit the match that would burn her heart to ashes, she heard a groan or a grunt behind the dense Portugal laurels.' *The match that would burn her heart to ashes:* they are the first words that we have yet encountered, the only words

that we shall have encountered, that have not been or are not to be matter-of-fact; and here the objective observation of Kipling, of which George Moore complained that it was too systematic and too technical — making it 'Portugal laurels' where another writer would have written simply 'shrubbery' — here this hardness of concrete detail is suddenly given new value by a phrase on another plane.

So in that other remarkable story, 'The Gardener,' Kipling's method of preparing a finale by concealing essential information in an apparently casual narrative produces an effect of tremendous power. This method, which Kipling has developed with so much ingenuity and precision, serves in certain of his stories to spring surprises that are merely mechanical; but it has always had its appropriateness to those aspects of the English character with which Kipling has been particularly concerned in that it masks emotion and purpose under a pretense of coolness and practicality; and here it is handled in a masterly manner to dramatize another example of the impassive Englishwoman. The implications of 'Mary Postgate' prevent us from accepting it fully: we know too well that the revengeful cruelty which impels the heroine of the story to let the battered German aviator die is shared by the author himself. But 'The Gardener' may conquer us completely. I am not sure that it is not really the best story that Kipling ever wrote. Like the rest of even the best of Kipling, it is not quite on the highest level. He must still have his fairy-tale

properties; and we may be disposed to protest at his taste when we find that the Puck of Pook's Hill element is now being supplied by Jesus. But if we have followed Kipling's development with interest, we realize the significance of this fact. The rôle that Christ has formerly played in Kipling — as in the poem in *Rewards and Fairies* called 'Cold Iron' — has been the pukka Sahib rôle of one who was able to 'take it.' This is the first time that Kipling's Christ has pitied — as Kipling himself pities now rather than boasts of the much-enduring and self-disciplined British. And the symbol at once bares the secret and liberates the locked-up emotion with a sudden and shocking force. The combination of self-repression and grief of the unmarried mother in 'The Gardener' is characteristic of the real Kipling. Here he has found for it intense expression in the hard concrete symbols of his art.

The big talk of the work of the world, of the mission to command of the British, even the hatefulness of fear and disappointment, have faded away for Kipling. He composes as a memorial to his son, and to the military system in devotion to which the half-American boy has died, a history of the Irish Guards in the war, in which Lieutenant John Kipling is hardly mentioned. But meticulously assembling, by the method by which he once seemed to build so solidly, the scattered memories of his son's battalion, he seems merely to be striving, by wisps and scraps, to re-create the terrible days that preceded the death of his child. Even the victory over the Germans can never make that right.

MEMORY BE GREEN

BY JANE WALLACH

NANNY died in this room a week ago tonight. It is finished now. Kilty, Nanny's daughter, lies at my feet — a little gray dog with a black muzzle. She lies on a plaid blanket, and her soft paws, stretched towards the glowing fire, are somehow touching. There is something eternally young, something woodsy, not quite dog, about Kilt — a fairy something. There is nothing of Nanny in her, and I am glad.

The snow is falling thickly now, and the wind howls in the chimney.

Some day — perhaps — I will write the story of Nanny's life. She was unique. Now as we sit by the fire, Kilt and I, I see it in fragments. A moment, an episode, here and there. Ten years our lives were interwoven — our independent lives, for Nanny was no part of me. She was a personality. Now I linger lovingly on last summer — Nanny's last summer.

I

Night was falling as we drew near the island. It lay low and dark, bound by a narrow ribbon of sand. Now the water was bronze, and red, and gold. Gulls followed us; they rose and dipped, rose and dipped, in shafts of sunset light, and they made a great din in their hunger and greed. The gulls, the steady throb of engines, the slap of water on the side of the boat, the sound of running children on the deck — these but accented the wide stillness. As we came in closer we could pick up different things in the half light — the ribs of an old

boat lying on its side, black on the white sand, and the steep banks of Dionis.

Now we are passing the long breakwater; round the point, the whistle blows. The engines slow — we are in the harbor — there are the dark wet wharves, the huddled sheds and boat-houses, the working boats and pleasure boats, and the village topped by the gilded clock tower. The Cairns are rousing themselves now. Kilty comes out from the nest of blankets where she and Nanny have been lying tight together, cozy and warm. She stretches and yawns and a shiver of excitement ripples down her back; and Banny, the untraveled, creeps out from under the bunk where he has been hiding these four hours. Only Nanny is poised. She knows that she will be carried, like a princess, through the hurly-burly. The others will have to propel themselves through mountains of luggage and the big feet of pushing men. The boat bumps into the wharf. I leash the dogs and gather the blankets together.

After supper we walk up Crooked Lane. The dogs zigzag across the road. They hurry from bush to bush smelling out the secrets of this land. Threerumps, three tails wagging together. How good is the rough and rutted road, the clear cold air! We are here. We have arrived. The summer stretches before us. Across the dark fields the village lights twinkle. A dog barks in the distance. The vast firmament encompasses us and there is peace all about us. Beloved world of sea and sky and all the weathers!

Early the next morning I sit up in bed and look over the fields in front of our house. They go to the village edge, perhaps a half mile away. The big elms in Main Street are over there, and beyond them and above them the clock tower. The sound of the bells comes across the fields every hour. I can see the great blue arch of the heavens, and we are caught up in the song of the wind.

Later we walk through the fields — fields of daisies, buttercups, and clover, of long sweet grasses and rough heather. In a little hollow we come upon a pond, its borders thick with iris. I sit in the long grass and the dogs rush up and down the shallow banks. The frogs leap for them, and they raise their voices in agonized delight. Kilty is fishing for water fleas, delicately, nervously, touching the water with one paw. She paces up and down licking the corners of her mouth, tremors of nervous ecstasy rippling down her back. Only Nanny ventures into the cold water and pokes about in the green things, muddy water coming up to her little round belly. Then a new tantalizing scent diverts them and the long grass closes over them, and sometimes I can only see Nanny's tail beating with the zest of life.

There is the song of birds in the air — a surprise, for I have never marked them before on the island. Only the gulls, and in the fall the water fowl swimming in the ponds. This is a quite new bit of country for us and we think it fine. It is sheltered from the wind in the hollow; the birds sing, the insects buzz, the light breeze ripples the grass. Only Nanny shatters the stillness with her shrill coloratura — and the blackbirds scold. They follow us home, making a great clatter. They must have their nests in the grass.

Behind our house green meadows roll into the western sky, slashed by iris-edged watercourses. A herd of little island cows are pastured there, and it looks like good eating. A group of gaunt

trees raise their spare branches against the sky, and farther away a patch of stunted pine woods.

On our own ground, fence-enclosed, the grass grows tall and weedy, and in one corner, screened from the wind and the afternoon sun by coarse bushes, it is pleasant to lie in a deck chair with a book. Not that I read much. I sit and watch the dogs. Mint grows wild and thick in the long grass, and Kilty and Banny lie in it, like lumps, beside me, while Nanny follows her own independent interests, in and out of the hedge — intent, maybe, on a bug, or digging deep in the earth after an elusive scent.

White she was; and her tail would be going all the time.

Around the island it's all beach, with never a rock or pebble. On the north side the water is mostly smooth, or just a bit choppy, and there we go to swim on a sunny morning. Boats are going in and out of the harbor or just bobbing about idly, all kinds of boats. Little ones with colored sails — the Rainbow Fleet, they call them. A sloop, maybe, gleaming white in the sun, come for the races. Or a long black yacht slipping by fast and quiet. And snub-nosed trawlers and cargo boats. Once in a long time, most rare, a schooner, with yard on yard of canvas billowing before the wind.

There is always something to see from the north shore on a summer morning. Across the bay lies Coatue, and afar off the long sandy bar leading to the Great Point Light. Around noon the boat comes — the boat that brings food, papers, and letters, and sometimes friends. You can see it a long way off — first it is just a bit of smoke in the sky. It comes from the Vineyard and the Cape, and romance is in it. The people on the decks wave as they go by. All is happiness and contentment. The sun is good, and so is the warm sand; the water clear — there is nothing of dirt in it.

The south shore, the east shore, are best in the afternoon. Load up with

dogs, tea basket, and all the rest of it, and off across the moors in flower. There it lies, the immense ocean. Three thousand miles straight to Spain, so they say, with nothing between.

It is nice to sit propped against a good back rest, heels dug into the clean sand and hollows under you to fit the form, and a long afternoon ahead of you. The beach stretches away on both sides; there is no one in sight, not even the sign of a house — nothing but the sea rolling in, and the sky and the long line of the shore with gulls swooping overhead and sandpipers hopping on their thin little legs by the foamy water edge. As it was in the beginning — that's how it is. Way down the beach there is a congregation of gulls; they look so tall — like penguins, or little men — there in the distance.

There is no sound but the wind and the sea rolling in, and the drag of it going out again. The sound of it and the sight of it are mournful to Banny. It disgusts him through and through, and he sits on the top of the bank, a little lump of a dog, collapsed in the middle, back to the sea and eye fixed on his car — car of his idolatry, car that takes him to the village where the other fellers are, and there's a good pavement under your feet, and always something going on.

Kilty stays by me, half-open, dreamy eyes on the tea basket. And Nanny, puddin'-pie Nanny, goes off to find herself a nice shore dinner — seaweed and a bit of old dried fish, topped off with crisp seashell. Then she joins the sandpipers, and the waves curl round her feet, but she doesn't seem to notice them at all, so intent is she on those jumping sand fleas. She jumps too, four legs stiff as stiff, and pounces on them — and gobbles them up. She will be busy for hours and never look at us.

I like to face the east and think of it off there, beyond Spain. In my mind's eye I see those burnt lands where Abraham kept his sheep and that garden where Adam walked with God in the cool

of the evening. There was the dawn of the world, there the beginning of things; and I would look upon Ararat and walk in those ways and talk with wise men who do not hurry and have no brief cases. And I would look on Greece, all shining white with marble, and about it the wine-red sea. The sea is wine-red here, at Madaket, at sunset time. Only Egypt I would hurry by, I hate it so — its big dark tombs and its cats, its priests and dark mysteries.

Now put the kettle on. Kilty sits up. Pretty face she has, and a sweet tooth. And Nanny comes to join us and sits on her rump in a way that speaks of satisfaction.

When the clouds are evening pink, or fog comes off the sea, we gather everything up and go home.

There are garden flowers on the table and hot biscuits; mackerel with a salty tang, and vegetables fresh from the Dutchman's stall. Night falls, and the dogs lie on their sides sleeping.

II

All is cheer and bustle at market time in the village. Hard to find a place to leave the car. Then it's walk up and down the main street, back and forth across the cobbles, in and out of the little red brick shops with arms full of bundles. The sun is bright, and all the street is glowing with the warm red of the brick. Under the old elms are benches, and on them the islanders pass the time of day in gossip, and the off-islanders read their letters and rest their cobble-calloused feet. Two black cooks, plump and jolly, debate the excellencies of the glistening fish piled high on a horse-drawn cart; and young black hired girls, arm in arm, in giddy colors, — lips red and shiny hair, — strut up and down, giggling. The blind man, tin cup before him, plays a brisk tune on his accordion. Island children have their flowers out in baskets and Mason jars, good strong flowers with strong smells

and short stems, ten cents the bunch — healthy wind-blown children raising flowers for a bit of extra. They sit swinging their legs and poking each other.

Up by the corner store the yaller dogs will be frisking in and out of the legs of the passers-by, getting a pat or a curse. Banny strains at them in love and hate. He makes himself all stiff, and I have to drag him by. Never mind — there will be other dogs by Rogers's store. The food looks wonderful — big loaves of bread, warm and smelling wonderful, too, in the salty air, pies, and brownies for Kilty and me. The Greek has his fruit and vegetables spread out — red and black berries, pale melons, golden peaches; and dark rich eggplant, and all the squashes, and the greens. In Clark's window it's deep blue glass — or red — with andirons and bright door knockers and today a duck decoy, marsh-evoking, set out on the red brick pavement. In Cady's are rum-and-butter balls and biscuits come from England. In 'Downy-flake' the coffeepot is on and there are mountains of fat doughnuts, and over all hangs a richly painted sign. It says: —

As you ramble on through life, Brother,
No matter what your goal,
Keep your eye upon the doughnut
And not upon the hole.

We go back to the car past the Athe-neum — a fine building with big columns and the paint peeling off. Within is a rich aroma of old books. It is bound in my mind with the stories of Willa Cather, for it was there I found them. Now stop at Miss Stevens's little shop for writing paper. It's a little shop for this and that — strings and wax, stickers and playing cards, books and postcards. Dark and restful, after the blazing sun.

Home we go, over the cobbles, under the elms, with the stately houses on both sides. When we draw up we hear Nanny vocalizing — piercing, and I couldn't say it was melodious, but grateful to the heart. A very vocal dog, and a great range of sound comes out of her informed with meaning — not just a senseless

yapping. When we open the door she will be trying to stand on her head and trying to wag her rump off at the same time with joy and enthusiasm at our home-coming. She will have a happy nip for both of us. Kilty will be there behind her, wagging fit to burst, too; but then, she does it for everyone — all the strangers in the city streets, maybe a sour-faced dowager, or some old bum.

Often I take them to the village in the evening. It is easier so, what with great cars bearing down on us in the lane with their blinding lights, and the dogs all spread out, the fields a temptation on either side. The countryside rings with 'Here, Kilty! Here, Banny! Come on, Nanny!' — or sometimes the fog will be so thick I cannot see them ten feet away. So we go where there are sidewalks and lamplight. Even so it isn't easy, with Banny tacking from side to side crazy with the smell of dogs, and Nanny lagging miles behind. Slow as molasses — unless there is something to chase. Then can she fly! Like a hobby-horse, with a lot of up and down, but getting ahead just the same. Kilty keeps at my heels, light on her toes, looking up at me all the time, and anxious to please. Kilty twinkletoes.

The houses on Main Street have great dignity and nothing in disrepair. All beautiful and just so, with clean curtains in the windows and the brass about the doors polished bright. We turn off the Main Street and loiter in little lanes and crooked back streets. The houses are smaller there, with a little garden and a tree or two, but it is the same — all built to stand the great winds, all the lines and spaces right, all neat and well ordered. You have to see it to believe it.

Or sometimes we putter on the wharves. It is dark there, with rats in the crumbly places, for the dogs' delight. The water is black and still. It laps against the piers and the boats tied up there. (Fishing boats and coal barges, and tied up beside them a shiny house-boat brightly lit, and dinner being served

in the saloon.) All about are shadowy buildings, and between them see the long line of shore curving away to Monomoy. The harbor is full of boats, at rest there, and their riding lights make golden splotches on the water. Sound of oarlocks and soft splashes, and laughter across the water.

III

When we came, the island was dabbled all over with the gold of Scotch broom. Great clumps of it bordered the winding road to Madaket. Then were the long evenings, and I would drive to Madaket, three dogs in the back. That's how we would start. Soon a ball of gray would come flying over the top of the seat and Kilty would be sitting beside me, proudly. A great leaper, Kilty. She will stand stock-still and then without fuss or warning rise three feet in the air.

Peace lay on the land, and on the burnished waters of the ponds to right and left. The reeds and rushes stood up, straight and still as sentinels. An owl would fly out of the bushes. There, on the left, is Mr. Fisher's shooting box. In it are duck decoys; they have a stiff charm and feel good to the hands. And, near by, the little hidden 'forest' he once took us through; lush and moist, with dark green growing things — ferns and fronds, and velvet moss so soft, and overhead tangled branches shutting out the sky. Strange, these hidden forests growing out of the barren moors, and a cause of pride to the islanders. The dogs are amazed by them. It's one thing, and then one step and it's another thing! Exotic as a tropical jungle.

Beyond, a stretch of wild heath and scrubby pine woods — from the road to the sea. Deer are there, plenty of them. The natives say that in the beginning the deer swam from the mainland. That is amazing, even did they rest on the Vineyard. One night three does leapt through the beam of my headlights.

Now to the right of us are the clustered

houses at Madaket. They are mostly the summer homes of Nantucket folk, and they lie quietly together on a cove. Plain, stubby, sturdy boats are anchored there, and some will be lying on their sides on the white sand — for painting or caulking. A long sand bar, grass-tufted, stretches off towards the islands of Tuckernuck and Muskeget. On the other side of the bar the ocean rollers break on the shore. The sky is on fire.

We walk on the deep sandy roads of the long bar, with the waters of the sea and cove on either hand. Not fast — slowly, for Nanny, who must be forever poking in the coarse dune grasses. She gives each blade close attention, as though through a microscope. The sun is gone now, and the wind is strong and cold. I put on a big coat and pile blankets on the dogs for the ride home.

Broom and iris, buttercup and clover, give way before the onslaught of the roses — roses red, roses white; roses pink and roses yellow; roses climbing over doors, windows, and roofs; roses running along white fences; wild roses in the fields and by the road edge. Their fragrance overtops the salty air. Little gray houses at 'Sconset buried under roses. Little lanes, picture-book houses huddled together, wrapped in fog.

Soon after the roses were in bloom I got a sickness, and it kept me in the house until the fall. Days in my room; three windows open on the flowery fields and the sky, three dogs for company — sometimes.

During the weeks of drought, when the dust lay thick on the road and every passing car flung it into the house, when the sun shone steadily and set a ball of fire each night, when flies settled and clung, and the wind seemed permanently stilled — then it was an exasperation. But there was much that was nice in those days.

In the early morning the first sound is a low and cautious whinny from Kilt. Oh, the chase, the chase, in the golden

dewy morning! Then the thump, thump of Nanny coming down the slippery stairs, steep for her short legs. Lying in my warm bed, I can see her in my mind's eye, taut with enthusiasm and caution nicely blended. Now she has got to the three bad steps on the curve, and stops before each to eye the distance carefully and get a good stance for the take-off; eight straight steps now as fast as she can go, and a yelp at the bottom. I get up and open the door, and off they dash to plunge into mysterious thickets — acres of thickets, impenetrable to humans. God knows what trails they follow, what kills they make! There will be short, sharp barks — signals to each other, no doubt; silence; now, farther away, they 'give tongue.'

Banny will be back soon. A guest, — a summer visitor, — he never learns to hunt. He is bored by country ways. A *boulevardier* and *flâneur*, a lover of the market place, he will lie in the dust of the road plotting to get to the village.

Amanda brings my breakfast — coffee and toast, and aromatic bacon. Now is the best time of the day — enjoying coffee and a cigarette; enjoying the morning weather in the morning stillness. Sometimes fog lies thick over the island, and then the mournful voice of the fog-horn off Brant's Point fills the world. Fog makes mysterious most ordinary things. I remember how once on the moors a pack of beagle hounds, out with the whips for morning exercise, loomed up in ghostly silence; and in ghostly silence vanished again. My dogs stood quiet and scarcely breathed. It might have been a dream, it was so swift and still.

There comes a time when the most beautiful things are rain-bearing clouds driven before the wind. One drop on the roof — then two, three, — now many. Fast they come, and hard. The wind has caught on now, and the grasses go over before it. The bush at the corner there is whipping against the window. Two drowned dogs are coming down the

lane, and now it is a great business drying them off and wrapping them up in thick blankets to steam.

It's summertime, and soon this will pass over us. An hour after the rain stops, the wind will have dried the face of the earth. We shall have to wait until September for the really great storms.

On a gentle morning, when a light breeze blows from the north, lovely music will come from the little house in the fields across the way. I can listen to the songs that were made when Germany was a fair and smiling place. Then Goethe spoke with Eckermann; then Hänsel and Gretel went adventuring in fairy woods; and all the folk were singing, of love and grief; of *die Allmacht*, and lesser things — *Nussbaum* and *Lindenbaum*, *Nachtigal* and *Schöne Müllerin*.

When the sun is high and hot in the heavens, the dogs will go in there for a long drink and a rest on the cool painted floor.

Nanny loved a bit of music, especially a gay little tune with a good lilt to it. Her tail would thump the floor in appreciation, and there would be a smile on her face.

IV

Days in my room; with the clouds in the sky and the pageant of flowers in the fields, to vary them; and books for the long hours when I am alone. I read some terrifying books — of 'deserts on the march' and homeless people wandering the highroads of our West. Books that spread the world out for you to see, and the manner of men who have walked across the face of it. Now a new race, the Airmen, battle with the mighty elements in the sky. They look on desolate places no mortal eyes have seen before — vast areas of dead land where no grain or green thing grows. Books that follow the ancient caravan routes, through deserts where the hermits dwelt; where Lawrence toiled and thirsted, creating his strange saga; where now the Anzacs camp. Books that tell of that

great brotherhood of Muslims reaching from sea to sea; of intrepid Jesuits journeying through the northern wilderness; of saints and schoolmen in a younger, fresher world — and of Chinese sages.

The days are colder now. Stars are very bright in the enormous sky, and northern lights are magic. Goldenrod is king. The wind sings again, and the birds gather for their southern flight. There will be a good fire in the grate now, and Nanny toasting her old bones by the glowing coals and thumping her tail if there is laughter in the room.

So interested in everything she was, and sympathetic. She would even wag with pleasure when other dogs were made much of.

Then, in October, the storm comes. It comes at night — the wind in gusts at first; blow after blow against the shingled house, with a shriek and a dying moan. Then shrieks and howls without a fall. It comes through under the doors, through the cracks of the windows; it rushes through the house; and the rain beats a mad tattoo. The noise of it is appalling.

Three days and nights the wind sweeps over us, pounding us, shaking us. It comes across the sea, across the moors, with nothing to stop it. We have no neighbors, no car comes down the lane — we are alone with the wind under a dark and dirty sky.

In Main Street the wind is sweeping the leaves from the old elms. They lie glistening on the wet cobbles, and rivers of water run in the gutters. Down by the harbor the waves break over the breakwater, and the boats anchored there plunge up and down, and turn about, like crazy things. Red storm signals on the weather tower stand out against the lowering sky. It is steamy warm in 'Downyflake' and the people there are warm and friendly, the way they will be at such times. No boat comes from the mainland or leaves the island.

At Madaket you can scarcely stand against the wind, and the rain runs down inside your collar. Foam is everywhere on the waters, as far as eye can see.

V

The sun was rising over Wauwinet as we rounded the breakwater. A clear and golden day, with a snappy breeze and a nip in the air. The sun drew sparkles from the moving water, and it was blue and gold all about us. The sun shone on the gilded clock tower. Gulls followed us; they rose and dipped, rose and dipped, in shafts of golden light. The island lay so quietly on the sea. It lay low — modestly concealing its riches.

Banny is hiding under the bunk; a shiver of excitement ripples down Kilty's back. She sits bolt upright, and her eyes follow every move I make. And Nanny, in her beautiful green and white collar, all brushed and neat for traveling, Nanny lies on her blanket and licks her paws with decision. So secure and in herself! She was always that way — busy and intent, yet aware of everything — and never out of a job.

Now the island is only a black line far away on the horizon — beloved world of sea and sky and all the weathers. Now thoughts are turned toward pleasant winter things — friends; and Madame Lehmann singing; and walks around the reservoir.

It is dark. The snow is getting deep. It is white and cold out there — and the wind howls in the chimney. Kilt and I sit and dream by the fire, of the lovely places we have seen together, the good times we have had together — and of niddlety-noddlety Nanny.

Kilty gets up and stretches herself, slowly and luxuriously. Then she sits up all alert, ears perky, head cocked on one side. Ah — a step on the stair. That would be tea — and a biscuit too, maybe.

Here's to you, Nanny! Happy hunting.

FOOD BANKS OF THE FUTURE

BY RAY P. CALT AND HIRAM K. SMITH

I

LAST year a million families in the United States made regular deposits and withdrawals in a new kind of savings bank. These transactions involved pounds rather than dollars — pounds of pork and veal and beef, pounds of peas and strawberries, pounds of snap beans and cherries, and even orange juice. These families deposited food when prices were low, and drew it out again when they got hungry. The banks paid interest in the form of economies in out-of-season prices and a better year-round diet. Food banks in this country constitute a five-year-old industry already capitalized to the tune of \$30,000,000, whose amazingly rapid development is a factor of tremendous significance in American life.

Properly known as refrigerated locker plants, food banks are actually an offshoot of the fast-growing quick-freezing industry. According to experts, the principle of quick freezing and the subzero storage of food is not to be confused with outmoded cold-storage methods. Food merely stored at zero temperatures freezes slowly and imperfectly, and thaws into a tasteless, unappetizing state. Microscopic analysis of thawing food discloses that the juices responsible for color and flavor escape through broken cell walls, ruptured by large ice crystals formed during the slow-freezing process.

Quick freezing takes advantage of a simple physical phenomenon — the fact that the size of ice crystals varies in direct ratio to the speed of freezing. Thus, when temperature is brought swiftly

down through the critical range between thirty and zero degrees, tiny crystals are formed which do not break through cell walls. Bacterial action, too, is retarded by quick freezing. So quick-frozen food thaws with all the original color and flavor intact, and spoils much less quickly than cold-storage food. Research in this field has been carried on for years in every agricultural school and government experimental farm, and there is unimpeachable evidence to prove that vitamins and enzymes are retained in quick-frozen food in the same amounts as are present in freshly picked fruits and vegetables.

Even more important than the technical improvements which have made quick freezing and locker storage possible are the effects of this new industry on American farm economy.

The farmer, as the wry old anecdote has it, sells everything the merchant will buy. What the merchant won't buy, the farmer feeds to his hogs. What the hogs won't eat, he eats himself.

The fact is that, although he raises food, the farmer has long been in the strange position of selling what he raises at wholesale and buying what he eats at retail. With more than half our farm families reporting an annual gross income of less than a thousand dollars, it is easy to understand why fresh meat is a luxury on the very farms that raise meat for the market. On the day he delivers a pair of prime hogs to the local packers' representative, receiving 4½ cents a

pound on the hoof, the farmer may stop at the village meat market to buy a dozen pork chops for the evening meal, at twenty-five cents a pound.

But suppose he sells only one hog, and delivers the other to the local locker plant for his own family's use. The hogs weigh 225 pounds apiece. For the one he sells, the farmer is paid \$19.13 in cash. At the locker plant the second hog is slaughtered and dressed (all food banks have complete butchering facilities), and hung in the chill room for two or three days until body heat is dissipated. Then it is cut to specifications, — 13 pounds of chops, 12 pounds of loin roast, 29 pounds of cured ham, 25 pounds of bacon, 19 pounds of sausage, and so forth, — wrapped in moisture-proof parchment paper, and placed in the quick freezer. After that it is stored in the farmer's locker.

In a few weeks the locker plant's statement is received, showing a total charge of \$4.10 for butchering, cutting, hickory curing, sausage making, lard rendering, and freezing. On a prorated basis, about \$1.33 could be charged against the hog for locker rental. Add this total to the wholesale value of one hog, \$19.13, and the farmer has 163 pounds of excellent meat at a total cost of \$24.56. The retail value of the same amount of meat is about \$40.25, so that the farmer saves no less than \$15.69 on one hog.

Similar economies are effected on about 800 pounds of meat and poultry every year, which is the amount 'put through' the average locker according to studies made by the National Frozen Food Locker Association, a group of plant owners and operators.

The cash saving made possible through locker service is not too impressive until we compare it with the average farm family's total food budget. An annual saving of \$50 to \$150 on a total expenditure of \$250 to \$450 is comparatively great, and means that cash formerly spent across the meat counter in the

general store now goes to the other side of the store for shoes for the children and paint for the buildings. Or it goes upstairs, over the store, into the dentist's office.

More significant than savings on the food bill, however, are the changes in farm diet from the standpoint of health and variety. Thanks to the locker plant, farm families accustomed to winter menus heavy with potatoes, flour, and grease are now enjoying the unfamiliar delights of garden-fresh broccoli in the dead of winter, strawberries and peaches with cream in February, corn on the cob all year round, and even such exotic items as frog legs and sliced orange juice.

II

Locker-plant storage is a natural outgrowth of the use of cold to delay food spoilage. Long ago the farmer learned to store his field and orchard produce until prices went up or, in the case of garden truck, until his family needed it. In fruit cellar, springhouse, sometimes in storage barns shared with the neighbors, the farmer has always used natural cold for temporary preservation of fruits, meats, and vegetables.

But meat so stored had to be withdrawn quickly. Fruits, with the exception of hard tree fruits, soon spoiled. The local icehouse helped to solve the problem in part, but when the really hot months of summer arrived, eating fresh meat meant buying for cash at the local butcher shop.

Eventually the storage of meat and produce in icehouses led to the construction of separate boxes, artificially cooled the year round, for the users of cold-storage facilities. And at Crete, Nebraska, in 1910, farmers began to call their artificially refrigerated storage rooms 'locker plants.'

The modern locker plant is a far cry from the old icehouse. It may be any size or shape. Some are giant 'supers,' with more than a thousand individual lockers,

streamlined and chrome-plated. On the other hand, some are mere installations in disused railroad way-stations. Any well-constructed building can be insulated and cut up into the various rooms necessary for efficient locker service.

The typical service plant is usually divided into five rooms, for chilling, aging, processing, quick freezing, and storage. In addition to these, there may be a receiving room, waiting room, office, and space reserved for supply storage. Incidental equipment is important and expensive. The chill room and the aging room must, for instance, be supplied with overhead track and trolley equipment. The cutting or processing room in an up-to-date plant is really a first-class butcher shop, equipped with chopping blocks, power saw, grinder, scale, wrapping paper, and nearly a score of rubber stamps for identification of packaged food. The quick freezer must have special refrigerator doors to conserve zero to minus-fifteen-degree temperatures, and the locker room itself must be carefully and expensively insulated to maintain similar temperatures. The latest wrinkle in storage rooms, by the way, is the complete submerging of lockers below the floor, to eliminate the discomfort of making deposits and withdrawals in a frigid room. You merely stand on the top of somebody else's locker while your own is hoisted up on pulleys suspended from the ceiling!

Today about a million locker-plant patrons withdraw two million pounds of meat, fish, poultry, and other foods from lockers every day. In five years refrigerated locker storage has become a sturdy young industry, with plants springing up at the rate of fifty a week. There were nearly four thousand food banks in operation in the United States by the end of 1940.

Today locker plants are concentrated in a belt running through the Middle Western states. The first plant in Minnesota was opened at Waseca in 1935. In October 1939, the University of Min-

nesota counted 213. Iowa had six plants in 1934; today, with more than 500, this state is approaching a saturation point. One expert estimates that only 140 towns of 100 population or over are without locker-plant service in Iowa.

The greatest growth during the past months has been recorded in the South, where locker plants are hailed as a new hope for raising living standards. Texas's first plant was opened only eighteen months ago, but Texas A. and M. counted 31 by last October and predicts a total of more than 500 by the end of 1942.

The latest Department of Agriculture survey, which was completed in July 1940, counted a total of 3958 locker plants in the United States. If these plants were evenly distributed throughout the country, there would be one for every town of 2500 or more. However, the grouping of plants varies all the way from one in the state of Arizona to more than 500 in Iowa.

Like any other industry in a pell-mell state of development, locker-plant service has not yet set up any national standards. Processing charges vary widely from one section of the country to another. Methods of freezing and wrapping are different in almost every plant. Some recommend packing fruits and vegetables in glass jars at the farm before they are brought to the plant, while others increase income by selling paper containers and insisting on the preparation of fruits and vegetables by plant personnel.

The organization of state locker associations is one stabilizing factor in the industry. Many states already have functioning associations, and at Des Moines, Iowa, last December these groups met to form the National Frozen Food Locker Association. The object, of course, is to set up standards for cost and generally to bring about some order in an expanding and uncoordinated industry. Another object is to foresee federal standards of service, price, equip-

ment, and sanitation. In some states, legislation has already been effected. It costs \$50 for a license in Pennsylvania right now, \$25 in Illinois, and \$10 in Nebraska.

III

Consumer education and improved service are the two most important immediate objectives to be attained by the locker-plant industry. Most disadvantages of locker service can be remedied by better management and plant operation. The most common criticism, for example, to be heard from potential locker users is the inconvenience of traveling long distances to the plant two or three times a week. To meet this objection, some of the chains and larger independent operators are building branch plants consisting of a hundred-odd lockers. Located in outlying districts, these subplants require only a small compressor and automatic controls to preserve low temperatures, and are serviced regularly by truck from the central plant. Thus food can be processed at the headquarters unit and then stored in the most convenient branch.

A significant new development in this industry is the gradual introduction of locker plants into big cities. Many of the large towns in the Midwest — Des Moines and Minneapolis, for instance — now have one or more plants. Cold-storage warehouses and artificial ice plants are discovering that, with only slight changes in equipment, locker rooms can be installed as an inexpensive means of increasing income.

And while lockers in rural areas seem to be used mostly by large families with middle-class incomes, the urban plant appeals more to families in the low income brackets. To avail themselves of locker service, city workers must plan ahead, pay cash for wholesale quantities

of food, have quarters of beef cut into steaks and roasts by the local butcher, and forgo many of the customary retail conveniences. But they overlook these disadvantages in an effort to obtain better, cheaper food. That this trend is well on the way is indicated by the fact that even in semirural areas more than half the lockers are rented to townspeople.

There are already apartment-size units on the market for storing quick-frozen foods, and most refrigerator manufacturers were featuring subzero compartments for the same purpose in last year's models. While these are primarily suited for keeping frozen foods bought at retail, they will undoubtedly speed the acceptance of locker-plant storage in wholesale quantities in urban areas.

The recent development of a self-contained locker unit with forty-eight storage lockers, adaptable for use in normal-temperature rooms, may make the economy of locker use available to metropolitan apartment dwellers. One of these installations, which costs approximately \$2000, is just as safely guarded and convenient to use as an ordinary safe-deposit box. Each patron has a key to his own locker, and is admitted to the storage room by a watchman or superintendent. The picture of one of these neat units in the basement of a huge apartment building — serviced by a central plant and managed by the building superintendent — is far from fantastic.

And perhaps it is no Jules Verne dream to predict the day when locker storage of food will be a decisive factor in America's independence. A nation adequately equipped with lockers to store food in emergencies would have little to fear from blockades, or from the famine which Europe faces this winter.

A BIBLE GOES HOME

BY THORNTON COOKE

A BIBLE is my earliest boyhood memory. It was much the largest book in our house, with black binding, and on the cover in gilt were the words: —

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
WILMINGTON, N. C.

The type was very big, but Grandma couldn't read it any more. My father had bought it for her when her eyesight began to fail.

'That Bible ought to go back to Wilmington,' my father and mother would often say, and when I was old enough to understand they told me the story — how he had bought it early in 1865 when in charge of the parole camp at Annapolis, with two thousand men who, like himself, had been sent there from Southern prisons under promise not to fight against the Confederacy until they were exchanged. A Union soldier came into the camp one day with the Wilmington Bible, and my father bought it for sixteen dollars and took it home to his mother.

Yes, it ought to go back, and at one period in his life my father, Sidney Granger Cooke, was in Washington frequently, but there was always some reason why he couldn't go on down to Wilmington. An errand like that can be put off a lifetime, and for twenty-five years before he passed away the Bible had been ready to go.

One spring I told my mother that my wife and I were going on a trip to Augusta, Georgia, and if she liked we would come back by way of Wilmington and

leave the old Bible. Member of a First Presbyterian Church herself, at Leavenworth, Kansas, she said: 'Yes, I want you to do now what your father wanted so long to do.'

A letter addressed simply to 'The Pastor,' Wilmington, N. C., prepared the way, and we fared forth with the book, not sure what our reception would be. But we need have had no misgiving. Our welcome was cordial. The grandmother of Dr. Gilmour, the pastor, was a first cousin of General Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Gilmour was a Northern girl who had spent most of her life in the South. The church is one whose pastor for eleven years was Woodrow Wilson's father, and by the manse is a tall white crape myrtle set out by Wilson's mother.

When I apologized to the Gilmours for being some sixty-two years late with the Bible, they told me they were glad that I hadn't been earlier, because they had lost their church by fire the last day of 1925 and the Bible would have gone with it.

Mrs. Gilmour exclaimed at the beautiful condition of the book — just two small scratches on the cover were its only harm in all those years of war and peace. She turned the pages and came across the pulpit notices of more than sixty years before: the funeral of a boy who had been taken sick in the Confederate Army and had come home to die; the Thursday and Saturday evening prayer meetings — they were praying often in those days — thereafter to be held at six o'clock instead of five; Mr.

McQueen, a ruling elder of the church, reading a notice asking the ladies of the congregation to attend a meeting of the sewing society at the residence of Colonel John Taylor (he had lost an arm in the war).

Dr. Gilmour kept us over Sunday, and in his beautiful new church I presented the congregation with their own Bible. Curiously, they had no tradition of ever having lost it; it was a minor incident in those awful years. For the Scripture lesson Dr. Gilmour, impressive in voice and bearing, used a page of verses we found in the Bible, written out by the pastor of 1864 or 1865. One of them was Hosea vi. 1: 'Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.' And other verses were like it. As Dr. Gilmour intoned those old cries of woe and chastisement, it came to me that his predecessor of the sixties might have set them down to the accompaniment of the gunfire down the river at Fort Fisher, where the Federals were storming the works and closing the Confederacy's last seaport. Oldsters told me how the people gathered in the church, windows rattling with the concussions and children crying in the terror of those hours. Undoubtedly it was when the Federal troops came up to Wilmington a month later that the Bible was taken.

Then I told them how it was that my father had happened to be where that Bible was offered for sale; how, like many a Southern boy, he ran away to enlist when he was fifteen but was caught by his father and taken back; how the next year, when both of his brothers were already in the army, his father let him go into the 147th New York Infantry; how he was at Chancellorsville and at Gettysburg, where his regiment was in action all three days with terrific losses.

That winter, seventeen years old, he was placed in charge of a segment of picket line on the Rappahannock River.

At once he walked down to the bank, waved his handkerchief at the boy who had the line on the other side, and said: 'We aren't going to settle the war by sharpshooting at each other along here.' 'No, I reckon not,' the Confederate lad said. 'Well, what do you say if none of your men or mine shall fire unless there is a general advance?' 'That's all right with me,' the Southerner answered; and so all winter they lived along the river in peace and quiet. The Confederates had lots of tobacco but no coffee. The Union men had the coffee and wanted the tobacco. The soldiers would make little rafts on either side of the river and contrive to float them down to the other side, and swapping went on until May.

Then came the Battle of the Wilderness. My father, sent out in charge of a small detachment to find the enemy, came upon them very suddenly, turned to give a command, and was struck by a bullet just below the base of the brain. His men examined him and left him for dead within the Confederate lines.

John Fiske somewhere has spoken of the relative lack of vindictiveness in Civil War fighting. My father used to recall that as he lay, unable to move, he heard two Confederate soldiers coming by. One of them started to take off his new boots, and no doubt the Confederate needed them; but my father twitched slightly and the other one said: 'Oh, come on, he ain't dead yet.' A little later he got the attention of a Confederate surgeon, who gave him first aid. My father said: 'Thank you, Doctor; now just take my watch.' 'No, my boy,' the surgeon said, 'I can't do that.' 'Well, if you don't get it somebody will,' my father answered, and then very properly the surgeon did accept it.

Perhaps three weeks later, a Confederate major with a detachment of cavalry came into the prison camp there in the Wilderness. My father asked the major to get a letter to his mother through the lines. 'Well, that's hard to do, Sergeant,'

the enemy major said, 'but I'll try.' Two months later the letter did get through, but it wasn't news to my grandmother. She had known all the time, she said, that Sidney wasn't dead, and had refused to allow memorial services to be held for him.

Sidney Cooke was taken to Andersonville for six months, then to Millen, then to Savannah, where, seven months after he was shot (in the back of his neck), he sneezed the bullet out of his nose. From Savannah he was shipped to Annapolis, where he took charge of the men in the parole camp. After his exchange he was commissioned second lieutenant and was in command of his company when barely nineteen.

His life after the war, too, paralleled the lives of hundreds of young men, North and South. Wrestling a university education late from reluctant circumstance, he became a superintendent of schools in New York State, then a lawyer, then engaged in the grain business in Chicago and finally became a banker in Kansas. Success came late, and I suppose that to him it seemed incomplete; but he did much to turn the agriculture of his region into economic ways. Grover Cleveland twice offered him posts in the diplomatic service. He became a member of the Board of Managers of the National Soldiers' Homes and Governor of the Home at Leavenworth.

Then the no-firing agreement of the Confederate pickets on the Rappahannock, the decency of the soldiers who didn't take his boots, the service of the Southern surgeon, the chivalry of the Confederate major who got his letter through two armies to his mother, paid dividends. Every now and then some old

Confederate soldier would straggle into camp and be referred to Governor Cooke. Against the regulations and proud of it, he would order the man taken up 'Temporarily at Post.' So the old Confederate would get good square meals and a rest, and medical attention, too, if he needed it, until it became impossible to keep up longer the pretense that his eligibility was under investigation. In 1926 my father died and the chaplain of the Home said: 'A man has passed this way. He is gone into the shadows, but there is no darkness.'

Will Henry Thompson, a Georgia soldier, wrote a poem called 'High Tide at Gettysburg.' My father said that this song of battle had in it the melody of peace, and because he loved it so I recited some of the stanzas to that congregation in what had been the last seaport of the Confederacy — how Pickett's men charged the heights and set their battle flags

Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?

The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

.

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

.

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

They liked it, and so perhaps the recent Confederate recapture was, after all, a Union victory.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I JUST LOVE RICH PEOPLE

I LOVE rich people. Somehow I seem to get on with them so easily. You know with lots of people who are, well, who are of our own kind, rich people just sort of shut up and never confide in you. But they really do seem to trust me and I've come to know their qualities.

They're so good to each other. Oh, occasionally you hear of shooting affairs, but it's always among their own kind and they're terribly secretive about them — don't want the police called or anything. And if there's sickness they help each other, trotting in with hothouse grapes or the loan of a yacht to take a friend to Florida. And they do stick together. I suppose they realize it's the only way they can get on at all.

Another thing about rich people — they're so musical; it really seems to be *in* them. They just have to have music. Honestly, the sight of the Diamond Horseshoe on a good night — all those people sitting there so patiently, and you think of how they had to have dinner early to get there — it makes me choke up.

They have quaint beliefs of their own, about who goes in to dinner first to keep their luck good, and how to put a jinx on someone, with a raised eyebrow — that kind of thing. It's grown out of generations' absorbing wisdom from their grandmothers. Sometimes I really envy them. They're so close to growing things — orchids and Samoyeds and thoroughbred horses. My dear old banker can tell you exactly how much whitening is legal on a show dog's coat.

But they're just like children. My mother had the dearest old dowager for years on the same Civic League committee. The old thing was just like one of the family — used to order us around, you know. Well, once when I was a little girl, she asked Mother and me to lunch. Of course I wore my best bib and tucker. (One thing about getting on with rich people: it's a mistake to dress *down* if you ever go to any of their affairs. They feel it.) Everything about the house was neat as a pin and perfectly immaculate. There

was that peculiar smell of rich people's houses — like flowers and seasoned logs for the fireplaces, and it was a little chilly. Have you ever noticed how they always underheat their houses? Her children had given her many of the things she had — an automatic elevator, an electric organ, a small Gainsborough, and so on. But do you know, we had lamb stew for lunch! Of course she may have wanted to impress us, as her guests; but we just don't feel we can *ever* have lamb stew at our house. She had *no* idea about money.

That's the sort of thing I mean — they have charm and faithfulness, and skill in their own affairs; but all this business about repealing the Wagner Labor Act and the SEC and Broadening the Base — it's nonsense. Rich people aren't *ready* for it. It would take generations of education, if ever. Anyway, set them up in one of these model two-room flats with windows and a bathtub, and it would only be a matter of a year or so before they'd be back exactly where they started from.

EMILY GOODSSELL

BIGGER AND BETTER HOLES

OUR elder son Tingley, *ætas* three, has always been as intolerant of any kind of unfilled hole as nature is said to be of a vacuum. The act of inserting something into an orifice is the uniquely characteristic act of his life to date. Stuffing crevices and chasms — that is apparently going to be the leitmotiv of Ting's existence. If in later life he were to disappear for years and turn up as the subject of a disputed identity, like Charley Ross, this inextinguishable trait would be, to those who once knew him as we do, a psychic counterpart of his fingerprints. We could never quite believe in them unless they were corroborated by it.

The thing began even before his age of crawling, which itself came rather early. In his high chair at the dining-room table he was interested, far more than in eating, in his silver napkin ring, an heirloom. One of his first games was to pass knives, forks, and

spoons endlessly back and forth through it. He spent, in the aggregate, hours doing this with the rapt absorption of infancy. When, one day, he got hold of an odd size of bouillon spoon that would squeak through and no more, he fairly glittered with delight. For what Ting really esteems is a fit. The mere act of insertion — anything into anything — will do well enough for the moment, in default of the ideal; but the crowning reward of his tireless experimentation comes only when this will go into that with precisely nothing to spare. If the boy can presently bring to bear on the arrangement of his own affairs a little of the talent that he devotes to the manipulation of mere physical samples of the mortise-and-tenon idea, he will certainly never end as a round peg in a square hole. Also, he might be pretty good at fractions.

Once in active circulation at the floor level, Ting began to operate assiduously on the blue-figured earthen jugs that we use for doorstops — gallon jugs such as tradesmen once used for molasses and vinegar. Into them went a little of everything that would go, from the fat wooden beads that children string on shoelaces down to a pocket comb and up to table silver. There was a period when the disappearance of any small article that was badly needed — for instance, a type eraser — almost automatically sent us on a round of jug-emptying. I once jotted down an exact table of contents as I turned out the dining-room jug: in eight-point type it would fill this column with a trifle of over-run. A fair proportion of the articles had been so tricky to insert that extraction of them called for some nice work with bent wires and tweezers.

As the boy enlarged his sphere of operations we had to develop a new technique of elimination in search for the lost. Essentially it consisted in a careful study of the accessible surroundings for holes of a size to accommodate the desired article. Not having the article to measure by, we were somewhat in the fix of the man who couldn't find his lost spectacles until he had the spectacles to hunt for them with. On percentage the chances were against us: if the thing happened to be a hair bigger than we remembered, we disemboweled dry wells and plumbing contraptions for nothing, and even if the sizes tallied, the article could still be in some other hole.

We had, however, our inspired successes, most of them unearned. A memorable one

came after three days of intensive search for a big-barreled pen that I cherish and was crippled without. We were living then with one of the abominations known as pipeless furnaces. On the fourth day, as I sat in a brown study, my eye suddenly focused on the large register in the floor — a grille made up of hideous cast scrolls and curlicues. There was one figure in the pattern that — I bolted to the basement, unscrewed one of the handhole covers down next the floor, and turned a flashlight into the dusty air space between the furnace proper and its jacket. There, with a motley of beads, marbles, nails, small cooking utensils, a yardstick, a foot rule, spools of thread, empty spools, a screwdriver, some brook-polished pebbles, and a harmonica, lay the barrel of my pen. The cap had come to rest — also in company — on the top of the furnace, where it was revealed by prying off a cleanout plate.

No admonition could prevail upon Ting at eighteen months to abandon or even to limit his experiments, and no punishment could induce him to let fall a clue to the whereabouts of a single missing item, though his mind was clearly an accurate and complete index of his embezzlements. He took such solid pride in his work, and was, withal, so unaffectedly delighted with himself and us whenever we were able to follow his devious tracks and recover something, that it was absurd to charge malice. There was not the slightest wish to inconvenience anybody: he just had to shove things down holes, whether or no.

What bigger and better holes his two-year-old aspirations may have been in quest of on the day he disappeared *pro tem*, I shall doubtless never know. He achieved a furlong to the main road and then half a mile more toward the village, and what he *said* to the stranger who asked him where he was going was, 'I am going to the war, to tell them not to make one other noise.' The stranger, a man of sense and persuasiveness, had him back in the right dooryard before any of us even knew he had gone a. w. o. l. The car was out of sight before we discovered that at some point of the transaction its driver had wished on Ting a handful of bank-new pennies. For reasons that we did not appreciate then, the boy set immense store by them, never mislaid one, and carefully switched them from pocket to pocket when he changed his clothes. We got the answer some two

weeks later when we took him into the village grocery. In its floor a hole had been bored, perhaps for convenience in siphoning liquids into containers in the basement. The hole was made with what came handy, which happened to be a thirteen-sixteenths-inch bitt. When we glanced around to see what Ting was up to, he was squatting over this hole and sliding his pennies into it one by one, very delicately and deliberately in order to gloat over the anticipated fit, which was so close that each coin seemed to hesitate before it dropped through into the dark.

We have long since stopped fuming at Ting about his little obsession, but we inevitably do more or less fuming *about* him; and the other day when he had devised some specially intricate burial for a sorely needed Stillson wrench I fumed a little to my mother, who was paying us her annual visit. 'What makes the boy that way?' I said. 'Where could he ever have got such a cock-eyed notion of what to amuse himself with?'

My mother began to chuckle, putting her hand over her mouth in a way she has when something tickles her beyond laughing and almost beyond enduring. When she was able to speak she said: 'Well, who sat in front of a mirror and carefully put white beans up his two-year-old nose and had to be rushed to the doctor in a borrowed buggy? Who put my pet case knife into the four-gallon vinegar jug? (I used that vinegar in a whole year's pickling, and it all spoiled, every last jar and crock of it; I never knew what was the matter until the next year when I found the bone handle at the bottom, with the steel all dissolved away.) Who took a five-foot trunk strap and fed it by inches into the molasses, buckle and all?'

'Well,' I said, 'who did?'

'You did,' she said.

MOB BALLS

PERSONAL charity, I have always realized, is a difficult thing. But I always supposed that patriotic charity was comparatively simple — until that strange conversation, which confused me so at the time and has haunted me ever since. Now it has all come up again, and I wonder and wonder. . . .

It was two winters ago, and we were huddling anxiously around the radio. Things were beginning. We looked out at the palm

trees, stiff against the breeze from the Gulf of Mexico, realizing that it was cold in northern Europe. The ladies began reminiscent murmurs of the 'Great War.'

'Goodness, how we worked!' they sighed happily. (For they had been very happy: released energies; responsibility; the furious lust of unnecessary, inherited housekeeping driven out, now, by a real need; passionate, out-of-date economies sanctified; servants and married children left to themselves, at last.)

'Are the "Blue Birds" still going?'

'Oh, yes, we never give up. But I never thought we'd ever have to work again, *that* way. It seems terrible to think they haven't outgrown war, yet, over there!'

You're lying, I thought, but you don't know it. You'll grow ten years younger, as before.

The name, of course, was not 'Blue Birds,' but it will do. Their city was one of those prosperous, friendly Middle Western metropolitan villages where they build and occupy 'homes,' and the grandchildren come back for Thanksgiving. They are renowned for big sleek motors with all the new gadgets, community chests well over the top, feathery layer cakes, and visiting English lecturers.

These ladies were educated, practical, kindly, and efficient. When the Blue Birds worked, they worked. They were a voluntary, self-directed organization, with no connection with the Red Cross. They did their own good in their own way. They liked it better — more individual.

Of course, they knitted. Knitting, clearly, is the leading secondary sexual characteristic — not what any of the Huxleys thought. Eve, I am sure, took to her first sock when the flaming sword closed Paradise Gate; and Cleopatra, as her galley turned tail, began with Charmian their sweaters for the crew. Mrs. Noah and the girls probably did wristlets for expectant dachshund mothers.

But suddenly, across the busy, heartening confusion, came the Armistice. The Blue Birds were 6000 socks ahead of the game! All that good wool.

It didn't daunt them, of course. They saw their duty and they did it. Spring and fall, a special committee took turns at airing and moth-balling the socks. Dull, yes. But 'who sweeps a room as for Thy laws . . .' It went on for six years. You see, they were not *their* personal socks. They had to.

The young son of one of the Blue Birds listened idly to his mother's troubles.

'It seems to me I *cannot* go through with it again!'

'Why don't you get rid of 'em?'

'Darling, how can we? They were *given*!'

'Yeah. Would you take a quarter apiece for them?'

'*Would* we? Why, that would be . . .'

He ran into New York, in the spring vacation. He had an interview with a luxury outfitter whom I will call Mr. Fitchcrombie.

'They must be graded,' said Mr. Fitchcrombie. 'I will give you a dollar and a half for the perfects, which I will sell for three dollars. For the seconds, fifty cents, which I will sell for a dollar. For the thirds, twenty-five cents, which I will sell for fifty cents to logging camps. Anything to keep dry. Can you grade them?'

'You bet,' said the son, and he hired his roommate to help him. They worked hard.

They handed the ecstatic Blue Birds a check for \$1500.

'My boy,' said Mr. Blue Bird, with casual pride, 'supported himself, practically, his last two years at college. The American Way, if you ask me.'

'That's the stuff,' said the other male Blue Birds enviously.

And now the Blue Birds have \$1500, to buy wool at cost price for the Next War. They will provide the needles, if you wish to learn.

Is there something wrong with this picture? Or *is* there? You see, everybody is pleased. The Blue Birds, the boy, Mr. Fitchcrombie. Lots of refugees, too, probably. And even if the ship goes down, the mermaids can unravel it all and knit it up again: helmets for whales.

Look ahead with me. The movies in our breastpockets, radio in the fountain pen. Meals are capsules. There is no colitis, nor customs duties. Everybody lives forever — if he wants to. Our clothes are of glass. Babies come in cellophane, F. O. B. But there is a little difficulty between Sirius and Vega, it seems. And quick as a flash the women mobilize — and begin to knit. The distinctive, planetary action.

An oblate spheroid, slightly flattened at the poles? Nonsense, it is a big, whirling ball of cosmic wool! It was the projecting needle that Peary was looking for and Byrd found. It whirls through the ether, unraveling as it

spins . . . the Milky Way! So if there is another war in heaven, the lady archangels will never lack for material. And the interplanetary ice crystals are probably moth balls!

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

VITAMINS — 1941

VITAMIN A is good, they say, for scaling skin. Good for the lame, the weak, the halt, the thin.

Good for the ailing eye, the failing sight,
Facilitating progress through the night.

(But are you sure
That it will cure
A Bomb?)

Vitamin B has two or three component parts,
Restoring health to livers, spleens and hearts,
The touch that deviates, the hand that swerves,
The flooded lung, the coated tongue, the Nerves.

(But what will stop
The heavy screaming drop
Of Bomb?)

Vitamin C is said to be a general pill
For almost any common human ill.
From laboratories, heaven-blessed, it comes
And halts the ravages of bleeding gums.

(Machine guns can
Affect a man
In any place.)

Vitamin D, you will agree, is very mild,
And yet essential for the growing child.
For if the bones are bowed, the little one
Will have a bent, unsightly skeleton.

(They mount the things
Upon the wings
And spray the streets.)

Vitamin E, reputedly, increases birth,
And will repopulate a sterile earth.
The children that we hopefully beget us
May be engendered in a head of lettuce.

(My son, when grown,
May then be blown
To many bits.)

LEWIS THOMAS

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon

BY REBECCA WEST



CHAPTERS XVI-XXII

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon

BY REBECCA WEST

The luminous story of
the Balkans



IN 1936-1937 Rebecca West, with her husband, set out to discover, if she could, why it was that the Balkans were such a storm centre in a world that yearned for peace. 'Violence was all I knew of the South Slavs,' she wrote. 'And since there proceeds steadily from the south-eastern corner of Europe a stream of events which are a danger to me, which for years threatened my safety and deprived me forever of many benefits, that is to say I know nothing of my own destiny. The Balkan Peninsula was only two or three days distant, yet I had never troubled to go that short journey, which might explain to me how I shall die, and why.'

She remembered the assassinations which had left such graphic pictures in her mind — the assassination of Empress Elizabeth, the pathetic wife of Franz Josef; the assassination of Franz Ferdinand of Sarajevo, and the shooting of the King of Yugoslavia at Marseille. With such tragedies in mind, she embarked on the long trip to Zagreb. The train was crammed with German tourists, all going to Yugoslavia, and as she talked with them Rebecca West began to realize why it was that the Slavs had suffered such unhappiness during the centuries when they were bound to the chariot wheel of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

At Zagreb, she and her husband were met by her three friends — Constantine, the poet; Valetta, a lecturer in mathematics at Zagreb University; and Marko Gregorovich, critic and journalist. They took her and her husband behind the scenes into the tempestuous life of the Balkan Peninsula. They showed her the hidden beauty of Zagreb. They told her of Bishop Strossmayer and his heroic intervention for the liberation of the Croats. On Easter Sunday they took her to hear Mass at the village of Shestine, and then, through a blizzard, they drove far up the mountainside to the mediæval castle of a noble Hungarian family — a castle which by some magic had now been converted into a hospital for Yugoslav peasants. Everywhere they went, Rebecca West and her husband were drawn into the passionate, the tragic uprising of a people who for centuries had struggled for identity and liberation. Here is a story which in its vivid way annihilates time and distance. . . .

BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON

BY REBECCA WEST

XVI

NO weather can make the Northern Dalmatian coast look anything but drear. The dreariness is so extreme that it astounds like luxuriance, it gluts the mind with excess of deprivation. The hills are naked. Tracks lead over this naked rock, but it is hard to believe that they lead anywhere; it seems probable that they are traced by desperate men fleeing from barrenness, and doomed to die in barrenness. And indeed these bald hills mean a great deal of desperation. The rainfall sweeps down their slopes in torrents and carries away the soil instead of seeping into it and fertilizing it. The peasants collect what soil they can from the base of the hills and carry it up again and pack it in terraces; but there is not enough soil, and the terraces are often swept away by the torrents.

The human animal is not competent. That is the meaning of the naked Dalmatian hills. For once they were clothed with woods. These the earliest inhabitants of Dalmatia, the Illyrians and Romans, axed with an innocent carelessness; and the first Slav settlers were reckless too, for they came from the inexhaustible primeval forest of the Balkan peninsula. Then for three hundred years, from about the time of the Norman Conquest to 1420, the Hungarians struggled with the Venetians for the mastery of this coast, and the nations got no further with their husbandry. Then the Venetian Republic established its claim, and thereafter its adminis-

trators showed the carelessness that egoistic people show in dealing with other people's property.

They cut down the Dalmatian forests to get timbers for their fleet and piles for their palaces; and they wasted far more than they used. Venetian administration was extremely inefficient, and we know not only from Slav complaints but from the furious accusation of the Republic against its own people that vast quantities of timber were purloined by minor officials and put on the market, and that again and again supplies were delivered at the dockyard so far beyond all naval needs that they had to be let rot where they lay. After this wholesale denudation it was not easy to grow the trees again. The north wind, which blows great guns here in winter, is hard on young plantations; and the peasant, as he got poorer, relied more and more on his goat, a vivacious animal insensible to the importance of afforestation. The poor peasant is also sometimes a thief, and it is easier to steal a young tree than a fully grown one. So, for all the Yugoslavian Government can do, the mainland and the islands gleam like monstrous worked flints.

Bare hills, and young men that shout — both the product of human incompetence, of misgovernment. That is the immediate impression given by North Dalmatia. We met our first young man very soon after we got to Susak. We strolled for a time round the port, which has a brown matter-of-fact handsome-

ness, and then we drove off to Trsat, a village two or three miles up on the heights behind Susak, which is visited for the sake of the church and the Frankopan castle.

The castle is a compost of round and square towers, temples and dungeons and dwelling houses packed within battlements, under an excess of plants and creepers due to neglect rather than luxuriousness. The earliest masonry that has been found is Illyrian, and much is Roman, of the time of Julius Caesar. We climbed a Roman tower to see Susak lying brown by the blue sea, and the dark ravine that runs up from the town to split a mountain range on the high sky line.

We numbered seven, the little party that was exploring the castle: ourselves; a middle-aged Frenchman and his blonde soprano-ish wife; a German honeymoon couple, aggrieved and agonized as Germans often are nowadays at contact with foreigners; and a darkly handsome young man, a Dalmatian on holiday from some town farther down the coast, who had early detached himself and was seen only occasionally in the distance, a silhouette on the edge of the round tower after we had left it, or a shadow treading down the brambles at the entrance to the dungeons. We forgot him totally in a great wonder that came upon us when we were looking at the dwelling house made in the castle by an early nineteenth-century Austrian general of Irish birth, Marshal Nugent. The Nugents had the custom, like the English who live in the West Indies and the early settlers in the Southern States, of burying their dead on their premises. But whereas those other exiles buried their dead in their gardens, the Nugents put theirs in niches of the house, above ground, their coffins set upright behind slabs of marble.

That I found puzzling. The only people I have ever heard of as being buried upright are the ancient Irish, whose monotony of mind made them wish to

be discovered at the Day of Judgment ready to face their enemies; but the Nugents are English by origin, and never saw Ireland till the days of Queen Elizabeth. But we soon forgot that bewilderment in another. The gardener was telling us that there was buried among the Nugents a stranger, a — something that he described in a rapid phrase which we could not at first grasp. Incredulously we repeated his phrase. '*La zia de Signor Bernard Shaw?*' '*Si, signore.*' We still felt a need for verification, and repeated it in other languages. '*La tante de Monsieur Bernard Shaw? Die Tante von Herr Bernard Shaw? Tetka Gospodja Bernard Shaw?*' This was the hour for which Ollendorff has waited a hundred years. Always the gardener nodded; and there, on the tomb, which indeed had a blue-veined elegance not inappropriate to Bernard Shaw himself, was carved '*Jane Shaw.*' But before we could find out how she came to be there the dark young man was suddenly amongst us again, shouting at the top of his voice.

He had found, it seemed, a notice behind some creepers on a wall, stating that the price of admission to the castle was five dinars, and we had all been charged ten. A dinar is about a penny; and I fancy that there was some reasonable explanation of the incident — the tariff had changed. But the young man was terribly enraged. All the resentment that most people feel in their whole lives is not greater than what he felt on this one point. '*Zehn dinar!*' he cried, speaking in German so that we might understand and collaborate with him in fury. '*Zehn dinar ist zu viel, zehn dinar ist zu teuer, ist viel zu teuer!*' He switched back to Serbo-Croat, so that he could make his accusation against the gardener with the unhampered vigor of a man using his native tongue. '*You are an Austrian!*' he screamed at him. '*You are an Italian!*' Rage ran through his whole body and out of his tongue. It was plainly an exercised gift, a precious function proudly developed. His gift

mastered him; he could not endure the iniquity of this place; he had to leave us. Shouting protests to an invisible person, leaping higher and higher as if to keep in contact with his own soaring cries, he rushed away from us, away from the castle of the Frankopans.

'Maniac!' exclaimed the Frenchman. 'Frightful!' said his wife. 'Savage!' said the German couple. They were wrong. He was simply the product of Dalmatian history: the conquest of Illyria by Rome, of Rome by the barbarians; then three hundred years of conflict between Hungary and Venice; then four hundred years of oppression by Venice with the war against Turkey running concurrently for most of that time; a few years of hope under France, frustrated by the decay of Napoleon; a hundred years of muddling misgovernment by Austria. In such a shambles a man had to shout and rage to survive.

XVII

Let me try to understand the plight of this people — because this is a story that no Westerner can know of himself, no Englishman, no American. Let us consider what the Frankopans were. They are said to have been of Italian origin, to be affiliated with the Frangipani family of Rome, but that is almost certainly a late invention. They were typical Dalmatian nobles: of unknown origin, probably aliens who had come down on the Slavs when they were exhausted by barbarian invasions, and who were themselves of barbarian blood. Certainly they owed their ascendancy not to virtue or to superior culture, but to unusual steadfastness in seeing that it was always the other man who was beheaded or tossed from the window or smothered. They lived, therefore, in an agony of fear. They were liable to armed attack by Vienna or Hungary if ever they seemed to be favoring one rather than the other. Their properties were temptations to pirates. Their followers, and

even their own families, were themselves living in continual fear, and were therefore apt to buy their safety by betraying their overlord to his strongest enemy, so he could trust nobody. We know a great deal about one Count Ivan Frankopan, in the fifteenth century. He was the eldest of nine sons; the other eight all conspired against him. To protect himself he used a device common in that age of legalist division: he made the Venetian Republic his heir. Thus it was not to the advantage of his brothers or any other private person to assassinate him. But when he seized the fortresses of two of his brothers he found that they were protected by a similar testamentary precaution: they had made the Count of Hungary their heir. He fled across the sea to an island named Krk, which was his. Then he went mad. He conceived the idea that he must have an infinite amount of money to save him from disaster; he robbed his peasants of their last coins, and murdered refugees who landed on his island, in flight from the Turk, for the sake of their little stores. The Venetian Commissioner was ceded the island by its horrified inhabitants on condition that the poor lunatic be taken away.

The bare hills around the castle told us what followed: four centuries of selfish exploitation. Then, with the French occupation, there was hope. The gardener showed us with pride a neat nineteenth-century neoclassical temple, built with the fidelity to antique classicism that does not deceive the eye for an instant, so obvious is it that the builders belonged to a later civilization that had learned to listen to orchestral music and to drink tea from fine cups. There is a cross at the apex of the pediment and two well-bosomed matrons sit on its slopes, one decapitated by an idiot bomb dropped by one of D'Annunzio's planes when he was holding Susak's neighbor, Fiume.

Across the frieze of this temple is written 'Mir Yunaka,' which I trans-

lated to my husband perhaps more often than was absolutely necessary, for I am delighted with my minute knowledge of the Serbian language. 'Peace to the Heroes,' it means. This temple was erected during the French occupation which gave Dalmatia a peace for eight years. Eight years out of all time — no longer.

For in 1806 Napoleon had still much of his youthful genius. It made him take over this territory after he had defeated Austria, and found the two provinces of High and Low Illyria, which comprised Croatia and Dalmatia and Slovenia, as well as the Slav districts behind Trieste that are now Italian. He had the idea of forming a civilized Slav state, to include in time the Christian provinces of Turkey, which should make Southeastern Europe stable, pacific, and pro-French; he made Marshal Marmont the governor of these Illyrian provinces, and it was an excellent appointment. Marmont was an extremely competent and honorable man, though a self-satisfied prig, and he loved Dalmatia. His passion for it was so great that in his memoirs his style, by nature dropsically pompous, romps along like that of a boy when he writes of his Illyria. He fell in love with the Slavs, and defended them against their Western critics. They were not lazy, he said, indignantly; they were hungry. He fed them, and set them to build magnificent roads along the Adriatic, and crowed like a cock over the accomplishment. They were not savages, either, he claimed; they had had no schools, and he built them plenty. When he saw they were fervent in piety, he fostered their religious institutions, though he himself conceived faith as a buckram to stiffen the Army Regulations.

Marmont would have spent all his life in paternal service of Dalmatia had his been the will that determined this phase of history. But he could achieve less and less as time went on, and when he resigned in 1811 the commerce of the

country was in ruins, the law courts were paralyzed by corruption, the people were stripped to the skin by tax collectors, and there was no sort of civil liberty. For he was only Marmont, a good and just and sensible man whom no one would call great. But none denied the greatness of Napoleon, who was neither good nor just nor sensible.

There is a school of historians today who claim with semi-erotic ardor that Napoleon's benevolence and wisdom never failed. It is hard to know how this view can survive a reading of his correspondence with Marmont on the subject of the Illyrian provinces. The style of his letters is curiously frivolous and disagreeable. By this time he had forgotten everything about his Empire except the crown. He showed complete indifference to the welfare of the French troops he had left in Dalmatia, and refused to sanction the expenditure Marmont insisted was necessary to keep them healthy in this barren coast of extreme weather, and he was completely unresponsive to Marmont's desire to build up a virile and loyal population and bring it into the fold of civilization. As time went on, he ignored Marmont's letters altogether, and his Exchequer grudged every halfpenny sent to Dalmatia. Finally, for no other purpose than pure offensiveness, he redrafted the constitution of the provinces and reduced the post of governor to a mere prefectship. Marmont could do nothing but resign and go back to the army. Yet he was a born colonial administrator, and this is one of the rarest forms of genius.

The men Napoleon sent to Dalmatia to replace Marmont prove his odd sluttishness. First was General Bertrand, who was later to share his Emperor's captivity on St. Helena. He deserved it for his treatment of the Dalmatians. To a race of mystics, who had been granted a special revelation of Christianity because they had had to defend it against Islam, he applied the petty and shallow prescriptions of French

eighteenth-century anticlericalism. On these same mystics — who were also, though the West lacked the scholarship to know it, accomplished jurists, dowered with laws and customs springing from ancient tradition and beautifully adapted to local necessities — he forced the new legislative cure-all, the Code Napoléon. But Bertrand was far better than his successor. Junot, the Duke of Abrantès, brought his career to its only possible climax at the Governor's Palace in the delightful Slovenian town of Ljubljana. He gave a State Ball and came down the great marble staircase, under the blazing chandeliers, stark naked and raving mad.

But there was yet to come Fouché, the Duke of Otranto — one of the most pitiless butchers of the revolution, and in his capacity as Minister of Police the worst of all traitors, Judas only excepted. He loathed Napoleon yet loved him, was never loyal to him yet could never bring himself to betray him finally. There was here some nasty coquetry of spirit, some purulent corruption of love. Because his master was by then a beaten man, Fouché came out to Dalmatia in a yeast of loyalty, and indeed was inspired to glorious courage. In this far country, while Napoleon's future crumbled in the West, Fouché acted all day the secure administrator and dawdled through the routine of governorship, and by night worked with frenzy on the plans for evacuation. 'Step by step, therefore, without losses,' writes one of his biographers, 'he withdraws to Venice, bringing away intact or almost intact from the short-lived Illyria its officials, its funds, and much valuable material.' All very marvelous; but not by any accountancy could it be judged honest to withdraw 'funds and much valuable material' from that hungry country, which had beggared itself saving the West from the Turkish invasion.

I did not wonder that the young man shouted as he ran down the road, shouted as if he must go mad, did not the

world at last abandon its bad habit and resolve into mercy, justice, and truth

XVIII

The next morning we woke early. Scowling, I went on the little steamer that was taking us and twenty other passengers, and as many cattle and sheep, southwards to the island of Rab, and we set off in a cold dither of spray.

The bare hills shone like picked bones. I fell asleep, for we had risen at six. Then my husband shook me by the shoulder and said, 'You must come on deck. This is Senj.' I followed him and stared at the port, which was like many others in Spain and Italy: from the quayside high buttoned-up houses, washed in warm colors, and two or three campaniles struggled up a hill towards a ruined fortress, the climbing mass girt in by city walls. Senj was the home of the Uskoks. These were not animals invented by Edward Lear; they were refugees. They were refugees like the Jews and Roman Catholics and Liberals driven out by Hitler. They found, as these have done, that when one door closed on them others that should have been open suddenly were not. They were driven out of their homes, out of the fellowship of Christendom, out of the world of virtue, into an accursed microcosm where there was only sin. They were originally Slavs of blameless character who fled before the Turks as they swept over Bulgaria and Serbia and Bosnia, and formed a strange domestic army, consisting of men, women, and children, who fought many effective rear-guard actions over a period of many years. Finally they halted at the pass over the Dalmatian mountains, behind the great port of Split, and for five years from 1532 they held back the Turks single-handed. Then suddenly they were told by their Christian neighbors to abandon it. Venice, which had just signed a pact with Turkey and was a better friend to her than Christian

historians like to remember, convinced Austria that it would be wise to let Turkey have the pass as a measure of appeasement.

Then the Uskoks came down to the coast and settled in this little town of Senj, and performed a remarkable feat. Up to that time they had displayed courage and resolution of an unusual order, but they now showed signs of genius. Some of them were from the southern coast of Dalmatia, down by Albania, but most of them were inland men. In any case they can have had few marine officers. But in a short time they had raised themselves to the position of a naval power.

This was not a simple matter of savage daring. The Uskoks had unusual talent for boatbuilding. They devised special craft to suit the special needs of the Dalmatian coast resembling those which the ancient Illyrians used to vex the Roman fleet: light boats that could navigate the creeks and be drawn up on a beach where there was no harbor. They also developed extraordinary powers of seamanship which enabled them to take advantage of the situation of Senj. Just here the channel between the mainland and the island of Krk widens to ten miles or so, making a lovely fairway for the north wind, and it meets a channel that runs past the tail of the island to the open sea; thus the seas run rougher here than elsewhere on the coast. It was so when we came into Senj; a wave larger than any we had met before slapped against the quay. The Uskoks developed a technique of using this rough weather as a shield against their enemies, while they ran through it unperturbed. Therefore they chased the Turkish ships up and down the Adriatic, stripped them and sunk them; and year by year they grew cleverer at the game. This success was amazing, considering that they numbered at most two thousand souls. If the Venetian fleet had been directed by men of the quality of the Uskoks, the Turks might have been driven out of European

waters, which would have meant out of Europe, in the middle of the sixteenth century.

Venice, however, was in her decline, which was really more spiritual than economic. Her tragedies were due to maladministration and indecisive politics rather than to actual lack of means.

She tried to placate Turkey in another way: she stopped attacking her at sea. To the Uskoks this capitulation of the great Christian powers must have seemed the last word in treachery. They had, within the memory of all those among them who were middle-aged or over, been driven from their homes by the Turks in atrocious circumstances; and they had believed that in harrying the Turks they were not only avenging their wrongs but serving God and His Son. They had often been blessed by the Church for their labors, and Gregory XIII had even given them a large subsidy. But now they were treated as enemies of Christendom, for no other crime than attacking its enemies. And not only were they betrayed in the spirit; they were betrayed in the body. How were they to live? Till then they had provided for themselves — quite legitimately, since the Turks had dispossessed them of their homes — by booty from Turkish ships. But now all that was over. The Christian powers had no suggestions to make. The plight of a refugee, then as now, provoked the feeling that surely he could get along somehow. There was nothing for the Uskoks to do except defy Venice and Austria, and attack their ships and the Turks' alike.

It seems certain that to see the story of the Uskoks thus is not to flatter them. For nearly thirty years they lived in such a state of legitimate and disciplined warfare that they attacked only Turkish ships. It is not until 1566 that there is the first record of an Uskok attack on a Christian ship. Thereafter, of course, the story is very different. They became gangsters of the sea. They developed all the characteristics of gunmen: a loyalty

that went unbroken to the death, unsurpassable courage, brutality, greed, and, oddly enough, thriftlessness. Just as a Chicago racketeer who has made an income of five figures for many years will leave his widow penniless, so the Uskoks, who helped themselves to the richest loot the sea ever carried, always fell into penury if they survived to old age. Also they were looted, as thieves often are, by the honest. It is said that they bribed the very highest Austrian officials, even in the seat of government itself at Graz; and that a Jewish merchant might recognize there on a great lady's breast a jewel which he had seen snatched by a robber's hand on the Adriatic. Because of this traffic, it is alleged, the Austrians did little to restrain the Uskoks after they had become pirates. In any case it is certain that Venetian officials often bought the Uskoks' prizes from them and marketed them at a profit in Vienna.

In a very short time the moral confusion of these people was complete. At Christmas and Easter every year there were expeditions financed by the whole of Senj. Everybody, the officials, the soldiers, the private families, the priests and monks, paid their share of the expenses and drew a proportionate share of the booty. The Church received its tithe. This would be funny if murder had not been a necessary part of such expeditions, and if barbarity did not spread from heart to heart as fire runs from tree to tree in a forest in summer. Some of the later exploits of the Uskoks turn the stomach; they would knife a living enemy, tear out his heart, and eat it. Not only did the perpetrators of these acts lose their own souls, but the whole level of Slav morality was debased, for the Dalmatian peasant knew the Uskok's origin and could not blame him. And the infection spread more widely. All the villains of Europe heard that there was good sport to be had in the Adriatic, and the hardier hurried to Senj. It testifies to the unwholesomeness of Renaissance Europe that some of these

belonged to the moneyed classes. When a party of Uskoks were hanged in Venice in 1618, nine of them were Englishmen, of whom five were gentlemen in the heraldic sense of the word, and another was a member of one of the noblest families in Great Britain.

It is sometimes very hard to tell the difference between history and the smell of skunk. Both Venice and Austria used the degradation of these men as extras in their cheating game. The Austrians pretended to want to suppress them, but possibly liked to have them to harry Venice. Venice sacrificed them to her friendship with Turkey, but that friendship was a sham; she never really wept over those Turkish ships. Also she liked to have a legitimate source of grievance against Austria. The insincerity of both parties was proved by their refusal to grant the Uskoks' demand, which was constantly presented during a period of fifty years, that they should be transported to some inland place and given a chance to maintain themselves either by tilling the soil or by performing military duties. Again and again the poor wretches explained that they had no means of living except by piracy, and that they would abandon it at once if they were shown any other way of getting food. But Venice and Austria, though one was still wealthy and the other was becoming wealthier every day, haggled over the terms of each settlement and let it go. Once there was put forward a scheme of selling the forests of pine and beech that in those days still grew round Senj, and using the proceeds to build fortresses on the Austrian frontiers which would be manned by Uskoks. It fell through because neither power would agree to make an initial payment amounting to something like fifty pounds. At the same time the Uskoks were not allowed to go to any country which was prepared to make room for them. They were strictly forbidden to enlist in foreign service. They were shut up in piracy as in jail by

powers that affected to feel horror at their crimes.

In the end their problem was settled in the course of an odd war between Austria and Venice, in which the Uskoks were used as a pretext by several people who wanted a fight. This war, which was nothing and led to nothing, lasted three years and must have brought an infinity of suffering to the wretched Dalmatian peasant. But mercifully, as it was supposed to be about the Uskoks, the peace treaty had to deal with them. A good many were hanged and beheaded and the rest were transported, as they themselves had requested for fifty years, to the interior. But the method of their transport was apparently unkind. There were no stout fortresses built for them or hopeful villages, for no certain trace of them can be found. Some say their descendants are to be found on the Alps at the very southern end of Austria; others have thought to recognize them on the slopes of a mountain in North Italy. It is to be feared that their seed was scattered on stony ground. That is sad, for the seed was precious.

We went down to the little dining saloon and had a good, simple, coarse, well-flavored luncheon. Opposite us sat a young man, handsome and angry, the very spit and image of the one at Trsat who had cried out to his God about the ten dinars; and indeed they were of the same breed. For this one thrust away his plate as soon as it was brought to him with a gesture of fury. 'This soup is cold!' he shouted, his brows a thick straight line. 'This soup is as cold as the sea!' But he was not shouting at the soup. He was shouting at the Turks, at the Venetians, at the Austrians, at the French, and at the Serbs (if he was a Croat), or at the Croats (if he was a Serb). It was good that he shouted. I respected him for it. In a world where during all time giants had clustered to cheat his race out of all their goods, his forefathers had survived because they had the power to shout — to reject cold

soup, death, sentence to piracy, exile on far mountain slopes.

XIX

The sea was green and hard as glass; the crests of the waves were chevaux-de-frise between us and a horizon of pure, very pale green light and dark bronze islands. Our destination, the Isle of Rab, lay before us, its mountains bare as Krk, its shores green as spring itself. As we came closer to it my husband said, 'It is only scrub, of course, low woods and scrub.' But a little later he exclaimed, 'Only scrub! Only scrub, indeed! Well, I have heard of this, but I never quite believed it.' It was still distant by half a mile or so, but the scent of myrtle and rosemary and thyme was as strong and soothing a delight as sunshine. Through this lovely invisible cloud we rode slowly into the harbor of Rab, and found ourselves in one of the most beautiful cities of the world.

It is very little. One can see it all at once, as if it were a single building; and that sight gives a unique pleasure. Imagine finding a place where one heard perpetually a musical phrase, which was different every time one moved a few steps, and was always exquisite. At Rab something comparable happens to the sight. The city covers a ridge overlooking the harbor. It is built of stone which is sometimes silver, sometimes at high noon and sunset rose and golden, and in the shadow sometimes blue and lilac, but is always fixed in restraint by its underlying whiteness. It is dominated by four campaniles, set at irregular intervals along the crest of the ridge. From whatever point one sees them these campaniles fall into a perfect relationship with each other and the city. We sat under a pine tree on the shore and ate oranges, and the city lay before us, making a statement that was not meaningless because it was not made in words. Then we undressed and swam

out fifty yards, and we stopped and trod water, because the town was making another lovely statement. From every yard of the channel that divides it from its neighbor islands, from every yard of the roads that wind among the inland farms and olive terraces to the bald mountains in the centre of the island, the city can be seen making one of an infinite series of statements. Yet it achieves this expressiveness with the simplest of means: a grey horizontal oblong with four smaller vertical oblongs rising from it. Euclid never spoke more simply.

This island is within sight of the barbarized home of the Frankopans, is set in a sea polluted by the abominations of the Turks and the Uskoks. It is therefore astonishing that there is nothing accidental about the beauty of Rab; that in the fissure of this bare land there should be art and elegance of the most refined and conscious sort. Though Rab is no larger than many villages, it is a city, a focus of culture, a fantasy made by man when he could do more with his head and hands than is absolutely necessary for survival. There is a noble white square by the harbor, where balconies are supported by tiers of three lions set one upon another, pride upon pride, and façades are aristocratic in their very proportions, being broad enough to be impressive yet not too broad for respect towards neighboring properties. From this square, streets run up to the ridge of the town or along its base; and the richness of the doorways and windows and columns makes each seem a passage in some private magnificence.

There is the same sense of private magnificence about the Cathedral of Rab. On the ridge there is a little square, with bastions and cliffs falling deeply to the shore on the farther side; between the tall soldierly flowers of the olives and the swords of their leaves the eyes fall on the sea and its scattered islands. Here stands the Cathedral,

built of rose and white marble in alternate courses, ornamented with blind arches of a lovely span. It is no bigger than many a private chapel; and it has an air as if it did not know what strangers are. That was the theory: without, the horror, the pirate, the Turk; within, an enclosed community within an enclosed community, a small city upon an island. One arranges one's house with a certain lavishness and confidence when one believes that it is going to be visited only by familiars, and this cathedral is therefore at once domestic and elegant.

It is a part of an older church, a thousand years old, built in the time of Slav independence, of the utmost elegance imaginable. Its six supporting columns are of fine cipolin marble, and its canopy is carved from one great block of stone but is weightless as a candle flame because of the exquisiteness of its design and execution. Round its six arches are garlands carved more finely than the emblems on the patricians' doorways in the town below, which is as it should be, since this is the palace of the patrician above all patricians. The pyramided roof of the baldachino is painted a tender red, the vault above it a tender blue, just such colors as grace the festivities of a much later Venice in the paintings of Paolo Veronese. The community that built this cathedral was so civilized that it could conceive a God who would be pleased not by the howlings of His worshipers and the beating of their breasts, but by their gayety, by their accomplishment, by their restraint and dignity. At one time the island of Rab paid an annual tribute to the Doge of ten pounds of silk. In this building it paid a tribute of silken elegance to the Doge of Doges.

Because it was noon they came to close the cathedral. We went out blinking into the sunlight, which for a moment was falling strong between thunderclouds; and a group of women smiled at us and gave us some greetings in Italian, though they were visibly not

Italian, for they were completely lacking in Latin facility. They had that flat, unfeigned, obstinate look about the cheekbones which is the mark of the Slav, and their bodies were unpliant. But they were not of a harsh race that had usurped the home of gentler beings perished through gentleness. These people, and none other, had made Rab.

Out in the country round the city of Rab there are no revelations. There is a mystery. It is formulated also in stone, but not in worked stone — in the terrible naked stone of Dalmatia, in the terrible earth that here lies shallow and infirm of purpose as dust, and in the terrible faces of the people, who are all like crucified Christs. Everywhere there are terraces. High up on the bare mountains there are olive terraces; in the valleys there are olive terraces; in the trough of the valleys there are walled fields where an ordinary crop of springing corn or grass strikes one as an abnormal profusion like a flood. On these enclosures black figures work frenetically. From a grey sky reflected light pours down and makes each terrace and field a stage on which these black figures play their special drama of toil, of frustration, of anguish. As we passed by on the stony causeway, women looked up at us from the fields, their faces furrowed with all known distresses. Sometimes we met people on these causeways who begged from us without abjectness, without anything but hunger. Their lean hands came straight out before them. Their clothes asked alms louder than they did, making it plain that here were the poorest of creatures, peasants who had not the means to make a peasant costume to proclaim that in their village they had skill and taste and their own way of looking at things — they were undifferentiated black rags.

The poverty of the island was made plainer still to us the next day. Our first expedition had been over the northern part of the island, which is more or less

protected from the north wind by high ground; but this time we walked to the south, where there is no shelter from the blast that rakes the channel between Rab and its neighbor island. Here are a land and a people that are not only grim but desperate.

At the dark open door of one home, which seemed to let out blackness rather than let in light, a boy of seven or eight, with flowers in his hand, waited for the tourist. My husband thrust down into his pocket, brought up three dinars and one half-dinar, and peered to see what they were. The child shuddered with suspense, broke down, put out his little hand and snatched, and ran into the house. But he had not snatched the four coins. He had snatched just one dinar; his fear had been lest my husband should give him the half-dinar. Later we passed a blind beggar, crouched on a bank with a little girl beside him. To him we gave ten dinars — that is, tenpence. The little girl shook him and shouted into his ear and gave him the coin to feel, and then shook him again, furious that he could not realize the miraculous good fortune that had befallen him; but he went on muttering in complaint.

The reason for the island's melancholy lies not in its present but in its past. It is only now, since the war,¹ since Dalmatia became a part of a Slav state, that it has had a chance to enjoy the proper benefits of its economic endowment; and since then there have been such overwhelming catastrophes in the world market that no community could live without tragic discomfort unless it could fall back on accumulations which it had stored in earlier days. That Rab has never been able to do. Some of the factors which have hindered her have been real acts of God, not to be circumvented by man. She has been ravaged by plague. But for the most part what took the bread out of Rab's mouth was Empire. The carelessness and cruelty that infect any

¹The First World War. This account was written in 1937. — EDITOR

power when she governs a people not her own without safeguarding herself by giving the subjects the largest possible amount of autonomy, afflicted this island with hunger and thirst. Venice prevented Dalmatian fishermen from making their profit in the only way it could be made before the day of refrigeration: the poor wretches could not salt their fish, because salt was a state monopoly and was not only extremely expensive but badly distributed. Moreover, Venice restricted the building of ships in Dalmatia. It was her definite policy to keep the country poor and dependent. She admitted this very frankly, on one occasion, by ordering the destruction of all the mulberry trees which were grown for feeding silkworms and all the olive trees. This law she annulled, because the Dalmatians threatened an insurrection, but not until a great many of the mulberry trees had been cut down; and indeed she found herself able to attend to the matter by indirect methods. Almost all Dalmatian goods except corn, which paid an export duty of 10 per cent, had to be sold in Venice at prices fixed by the Venetians; but any power that Venice wanted to propitiate — Austria, Ancona, Naples, Sicily, or Malta — could come and sell its goods on the Dalmatian coast, an unbalanced arrangement which ultimately led to grave currency difficulties. All these malevolent fiscal interferences created an unproductive army of customs officials, which in turn created an unproductive army of smugglers.

This was cause enough that Rab should be poor; but there was a further cause which made her poorer still. It is not at all inappropriate that the men and women on these Dalmatian islands should have faces which recall the crucified Christ. The Venetian Republic did not always fight the Turks with arms. For a very long time it contented itself with taking the edge off the invaders' attack by the payment of immense bribes to the officials and military staff

of the occupied territories. The money for these was not supplied by Venice. It was drawn from the people of Dalmatia.

After the fish had rotted, some remained sound; after the corn had paid its 10 per cent, and the wool and the wine and the oil had been haggled down in the Venetian market, some of its price returned to the vender. Of this residue the last ducat was extracted to pay the tribute to the Turks. These people of Dalmatia gave the bread out of their mouths to save us of Western Europe from Islam; and it is ironical that so successfully did they protect us that those among us who would be broad-minded, who will in pursuit of that end stretch their minds till they fall apart in idiocy, would blithely tell us that perhaps the Dalmatians need not have gone to that trouble, that an Islamized West could not have been worse than what we are today. Their folly is certified for what it is by the mere sound of the word 'Balkan,' with its suggestion of a disorder that defies human virtue and intelligence to accomplish its complete correction.

I could confirm that certificate by my own memories: I had only to shut my eyes to smell the dust, the lethargy, the rage and hopelessness of a Macedonian town, once a glory to Europe, that had too long been Turkish. The West has done much that is ill; it is vulgar and superficial and economically sadist; but it has not known that death in life which was suffered by the Christian provinces under the Ottoman Empire. From this the people of Rab had saved me: I should say, are saving me. They were in want because the gold which should have been handed down to them had bought my safety from the Turks. Impotent and embarrassed, I stood on the high mountain and looked down on the terraced island where my saviors, small and black as ants, ran here and there, attempting to repair their destiny.

XX

Split, alone of all cities in Dalmatia, has a Neapolitan air. It recalls Naples because it also is a tragic and architecturally magnificent sausage machine, where a harried people of mixed race have been forced by history to run for centuries through the walls and cellars and sewers of ruined palaces, and have now been evicted by a turn of events into the open day, neat and slick and uniform, taking to modern clothes and manners with the adaptability of oil, though at the same time they are set apart forever from the rest of the world by the arcana of language and thoughts they learned to share while they scurried for generations close-pressed through the darkness.

Split presents its peculiar circumstances to the traveler the minute he steps ashore: the history of the place was on our right and our left. On the left was the marine market, where fishing boats are used for stalls; men who must be a mixture of sailor and retailer bring goods over from the islands, take their boats head-on to the quay, and lay out their wares in little heaps on the prows. Piti-ful little heaps they often are, of blem-ished apples, rags of vegetables, yellow-ish boards of dried fish; but the men who sell them are not pitiful. They look tough as their own dried fish, and stand by with an air of power and pride. This coast feeds people with other things than food; it grudges them the means of life, but lets them live. On our right was a row of shops, the cafés and rubbishes which face any port; the houses that rise above them were squeezed between the great Corinthian columns in the outer gallery of Diocletian's palace.

For Split is Diocletian's palace: the palace he built himself in 305, when, after twenty years of imperial office, he abdicated. The town has spread beyond the palace walls, but the core of it still lies within the four gates. Diocletian built it to be within suburban reach of

the Roman town of Salona, which lies near by on the gentle slopes between the mountains and the coastal plain; it was already the site of a Greek settlement, which was called Aspalaton, from a fragrant shrub still specially abundant here. In the seventh century, the Avars, that tribe of barbarian marauders who were to lead to a currency crisis in the Middle Ages because they looted so much gold from Eastern and Central Europe and hoarded it, came down on Dalmatia. They swept down on Salona and destroyed it by fire and the sword. The greater part of the population were killed, but some had time to flee out to the islands, which gave them the barest refuge. What they suffered in those days from cold and hunger and thirst is still remembered in common legend. In time they crept back to the mainland, where they found nothing left more habitable than the ruins of Diocletian's palace. There they made shelters for themselves against the day when there should be peace.

They are still there. Peace never came. They were assailed by the Huns, the Hungarians, the Venetians, the Aus-trians, and some of them would say that with the overcoming of those last enemies they still did not win peace; and during these centuries of strife the palace and the fugitives have established a perfect case of symbiosis. It has housed them; they are now its props. After the war there was a movement to evacuate Split and restore the palace to its ancient mag-nificence by pulling down the houses that had been wedged in between its walls and columns; but surveyors very soon found out that, if these went, all Diocletian's work would fall to the ground. The people that go quickly and darkly about the streets have given the stone the help it gave them.

'I should like to go into the palace at once,' said my husband, 'and I greatly wish we could have brought Robert Adam's book of engravings with us.' That thought must occur to many peo-

ple who go to Split. Adam's book on Diocletian's palace is one of the most entertaining revelations of the origins of our day, pretty in itself and an honor to its author. He came here from Venice in 1757, and made a series of drawings which aimed at showing what the palace had been like at the time of its building, in order to obtain some idea of 'the private edifices of the ancients.' The enterprise took a great deal of perseverance and courage, for all idea of the original plan had been lost centuries before, and he had to trace the old walls through the modern buildings and was often hindered by the suspicions of both the inhabitants and the authorities. The Venetian governor of the town was quite sure he was a spy and wanted to deport him, but the commander in chief of the Venetian garrison, who happened to be a Scotsman, and one of his Croat officers were sufficiently cultured to recognize Adam for what he was, and they got him permission to carry on his work under the supervision of a soldier.

The indirect results were the best of Georgian architecture, with its emphasis on space and variety and graceful pomp; often when we look at a façade in Portman Square or a doorway in Portland Place, we are looking at Roman Dalmatia. The direct result was this book of enchanting drawings, some of them engraved by Bartolozzi.

'Yes,' I said to my husband, 'it is disgusting that one cannot remember pictures and drawings exactly. It would have been wonderful to have the book by us and see exactly how the palace struck a man of two centuries ago, and how it strikes us, who owe our eye for architecture largely to that man.'

'Then why did we not bring the book?' asked my husband.

'Well, it weighs just over a stone,' I said; 'I weighed it once on the bathroom scales.'

'Why did you do that?'

'Because it occurred to me one day that I knew the weight of nothing except

myself and joints of meat,' I said, 'and I just picked that up to give me an idea of something else.'

'Well, well,' said my husband, 'it makes me distrust Fabre and all other writers on insect life when I realize how mysterious your proceedings would often seem to a superior being watching them through a microscope. But tell me, why didn't we bring it, even if it does weigh a little over a stone? We have a little money to spare for its transport. It would have given us pleasure. Why didn't we do it?'

'Well, it would have been no use,' I said; 'we couldn't have carried anything so heavy as that about the streets.'

'Yes, we could,' said my husband; 'we could have hired a wheelbarrow and pushed it about from point to point.'

'But people would have thought we were mad!' I exclaimed.

'Well, would they?' countered my husband. 'That's just what I'm wondering. In fact, it's what made me pursue the subject. These Slavs think all sorts of things natural that we think odd; nothing seems to worry them so long as it satisfies a real desire. I was wondering if they could take a thing like this in their stride; because, after all, we feel a real desire to look at Adam's book here.'

'I don't know,' I said, 'but there is Philip Thompson standing in the doorway of our hotel, and we can ask him.'

Philip Thompson teaches English to such inhabitants of Split as wish to learn it. He is a fine-boned, fastidious, observant being, very detached except in his preference for Dalmatia over all other parts of the world, and for Split over all other parts of Dalmatia. We had morning coffee with him in the square outside our hotel, a red stucco copy of a Venetian piazza, with palm trees in it, which is quite a happy effort; and we put the question to him.

'Oh, but they'd think it very odd here, if you went about the streets trundling a book in a wheelbarrow and stopping to look at the pictures in it — very odd in-

deed,' said Philip. 'You evidently don't understand that here in Split we are very much on parade. We're not a bit like the Serbs, who don't care what they do, and shout at the top of their voices if they feel angry, and turn cartwheels in the street if they want exercise. That's one of the reasons we don't like the Serbs. To us it seems self-evident that a proud man must guard himself from criticism every moment of the day. That's what accounts for the most salient characteristic of the Splitchani, which is a self-flaying satirical humor; better laugh at yourself before anybody else has time to do it. But formality is another result. I suppose it comes of being watched all the time by people who thought they were better than you — the Dalmatians, the Hungarians, the Venetians, and the Austrians.

'But all this,' he continued, 'brings to light one very strange thing about Split. Did you notice how I answered you off-hand, as if Split had a perfectly definite character, and I could speak for the whole of its inhabitants? Well, so I could. Yet that's funny, for the old town of Split was a tiny place, really not much more than the palace and a small overflow round its walls, and all this town you see stretching over the surrounding hills and along the coast is new. A very large percentage of the population came here after the war, some to work, some as refugees from the Slav territories which have been given to Italy. Do you see that pretty dark woman who is just crossing the square? She is one of my star pupils and she belongs to a family that left Zara as soon as it was handed over to the Italians, like all the best families of the town. Now Zara has quite a different history, and, from all I hear, quite a different atmosphere. But this woman and her family, and all the others that migrated with her, have been completely absorbed by Split. They are indistinguishable from the natives, and I have seen them in the process of conversion. It's hap-

pened gradually but surely. It's a curious victory for a system of manners that, so far as I can see, has nothing to do with economics. For people here are not rich, yet there is considerable elegance.'

This is, indeed, not a rich city. Later we lunched with Philip in a restaurant which, though small, was not a mere *bistro*, but was patronized by handsome and dignified people who were either professional or commercial men. For the sweet course we were given two apiece of *palatschinken*, those pancakes stuffed with jam which one eats all over Central Europe. The Balkans passed the recipe on from the Byzantines, who ate them under the name of *palacountas*. We could eat no more than one, for the meal, as almost always in these parts, had been good and abundant. 'Shall I put the *palatschinken* in paper for the *Herrschaft* to take home with them?' asked the waiter. We thought not. But the waiter doubted our sincerity. 'Is it because they are strangers,' he asked Philip, 'and do not know that we are always delighted to do this sort of thing for our clients?' Philip said resourcefully, 'You see, they are staying at one of the big hotels, and they will have to dine there anyway, so that really the *palatschinken* would be of very little use to them.'

The waiter accepted this, and went away, but soon came back. 'But if the *Herrschaft* took them away with them,' he insisted, 'then they would not order a whole dinner. They could just take the soup and a meat dish, and afterwards they could go upstairs and have these instead of dessert.'

'Thank you very much for your kind thought,' said Philip. 'I think, however, that my friends are *en pension*.'

'But it would be nice,' said the waiter, 'if the lady felt hungry in the night, for her to be able to put out her hand and find a piece of cold *palatschinken* by her bed.' I shall never think he was right; but his kindly courtesy was something to be remembered, and his sense — not hysterical but quietly passionate — of

economy as a prime necessity. In Diocletian's palace, throughout the ages, a great many very well-mannered people must have learned to draw in their belts very tight upon occasion; and certainly they would be encouraged to be manly by their surroundings, which even today speak of magnificent decorum.

It is not, of course, remarkable as an example of Roman architecture. It cannot hold a candle to the Baths of Caracalla, or the Forum, or the Palatine. But it makes an extraordinary revelation of the continuity of history. One passes through the gate that is squeezed between the rubbishries on the quayside straight into antiquity. One stands in the colonnaded courtyard of a fourth-century Roman palace; in front is the entrance to the imperial apartments, to the left is the temple which was Diocletian's mausoleum, now the Cathedral, and to the right is the Temple of Æsculapius, just as a schoolboy learning Latin, and old ladies who used to go to the Royal Academy in the days of Alma-Tadema, would imagine it. Only the vistas have been filled in with people. A little less than one fifth of the population of Split, which numbers forty-four thousand, live in the nine acres of the palace proper; but the remaining four fifths stream through it all day long, because the passages which pierce it from north to south and from east to west are the most convenient ways to the new parts of the town from the harbor. The fifth that live within the palace precincts pack the sides of these crowded thoroughfares with houses set as closely as cells in a honeycomb, filling every vacant space that was left by Diocletian's architects. One cannot, for example, see the Temple of Æsculapius as one stands in the fine open courtyard as it was intended one should do; the interstices on that side of the peristyle have been blocked by Venetian Gothic buildings, which project balconies on a line with the entablatures of neighboring columns and open doorways just beside their bases.

Yet there is no sense of disorder or vandalism. It would be as frivolous to object to the adaptations that the children of the palace have made in order to live as it would be to regret that a woman who had reared a large and glorious family had lost her girlish appearance. That is because these adaptations have always been made respectfully. So far as the walls stood, they have been allowed to stand; there has been no destruction for the sake of pilfering material for new buildings. It is, therefore, as real an architectural entity, as evident to the eye of the beholder, as the Temple or Gray's Inn. There is only one blot on it, and that is not the work of necessity. In the middle of the peristyle of the imperial apartments, this superb but small open space, there has been placed a statue by Mestrovich of a fourth-century bishop who won the Slavs the right to use the liturgy in their own tongue. Nobody can say whether it is a good statue or not. The only fact that is observable about it in this position is that it is twenty-four feet high. A more ungodly misfit was never seen. It reduces the architectural proportions of the palace to chaos, for its head is on a level with the colonnades, and the passage in which it stands is only forty feet wide. This is hard on the statue, for on a low wall near by lies a black granite sphynx from Egypt, part of the original decorations of the palace, but far older, seventeen hundred years older, of the great age of Egyptian sculpture; and though this is not five feet long, its compact perfection makes the statue of the bishop gangling and flimsy, lacking in true mass, like one of those marionettes sometimes seen through the open door of a warehouse in Nice, kept against next year's carnival.

It cannot be conceived by the traveler why Mestrovich wanted this statue to be put here, or why the authorities humored him. If the step was inspired by nationalist sentiment, if it is supposed to represent the triumph of the Slav over Roman domination, nobody present can

have known much history. For Diocletian's palace commemorates a time when the Illyrians, the native stock of Dalmatia, whose blood assuredly runs in the veins of most modern Dalmatians, had effective control of the Roman Empire; it commemorates one of the prettiest of time's revenges. Rome destroyed — for perhaps no better reason than that she was an Empire and could do it — the ancient civilization of Illyria; but when she later needed sound governors to defend her from barbarian invaders, Illyria gave her thirteen rulers and defenders, of whom only one was a failure. All the others deserved the title they were given, *restitutores orbis* — even though it turned out that the earth as they knew it was not restorable. Of these the greatest were Diocletian and Constantine; and many would say that Diocletian was the greater of the two.

XXI

Diocletian came to Rome when the rose of the world was overblown. In his palace of old oddments put together to look like new, this imperial expert in makeshifts must have had some bitter moments. His edicts show that he was far too intelligent not to realize that he had not made a very good job of his cobbling. He was a great man wholly worsted by his age. He probably wanted real power, the power to direct one's environment towards a harmonious end, and not fictitious power, the power to order and be obeyed; and he must have known that he had not been able to exercise real power over Rome. It would have been easier for him if what we were told when we were young were true — that the decay of Rome was due to immorality. Life, however, is never as simple as that, and human beings rarely so potent. The exceptional person may be an ascetic or a debauchee, but the average man finds celibacy and sexual excess equally difficult. All we know of Roman immorality teaches us that abso-

lute power is a poison, and that the Romans, being fundamentally an inartistic people, had a taste for pornography which they often gratified in the description of individuals and families on which that poison had worked.

Had general immorality been the cause of the decay of the Empire, Diocletian could have settled it; he was a good bullying soldier. But the trouble was pervasive and deep-rooted as concho grass. Rome had been a peasant state; it had passed on to feudal capitalism; the landowners and the great industrialists became tyrants; against this tyranny the bourgeoisie and the proletariat revolted. Then the bourgeoisie became the tyrants. They could bribe the town proletariat with their leavings, but the peasants became their enemies. The army was peasant, for country stock is healthier. Therefore, in the third century, there was bitter strife between the army and the bourgeoisie. Then came the Illyrian Emperors, *restitutores orbis*. Order was restored.

But Diocletian, the greatest of the Illyrian Emperors, must have known that this was not true; that, on the contrary, disorder had been stabilized. His edicts had commanded, in the peremptory tone of the parade ground, that every man in the Empire should stay by his post and do his duty, fulfilling this and that public obligation and drawing this and that private reward. There was genius in his plan. But it was a juggler's feat of balancing, no more. It corrected none of the fundamental evils of Roman society. This could hardly be expected, for Diocletian had been born too late to profit by the discussion of first principles which Roman culture had practised in its securer days; he had spent his whole life in struggles against violence which led him to a preoccupation with compulsion. He maintained the Empire in a state of apparent equilibrium for twenty-one years, but the rot went on. The roads fell into ruin. The land was vexed with brigands and the sea with pirates.

Agriculture was harried out of existence by demands for taxation in kind and forced labor, and good soil became desert. Prices rose, and currency fell; and to keep up the still enormously costly machinery of the central administration the remnants of the moneyed class were skinned by the tax collector. The invasion of the barbarians was an immediate danger, but only because the Empire was so internally weakened by its economic problems. Of these nobody knew the solution at the beginning of the fourth century, and indeed they have not been solved now, in the middle of the twentieth.

For some strange reason many have written of Diocletian's resignation of imperial power and retirement to his native Illyria as if this were an unnatural step which required a special explanation. Some of the pious have thought that he was consumed by remorse for his persecution of the Christians, but nothing could be less likely. Immediately after his election as Emperor he had chosen to share his power with an equal and two slightly inferior colleagues, in a system which was known as the Tetrarchy; and it was one of his colleagues, Galerius, who was responsible for what are falsely known as the persecutions of Diocletian. But nothing could be more comprehensible than that he should, just then, have wanted rest and his own country. He was fifty-nine, and had been exceedingly ill for a year; and he had twenty-one years of office behind him. He had had a hard life. He had come from a peasant home to enlist in one of the two Dalmatian legions, and since then he had borne an increasing burden of military and legislative responsibility. Violence must have disgusted such an intelligent man, but he had had to avail himself of it very often. In order to be chosen Cæsar by the military council he had had to whip out his sword and drive it into the breast of a fellow officer who might have been a rival. So often, indeed, had he had to avail himself of violence that

he must have feared he would himself become its victim at the end. A society which is ruled by the sword can never be stable, if only because the sword is always passing from hand to hand, from the aging to the young.

In the halls of his palace, which must have been extremely cold and sunless, as they were lit only by holes in the roof, he cannot have found the peace he sought. The disorder of the world increased. The members of the Tetrarchy wrangled; some died and were replaced by others no less contentious. They split the Empire between their greeds, and suddenly, improbably, they dipped their fingers into Diocletian's blood. He had a wife called Prisca and a daughter called Valeria, who were very dear to him. Both had become Christians. We know of no protest against this on the part of Diocletian. Valeria's hand he had disposed of in circumstances that bring home the psychological differences between antiquity and the modern world. When he had been chosen as Emperor he had elected to share his power first with Maximian alone, then with two other generals, Galerius and Constantius Chlorus. When these two were admitted to the sovereign authority, Diocletian adopted Galerius and Maximian adopted Constantius Chlorus, and each father gave his daughter to his adopted son, though this meant that each of the sons had to repudiate his existing wife.

The marriage of Valeria must have been sufficiently horrible; for Galerius was a brute whose violence precipitated him from disaster to disaster, and he was bitterly anti-Christian. But she found solace in caring for his illegitimate son, Candidianus, and at last Galerius died, issuing on his deathbed an edict which put an end to the persecution of the Christians. She might have then enjoyed some happiness, had she not been left a very rich woman. This made Galerius's successor, Maximin, want to marry her, although he had a wife. When she refused he brought fraudulent

legal proceedings against her. All her goods were confiscated, her household was broken up, some of her women friends were killed, and she and the boy Candidianus were sent into exile in the deserts of Syria. (It is only in some special and esoteric sense that women are the protected sex.)

From these dark halls Diocletian appealed for mercy to the man whom his own invention of the Tetrarchy had raised to power. He entreated Maximin to allow Valeria to come back to Aspalaton. He was refused. But later it seemed that Valeria was safe, for Maximin died, and she and Candidianus were able to take refuge with another of the four Cæsars, Licinius, who first received them with a kindliness that was natural enough, since he owed his advancement to the dead Galerius. It looked as if they would find permanent safety with him. But suddenly he turned against them and murdered the boy, it is not known why, except that he was a cruel and stupid man and bloodshed was fashionable just then. Valeria managed to escape in the dress of a plebeian and disappeared. To Diocletian, fond father though he was, this may have brought no special shattering shock. It may have seemed but one shadow in the progress of a night that was engulfing all. For Diocletian was receiving letters that were pressing him to visit Licinius and his ally, the Cæsar Constantine. He excused himself, pleading illness and old age. The invitations became ominously insistent. He was in danger of being involved in a dispute among the Tetrarchs. Sooner or later one side or the other would have his blood. He died, it is thought by self-administered poison, sometime between 313 and 316. The earlier date is to be hoped for; in that case he would not have heard that in 314 his daughter was found in hiding at Salonica and there beheaded and thrown into the sea.

What did Diocletian feel when all this was happening to him? Agony, of course.

It is an emotion that human beings feel far more often than is admitted; and it is not their fault. History imposes us. There is no use denying the horrible nature of our human destiny. Diocletian must have felt one kind of agony because he was a healthy peasant, and his bowels must have slid backwards and forwards like a snake when he doubted the safety of his daughter; another because, though he had been born a peasant, he had been born a peasant into a civilized world, and faculties developed in civilization are revolted when they have to apprehend experiences provided by barbarism; and another because it is always terrible to advance from particular success to particular success and be faced at last with general defeat, and he had passed from achievement to achievement only to see the negation of all his achievements decreed by impersonal forces which, if he had been truly imperial and the right object of worship by the common man, he should have anticipated and forestalled.

After his death he remained corporeally in possession of the palace, his tomb resting in the centre of the mausoleum. Thirty years or so later, a woman was put to death for stealing the purple pall from his sarcophagus, a strange, crazy crime, desperate and imaginative—a criticism in which he would by now have concurred, for the walls of the Empire which he had failed to repair had fallen and let a sea of catastrophe wash over his people. The Adriatic was ravaged by Vandal pirates, and Rome had been sacked by the barbarians three times in sixty years; the Huns had devastated the Danube, and Salona was crowded with refugees. But this was for the meantime a little ledge of safety, and ordinary life went on and seemed to prove that there was some sense in the idea of building a palace for shelter. Illyria had always been noted for its textiles. There is a statue of the Emperor Augustus in the Capitoline Museum at Rome which has on its shield the figure of an Illyrian; he is wearing a knee-



Where does he put it?

YOUNGSTERS, as they reach their teens, often develop an extraordinary capacity for food. Many a puzzled mother has said, "I don't know where he puts it!"

► It is important for parents to realize that in the majority of cases, such an appetite is normal and should be encouraged. One important exception, of course, is the child who shows a tendency to obesity—and in such a case a doctor should be consulted.

During the teen age, a normal child is exceptionally active. Each year he is adding 2 or 3 inches to his height and as much as 10 pounds or more to his weight. Therefore, a youngster has to eat a large amount. Too little food, or the wrong kind, can hinder normal development at this time just as truly as in infancy.

► Your doctor will tell you that an adolescent child's activities can be as strenuous as a manual laborer's—sometimes requiring from 50% to 75% more food than is needed by the average adult. That's why it may be perfectly proper for Junior to tuck away lots more dinner than his office-working Dad!

Three generous meals a day should include milk, cereals, vegetables, fruits, meat, and eggs—all so necessary for growth and good health. Furthermore, these meals should include wholesome desserts to satisfy the "sweet tooth" that boys and girls usually develop.

► This doesn't mean, of course, that the youngster should be free to gobble anything at any time. Sim-

ple, sensible snacks may be given to the child at appropriate times if they do not affect the child's appetite at regular meals. Good, satisfying foods like milk, bread and butter, and fruits are usually easy to keep on hand for the hungry young one.

In between times—right after school, for instance, but not too close to the next regular meal—such wholesome foods tend to discourage round-the-clock "nibbling."

To help you satisfy youthful appetites, and also to avoid one-sided or indigestible diets, Metropolitan offers a helpful, free leaflet, "When You Are In Your Teens." Write today to Dept. 341-T.

► "THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING"—a ten-minute, Technicolor movie on food and health—has just been released by the United States Public Health Service and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. When it is shown in your neighborhood, it will be worth your while to see it.

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length tunic, beltless but with sleeves, and ornamented by bands running from the shoulders to the lower hem. This is our first knowledge of the dalmatic. In the third century the Pope ordered that all martyrs should be buried in it, and it is still worn by deacons and officiating bishops in the Western Church, and by English kings at their coronation. No matter what bestial tricks history might be playing, there were always looms at work in Illyria. A considerable corner of Aspalaton was taken up by a large factory, operated by female labor, which turned out uniforms for the Roman army as well as civilian material.

For about a hundred and seventy years the sarcophagus of Diocletian was visible, firmly planted in the middle of the mausoleum, described by intelligent visitors. Then it suddenly was not there any more. It is suggested that a party of revengeful Christians threw it into the sea; but that is an action comprehensible only in a smouldering minority, and Christianity had been the official religion of the Roman Empire since the time of the Emperor's death. Nor can it be supposed that the sarcophagus was destroyed by the Avar invaders, for they did not reach the coast until a couple of centuries later. Probably the occasion of its disappearance was far less dramatic.

The everyday routine of life persisted in Aspalaton, however many barbarians committed murder; in the textile factory the shuttles crossed and recrossed the loom. Without doubt it continued to be necessary that Diocletian's mausoleum should be cleaned and repaired, and one day the owner of a yard near by may have said, 'Yes, you may put it down there,' and watched the sarcophagus reverently, wondering that he should be the guardian of such a holy thing. It may be also that the workmen who laid it down did not come back, that there was a threat to the city from land or sea which called them and the authorities who employed them and the owner of the yard himself to the defense. Soon it

might be that people would say of the sarcophagus, 'I wonder when they will come and take it back'; but continued unrest might make it advisable that the treasures of the temples should be kept dispersed. Not so much later it might be that a break in a chain of family confidences, due to violent death or flight or even natural death, if it were sudden, would leave the sarcophagus unidentified and only vaguely important. Some day a woman would say of it, 'I really do not know what that is. It is just something that has always been here; and it is full of old things.' She spoke the truth. It was full of old things: the bones of Diocletian the man, the robes of Diocletian the Emperor, the idea of a world order imposed on the peoples by superior people, who were assumed to know because they could act. Aspalaton, the palace of the great Restorer of the Earth, had passed away. It had become Split, a city lived in by common people, who could establish order within the limits of a kitchen or a workshop or a textile factory, but had been monstrously hindered in the exercise of that capacity by the efforts of the superior people who establish world order.

I have no doubt that one day Diocletian's sarcophagus will turn up in the cellar of an old and absent-minded family of Split; and in the cellar of the Dalmatian mind, the foundation on which its present philosophy is built, the old Emperor is to be found also. We in England have an unhistoric attitude to our lives, because every generation has felt excitement over a clear-cut historical novelty, which has given it enough to tell its children and grandchildren without drawing on its father's and grandfather's tales. In all these impressive events the central government has played a part which was, at any rate, not tragically disgraceful, at least so far as our own country is concerned, and was often very creditable. We think of the national organization that controls the public services throughout the country

Vernal equinox

THIS time of year, the countryside has a somewhat shabby, down-at-heel look. The snow

has lost its dazzling cleanness and now lies like a bedraggled soiled coat in the hollows where the sun has not yet reached it. The smoke, that only a short time ago soared straight and faint from the chimneys into the crisp winter sky, drifts out sluggishly. The tracks of little animals that were once briskly wide-spaced over the snow's crust now are closer together and apparently sluggish. It's a drowsy time, this end of hibernation.

Yet there is a definite promise of awakening. There is a feeling that the earth is stretching and yawning, deliberately savoring the last blissful minutes of long, peaceful rest. Between the frayed ice-hems of the brooks the water runs more briskly and chatters over the rimey stones. The bushes and scrub-willows, freed from their winter's burden, straighten and feel the sap coursing upward.

It's sugaring-off time among the maples and in the barns there are last minute tightenings of bolts and general redding up of equipment and implements. Cold-frames are being prepared and carefully worked and the cattle stamp impatiently in their stalls. Down-cellar the turnips and the potatoes have begun to soften a bit and the preserves and meat put up in the Fall are running low.

Soon, though, it will be time to go out into the fields again. Time to turn the moist rich earth into straight waiting furrows. Time to start the ceaseless activity of the sowing and the cultivating. Time to wait expectantly for the bountiful harvest to come.

It is then that steel really comes into its own as an aid to agriculture. The plows, the cultivators, the seeders are made of steel, often of special grades and types. Tractors and giant combines are built wholly or partly of steel. Even the trowels and the clawlike hand cultivators used in the cold-frames are made of steel.

Bethlehem Steel Company is now an important supplier of steel for agriculture. Many of the special steels used in agricultural implements were produced more than three-quarters of a century ago at what is now the Cambria Plant of Bethlehem Steel Company. Today, in addition to steel for implements, Bethlehem supplies the tillers of the good earth with fencing and fence posts; nails, staples and bale ties; galvanized steel sheets for roofing and siding; steel pipe; reinforcing bars for concrete construction.

BETHANIZED FENCE, manufactured by Bethlehem Steel Company, is zinc-coated by a special electrolytic process which insures perfect uniformity of the coating thickness and consequent maximum resistance to rust.

ONE of the types of iron ore used in making steel, and known as ferric oxide, is also useful as an ingredient in a powder for polishing glass.

THE addition of so small a percentage as 0.20 or 0.30 of copper to steel used in making roofing and siding sheets more than doubles the life of the sheet.

This advertisement of BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY was set up in 10 point Janson type

as ambitious on the whole to give the common man every opportunity to exercise his ability for keeping order in his own sphere.

It would not be so, however, if the last clear-cut event in English history had been the departure of the Roman legions in 420, and if there had followed a period of internal disorder which the Battle of Hastings perpetuated to our own day, by inaugurating a series of attempts at invasion and settlement by imperialistic Continental powers. We should think of kings and statesmen as mischief-makers whose failure drove us from time to time out of our houses into ditches, to feed on roots and berries. The difference in our attitude can be computed if we try to imagine what our reaction to the word 'queen' would be if we had had no Victoria or Elizabeth, or even Anne.

So it is with the Splitchani, and indeed with all Dalmatians. They are aware of Diocletian's failure to restore the earth, and what it cost them. Therefore their instinct is to brace themselves against any central authority as if it were their enemy. The angry young men run about shouting. But they have Illyrian blood as well as Slav; they are of the same race that produced Diocletian and the other *restitutores orbis*. They are profoundly sensitive to the temptation of power. Therefore they cannot break their preoccupation with the central authority. The young men cannot sit down and get angry about something else. The stranger will be vastly mistaken if he regards this attitude as petulant barbarism. It is an extremely sensible reaction to their experience, and it has helped them to protect their rights under the rule of empires which were indifferent or hostile to them. It might yet be of enormous service to humanity if the world were threatened by an evil domination.

XXII

The steamer which makes the hour's journey from Split to Trogir was full of

Germans, and I wondered more and more at the impossibility of learning the truth. I have been given to understand, partly by what I have read and heard and partly by parades I have seen in Germany, that Germans are a race of beautiful athletes tense with will, glossy with efficiency, sinister with aggressiveness. The German tourists who had surrounded us in every hotel and on every steamer since we got to Dalmatia were either pear-shaped fat or gangling thin, and in any case wore too much flesh packed on the nape of the neck, and were diffident, confused, highly incompetent as travelers, and not at all unkindly. There was, I suppose, no contradiction here, only proof that Germany has been divided into two nations — a pampered young pretorian guard and the badgered, undernourished, unregarded others. These were the others. But they also were of Hitler's Germany; for the steamer dawdled along the coast from portlet to portlet, and on each landing stage there were standing a crowd of Dalmatians, tall, lean, upright in pride of body. The tourists stared at them and spoke of them as if they were odd and dangerous animals. The German hatred of the Slav had been revived and reinforced.

Across a milk-white sea, with two silver hydroplanes soaring and dipping to our right and left, we came to the town of Trogir, which covers a minute island, lying close to the coast, in the lee of a larger island. It is one of those golden-brown cities: the color of rich crumbling shortbread, of butterscotch, of the best pastry, sometimes of good undarkened gravy. It stands naked and leggy, for it is a walled city deprived of its walls. The Saracens leveled them, and the Venetians and the Hungarians would never let them be rebuilt. Now it looks like a plant grown in a flower-pot when the pot is broken but the earth and roots still hang together. On the quay stand Slavized Venetian palaces with haremish latticework fixed to



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A LEAF floating lazily to earth in a sleeping forest. Brilliant patches of sunlight stealing across deep shadows.

The tempo of life so patient that change is imperceptible.

Solitude!

Today throbbing crowds, eager and determined faces, impatient traffic. You can't find a place to park. The pioneer has built a city!

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* * * *

Industry today is being challenged to see a *new* goal and reach it. The challenge is being accepted.

America is stepping faster—better

ideas, more raw materials, more finished products. Science is doing its share, laboratories are discovering new methods—all in a spirit of determination that will fill the world with wonder. Have we not always been a nation of workmen, with a confidence in our ability to surmount obstacles that only strong men would tackle?

* * * *

People who get results agree that there is no substitute for hard work—that recreation and relaxation are staunch partners of prolonged effort.

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screen the stone balconies, to show that here West meets East, brought thus far by Byzantine influence and perpetuated by the proximity of the Turks.

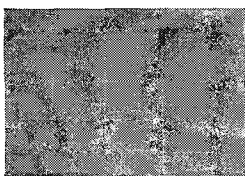
Trogir was an inveterately heretic city. In its beginning it was a Greek settlement and later a Roman town, and then it was taken over in the Dark Ages by wandering Paulicians. In the twelfth century, however, the town was sacked by the Saracens, and the inhabitants were dispersed among the villages in the mainland. That, however, did not break the tradition of heresy, for when the king of Hungary collected them and resettled them on their island they soon fell under the influence of Catharism. One wishes one knew how this heresy compared with orthodoxy as a consolation in time of danger.

Our friendly guide took us on from the Cathedral to see the scene of one of the narrowest escapes from annihilation that are written in all history. We walked out of the city on to the quay through a gate which still keeps the handsome stone lion of Saint Mark that was the sign of Venetian possession, surmounted by the patron saint of Trogir, Saint Giovanni Orsini. A bridge crossed a channel hemmed with marble and glazed with the reflection of many cypresses, and joined Trogir to a mainland that showed us a little level paradise under the harsh bare limestone hills, where the pepper trees dropped their long green hair over the red walls of villa gardens, and Judas trees showed their stained, uneasy purple flowers through wrought-iron gates. 'You see, it came very near, so near that it could not have come any nearer,' said our guide.

He spoke of the time in 1241 when the Mongols, seeking to expand the empire made for them by Genghis Khan, conquered Russia and swept across Europe to Hungary, putting King Bela and his nobles to flight. While the king vainly petitioned the other Christian powers to help, the invaders swept on towards

Vienna and then swung down to Croatia, burning, looting, killing. King Bela tried to stand firm at Zagreb, and sent his Greek wife and their three children to seek safety on the coast. These were ranging in panic between Split and the fortress of Klish, just behind it in the mountains, when the king joined them, frantic with fear. It is doubtful if even our own times can provide anything as hideous as the Mongol invasion, this dispensing of horrible death by yellow people made terrible as demons by their own unfamiliarity. It is true that the establishment of the Mongol Empire was ultimately an excellent thing for the human spirit, since it made Asiatic culture available to Europe; but as Peer Gynt said, 'though God is thoughtful for his people, economical that he isn't!'

The king and a tattered, gibbering multitude of nobles and soldiers and priests, bearing with them the body of Saint Stephen, first king of Hungary, and many holy objects from their churches, trailed up and down the coast. Split received them magnificently, but the king struck away the townsmen's greetings with the fury of a terrified child. The shelter they offered him was useless. They might not know it, but he did. He had seen the Mongols. He demanded a ship to take him out to the islands; yellow horsemen could not ride the sea. But there was none ready. He shouted his anger and went with his queen and his train to Trogir, which is within a short distance of many islands. He fled to a neighboring island, which is still called 'The King's Shelter.' Some of his followers went with him, but enough stayed in Trogir to carpet the place with sleeping men and women when night fell. Worn out by fatigue, by hunger, by fear, they threw themselves down wherever they could: on the floors of all rooms, in every palace and hovel, all over every church, on the flags of the piazza and the alleys, on the quays. Their treasure cast down beside them,



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they slept. Every boat too was covered with sleeping bodies and upturned faces, and the rocks of every island.

The Mongols came down on the coast. Nothing could stop them. But at the sea they met a check. They had thought the king must be at Klish or Split, and they were repulsed at both. The shelter offered by the Splitchani was not as negligible as the king had thought. The Mongols were used to unlimited space for their operations, and to attack fortifications from a terrain bounded by the sea or sharply broken ground presented them with a new problem. But they found their way to Trogir; and on to this bridge across the channel they sent a herald who cried out in a loud voice the minatory moral nonsense talked by the aggressor in any age: 'Here is the commandment of the *Kaidan*, the unconquerable chief of the army: do not uphold the crimes of others, but hand over to us our enemies, lest you be involved in those crimes and perish when you need not.'

For the herald himself the delivery of this message must have been the supreme moment of his life, either for perverse joy or for pain, because those who heard him tell us that he spoke in Slav as a Slav. He must have been either a traitor or a prisoner. Either he was dooming his own people, whom he loathed, to their ruin; and his words were sweet as honey in his mouth; or he loved his people, and he found his words bitter as gall.

The guards of Trogir made no answer, for they had been ordered by the king to keep silent. Then we find — which is not common — history following a line to which we are accustomed in our private lives. We have all heard spoken

tremendous words which must unchain tragedy, we have all recognized the phrase after which there can be nothing but love and happiness; and afterwards nothing has happened, life goes on precisely the same, there is the vacuum of the anticlimax. But in history the pushed boulder usually falls. In Trogir, however, it was not so. After this tremendous moment, nothing happened. The herald cried out his tremendous message, the guards kept silent; and presently the Mongols went home. It is thought that they were considering whether they should ford or bridge the channel when they received news that their supreme chief, Ogodai, the son of Genghis Khan, had died in Asia, and that the succession was in dispute. They went back at a trot, just taking time to sack and kill on their way through Southern Dalmatia, where they burned the lovely city of Kotor, and through Bosnia, Serbia, and Bulgaria.

Trogir breathed again. The king returned from his islet, and took his nobles and his armies and his priests and the dead Saint Stephen and the holy jewels back to Hungary. But the queen had to stay in Dalmatia for some time, till her two little daughters, Catarina and Margareta, died of a sickness they had contracted during their flight. Their tombs can be seen in Diocletian's mausoleum at Split.

It is the kind of secret that time takes with it: whether the heretics of Trogir leaned on their faith and found it bore them, in those hours when the Mongol sword hung over their heads. But it can be deduced that in a general way it did them no harm, for they came out of the Middle Ages into the Renaissance strong in art and gallant.

(To be continued)

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